

## 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.