

Tide

‘The tide’s going out soon’

Your voice announced, creaky like the peeling, painted shack,

Clutching our hands tighter so

It doesn’t sweep us out too.

Waves lap the rocks,

Each break a promise to return.

Your life lessons fell to the sea,

The bait fishermen use to lure their catch

Into a false pretence.

We were too preoccupied with

Flakes and strawberry sauce, red as the walls where you’d lied

‘It’s a special day.’

April 6th.

How could we forget it now

this great gash in our childhood,

Salt spray and tears indistinguishable,

Ice cream running down my hand you lied again.

‘I’ll be back in a minute.’

The last wave broke.

The tide went out.

Laura Carroll, Mayo, Ireland

