

# Robert Wyatt, The Sight Of The Wind

We could hear it  
before the shutters were open,  
the wind on the beach.

Then we found miniature sand dunes  
on the concrete of the balcony  
and a dead leaf zig-zagging,  
scratching an urgent message in Sanskrit  
before hitching a ride on a frisky gust.  
A plastic bag caught by a rail  
rearing to go, in such a flap  
we set it free  
to join a page of last week's news  
racing high above the undulating beach,  
and the invisible flying sand  
casting a fast moving shadow  
stroking the beach clean.  
Yesterday's footprints vanished,  
replaced by smooth rippling wave formations,  
a copy of the sea.  
No one walking,  
not even the dogs.

A day for the rubbish to dance.