

### **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*