The Sea-Spring

Even the salt of the sea can be overcome.
As a war-time child by Morecambe Bay I had seen
the salt flats at Silverdale—stinging, desolate creeks,
tough islands of marsh-grass, thrift and rotting bones—
submerge twice daily in the relentless battleship grey
of the estuary tide.
A hundred yards out from the pebble shore it was,
a spring, where we drew fresh water every day.
At high tide it was gone,
but only an hour was needed to rinse it clean
and the cold source would resume its clarity.

—Christopher Levenson

Bar

Tired after a hard
evening on her feet,
suited in black
silk pants, like the Vietcong,
the waitress's guttering eyes
black as mascara, her hair
ash blonde, pure candy floss
(is it a fall?) barely respond
to the music's malignant throb.
Waiting for us to be gone,
her smile, neon as she slides,
an angel of death, between
our tables, announcing 'last call'.

—Christopher Levenson