

POETRY

Dyke at Dorchester Cape

a man he went and got the others
and with what was there got down to it

plunging the staying stumps into the soup
of red mud and somehow made them hold

it was on a first day, give or take
when they began, another when they finished,

so at Dorchester Cape the summer talk
of dust and dried grass and noise of lunging lovers

ripping by, the dykes are necessary ruins
part of the hump and beginning ridge

they lift up the place, keep it tight
against the drop and haul of sea

— *Douglas Lochhead*