

## Stephen Robertson

### Shore

#### 1 Nonet

Cold and clear. The tide runs out, the creek  
is draining back towards the sea.  
Along the margins waders  
scutter, scavenge—redshank,  
godwit, curlew—long  
beaks probing deep  
beneath the  
shining  
mud.

#### 2 Sonnet

Cold and clear. The tide runs out, the creek  
is draining back again towards the sea.  
Along the muddy margins, in the lee  
of the sea-wall, around the bladder-wrack,  
long-legged waders scutter, scavenge, seek  
their winter sustenance. Out in the bay  
a seal watches us, then flips away,  
dives deep, leaving behind a swirling wake.

Nearer, the lapwings forage up the beach.  
At water's edge the oyster-catchers, gulls  
compete for surface scraps. The beach is good  
for all. The redshanks, godwits, curlews search  
for hidden treasure, long beaks buried full  
to probe deep down beneath the shining mud.