

## Easter Monday: The North Side

This Atlantic: bluer than sacrament, brighter than pain,  
supplier of buoy-pots, candlewax, quilt-scraps, wrecks,  
ballastbricks for chimneystoves, old tyres for shoes,  
string and winecasks and even, maybe, bones —  
the things ships cast off when passing by  
or sinking down.

The resurrection side.

A blue hole swallows the unwary, offers up  
its perfect mystery. A thousand feet from shore  
a shelf dives undersea a thousand fathoms deep.  
The North Side ridge looks down. The water's stripes  
bleed turquoise, blue, and indigo.

You stare into the risen sun until you know.

*Nicolette Bethel*