I see a stone house by a pier.
Elbow room. Broad window light.
The heart lifts. You walk twenty yards
To the boats and buy mackerel.

And today a girl walks in home to us
Carrying a basket full of new potatoes,
Three tight green cabbages, and carrots
With the tops and mould still fresh on them.

II Sibyl!
My tongue moved, a swung relaxing hinge.
I said to her, “What will become of us?”
And as forgotten water in a well might shake
At an explosion under morning

Or a crack run up a gable,
She began to speak.
“I think our very form is bound to change.

Unless forgiveness finds its nerve and voice,
Unless the helmeted and bleeding tree
Can green and open buds like infants’ fists
And the fouled magma incumber

Bright nymphs... My people think money
And talk weather. Oil-rigs lull their future
On single acquisitive stems. Silence
Has shoaled into the trawlers’ echo-sounders.

The ground we kept our ear to for so long
Is flayed or calloused, and its entrails
Tented by an impious algury.
Our islands full of comfortless noises.”