

A View From Hammers

Looking down upon Rat Island
Snowy spume dashing against the dark rock
In the foreground, the jetty
Skeletal, quiet, expectant
And beyond, countless waves rise and fall
Tearing bone-white slashes
In the broad green canvas of the Bristol Channel

The wind whips northwards
Driving banks of cumulus cloud
That throw shadow cloaks upon the sea's green
And then, within seconds, the clouds thicken
And all is grey, as dense rain falls and swirls
Shrouding everything in sight

A minute later
And the clouds shift once more
Parting this time to allow bright blue patches to appear
As though an unseen artist
Was adding the final touches of colour
To a painting entitled 'A View From Hammers'

