

## History (Angelsey, 5 May '97)

Parked high up on the sand, we ate prawn sandwiches  
and the afternoon curled up under us.  
The sea expanded by slow grey degrees.  
It rained. You left your crusts.

A hundred million years, brave knights, fat dinosaurs,  
came stepping by across our rear-view mirror.  
A soldier wiped his forehead, raised his sword.  
Men marched out of the sea. A ship went under.

The view cleared with the rain. On the wet rocks  
we saw one woman in a purple coat  
stooping, considering. She stopped  
and clambered on. She was already quite far out,  
moving with open arms against the day.  
We kissed, to give ourselves a chance to look away.