

## ON THE OTHER PROMONTORY

*Davide Trame*

And there were pools among the rocks  
by the sea, deep pools, dark blue,  
that would never dry  
in the sunlight, I had climbed  
to the cliff top and now stood  
among them, craters filled as if by surprise  
to the brim.

I put my foot in one  
-still February- but I was filled  
by an already strong sun.  
And I didn't mind the water's sting,  
not so cold after all, and on my back  
I didn't mind the lashing  
of each wave's fringe.  
I just stood and leaned then  
in the roar, on a rock's edge,  
warm and light grey, with furrows  
like an elephant's skin, the closeness  
of a herd passing, the mesmerising  
chain,  
trunk to tail.

On the other promontory,  
far off and inside, in the clamour  
of silence.  
In the grip of the open stone  
of an Eden receding at dawn.

