

## **GOING HOME**

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I wish I could bring her mangoes  
sandy toes, hot sun  
the light made liquid in the sea  
This champagne ocean, vast embracing friend

An evening smell of pines, fish & chips  
Rottnest a glow-worm flicker across the dark  
Our voices drifting in the warm still air  
and a kite, dancing and tugging at the light's edge  
moored by invisible string to the surf's white line

I wish I could bring her myself at peace  
clear-eyed, lulled by this memory of belonging  
the swell of water rocking our ecstatic bodies  
in luminous mist, the lights of home along the shore

What can I bring to a dry inland place?  
All I can offer is the sea tang on my skin  
the salty down in the brown arm's curve