Sea Dance

A rough evening, sharp
needles of rain.
I skitter the slope slicing cliffs through greenery,
no - blackery –
for dusk is falling fast.

Clack clack
down ragged steps past craggy fissures in
eroding chalk,
past crumbling frontages of
long-gone hotels,
past blocked-off steps to
coffins of old seaside cafés
where white curl-crested spectres
race for land.

At night, always at night... one imagines…
but that’s the pull. A sea,
gathering itself,
to drag the very cliffs into its
throat. My insides flutter and
spray ice-blocks my face.

Ahead, the coastline
curves away to confront the demon-
frenzy. I forget to fear encroaching darkness
as the void spills
from my head. I scurry,
shoulders hunched,
swift, tiny steps. Another swell –
attack, retreat, and I
run, run, run.

Blood throbs through my veins.
I calculate, dodge, jump,
stop, wait, dash,
heartbeats out-pounding the
crashing, killing surge.

The sea resents my escape,
claims me. Heart bursting, I strain ever
upwards and away.
An avenging arm stretches and reaches,
craftily sneaks up from behind,
drenching me from hips
to feet, taking my breath.

I make a soggy stain
on the seat
of the car.

**Patterns**

The sea is drowning the hungry
red-dragon sun, clinging to day
till its last breath glows pink.

A gentle wash of waves reaches
for shore, silver-tipped,  
wedgewood green.

Bladder wrack glistens, hides  
strange secrets in the undertow,  
wet-licks from a demon’s tongue.

A car backfires on the clifftop road -  
as a single organism, grey sandpipers rise,  
a hundred Vs pattern the sky like

dropped
stitches.

**The Lie**

I catch myself peeling back frayed edges,  
inhaling the glistening stink of old scars.

The intent behind the lie cuts deeper than the naked lie.

**Spin**

Stop –  
here’s a bandwagon! – everyone, jump on,  
let’s make comparisons of misery, the  
Modern Status Symbol.

Keep your black cat indoors for mine is  
loose, insidious, its shadows stretch out far,
its claws cleaving, carving,
twisting and tunnelling — so that
suddenly is a black hole in my mind and I know
that’s where my love has gone?

Janet Cameron has an MA in Modern Poetry and has been published in Acumen, Equinox, Logos (Open University) Connections, Cellar Arts and other quality lit mags. Mostly she has earned her living writing on history and philosophy as well as teaching and writing university courses, but now retired she wants to devote herself to her first love - to be as good a poet as she can. She is shortly returning to tutoring in writing poetry and loves reading her work at festivals and events.

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