

The Lifeboat-Shed

It's that time, mid-autumn: an oil-base blue sky—
pebbles, rocks, a foothold for seagulls.
Clouds buckle, scoop grey to grey, mirror
the colours of the stone. Now, rose-tint
the clouds fire up—final show
before darkening. The boat sheds creaks,
tugs on its moorings, flags down the breeze
as rows of street-lights tick on.

People shuffle, shaped by anoraks, adrift
from the pack. They peer through the windows
of the lifeguards' shop, lined into
the oldest dream, of being saved
no matter what sea.

(RNLI, Aldeburgh), Katherine Gallagher