

## PIECE FOR A STORM-TOSSED HEART

*To me, uncertain, agitated, buffeted by winds of doubt,  
Searching for the Good and the True  
And the Peace for storm-tossed hearts.*

*Lamartine*

Caught in the stillness of an early evening dusk  
I stand on a fortress wall.  
Below, the gentle water laps at stones  
And wooden carcasses of former boats.

Soft breezes carry echoes of returning fishermen  
Through the fading light of a grey-violet sky.

Wearing high-heeled shoes that sink into the gravelled path  
I gaze out and over the endless sea  
Holding a half-empty, half-chilled glass of wine.

In that fraction of a moment –  
Stolen from the aching passion  
Of the evening's piano concert –  
The sense of loss becomes intensely personal.

Where now is the warmth of admiration?  
The knowing look?  
The frisson of unfulfilled desire?

No longer part of any landscape  
But already half-chilled, half-empty  
I am also returning to an unseen harbour  
And a painfully empty tomorrow.

