**Sea-Swimming**

I wish I could have taken
my phone with me
on my swim
to show you
the flattest indigo sea
I have ever seen
Exmoor in the distance
Myrtle and moss-green
 its coast-crags to crisp
 you could almost touch them

Where the wash inks the cloudless woad
in flostsams and mouthfuls of salt-timbred music
 Brythonic notches in the chime of conches
 that schism and spool
a spell or a tearful lament
across shipwrecked sway of Tusker Rock
I wish I could have taken
 my phone
to show you