

Years of Salt

We want to be nearer to the ocean
with salt thickening the air
following the blade-sharp promontory
to the dull gray headland
where a stone-gray building
with undersized windows set into
its towering facades is empty
and rotting away as the years pass by
the salt is good for your skin
they say as we disappear through
a doorway through a portal
to a long-ago time tables stacked
haphazardly in rooms painted
institutional beige wastebaskets
still filled with ancient yellowing papers
handwritten with the shadows
of language words that no longer
hold their meaning but this is only
the first step of a journey that will take
us many years there is much
to be deciphered still codes
to be broken clouds that will part
to allow the sun to shine through
and we will no longer feel aggrieved
by decisions taken on our behalf
decades before we were even born.