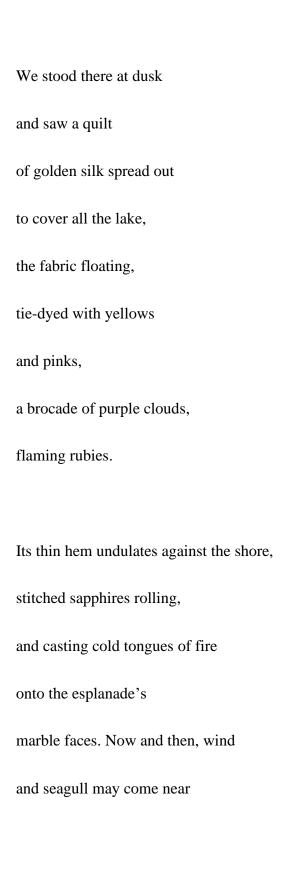
## **Speers Point**



but the carpet of glimmer remains

around the transfixed boats

and the black weight

of scattered islands.

Everything is pure, unperturbed,

save for a sudden swell from afar

and the faint roar of a vanishing motor boat,

like the howl of a god dying,

wrapped in this majestic shroud of gold.