

Forgetting

I lost my camera's memory card.
The tide took it,
like it was a stray sandal.

That day, my digitalised memories
floated past Dungeness Lighthouse.
Copper connections
reflected
a sky that was two years old,
fish skulls pulsing with blood,
driftwood split by leaf nodes.

Eleven gigabytes
rode half-broken waves.
Sepia diffused,
darkening the brine,
attracting spectral images
of adolescent water snails.
Rolling foam tossed stale perfume
at the violet clouds,
swollen with last night's belligerent rain.

The water's surface mottled.
Below, adults swam like newborns.
Above, fishing nets rose empty,
dripping quartz and malachite that
exploded
on the trembling meniscus.

Plastic and circuitry
kissed saturated clay,
crystallised in July,
forgot its convoluted roots.
Its tarnished surface offered no visions.
Swaddled in kelp,
it watched vacant planes
criss-crossing to
nowhere.

By Laura Hankins