

Marc Almond, Two Sailors On The Beach

He wears in his heart
A fish from the China Sea
At times one sees it crossing
Diminished in his eyes
Being sea man he forgets
Bars and oranges

He looks at the water

He had a soapy tongue
He washed his hands and was still
Level world hilly sea
A hundred stars and his ship
He saw the balconies of the pope
And the golden breasts of the Cuban girls

He looks at the water