

Keyhaven

The narrow coastal path winds along the shoreline
With the sea shimmering to its right
An intense cornflower blue basking in the sun.
Beyond it the Isle of Wight looms like a sphinx
Watching the coast.

Between the sea and the path
An area of blue, brown and green
Where patches of seawater mingle with the mud
And some mud has dried with an encrusted green topping of seaweed.
This is the marsh, a haven for waders
A meeting place of curlew, redshank and godwit
Where shoveler, gadwall and teal swim in the waterholes
And shelduck rest.

In the peaceful quiet we watched a hunt that took place
When a peregrine pair stooped on a gull in flight
Like a rock they brought it down to the ground
And plucked off the feathers one by one

On the land side of the path
Long reeds dazzled in the sunshine and swayed in the breeze
In their clothes of green and straw hats.
A linnet's song filled the air as we watched it
Amongst the vibrant gorse and thrift
Joined by a skylark singing and reed bunting too and then
Nonchalant wild ponies congregated by the water
Towards the evening of the day

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July 2019 inspired by MBS coach outing May 2019.