

For a journalist - lost in the South Pacific

Undoubtedly he was drowned.
Pulling the broadcaster from the sea
The linguist
Found the mouth
Formed in a question

Undoubtedly
Said the dentist
Noting the coffee stains
And the distended jaw
His teeth are firm.

It is his eyes
Said the optician
Focussed firmly on that horizon.
Undoubtedly he drowned
Before he reached the shore

A laughing soldier
Removed the microphone
Held gun taut
In a tortured hand

Undoubtedly
The tailor knew.
His clothing was cheap
Only once did he visit
A shop of silk

His neck is broken
Said his forgotten wife.
Undoubtedly it was a painful death.
He would have cried
I know.

Undoubtedly
The wine owner knew.
Songs were sang
He was his friend.
A story
Cried his colleagues
Our time is short.

I am
Alone with seaweed
Silk and salt licked face

With love of wind
Of storm
Tired of eating
Each nations bread. He felt
A heavy bitterness
Itching the mortality of his age.
But now, the silence.
Undoubtedly. He was dead