**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