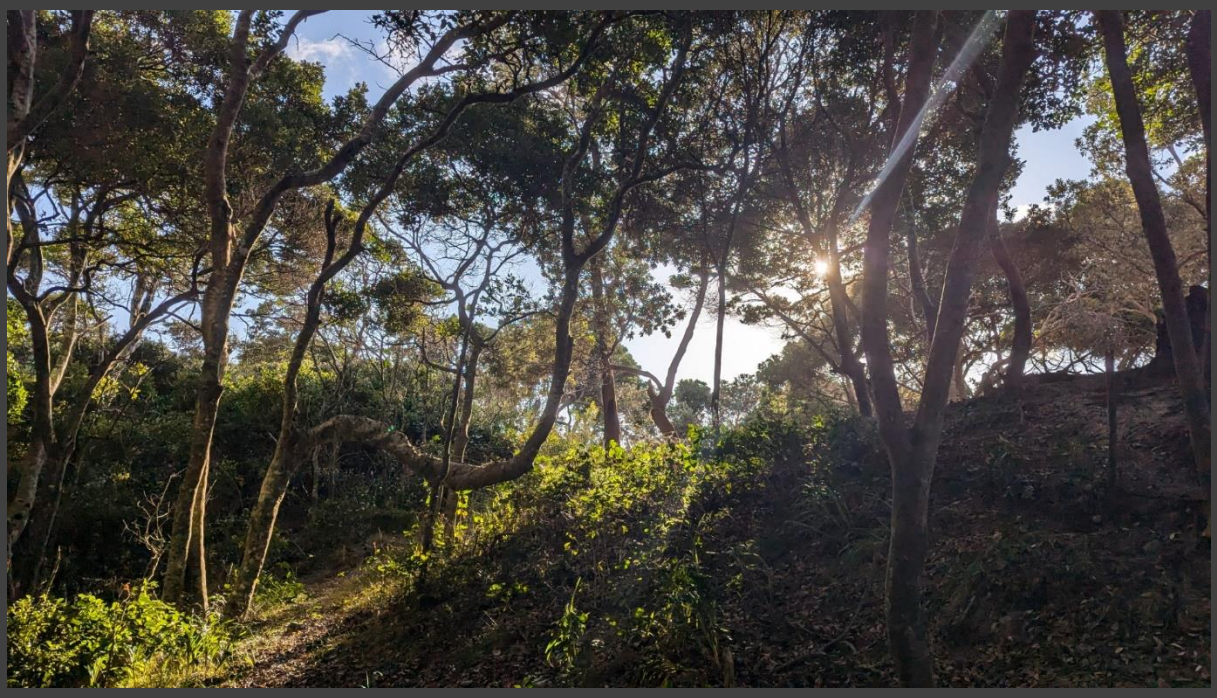
## Sunday morning 11 Aug

Where to eat if you are lucky, can access
food and afford expensive treats?

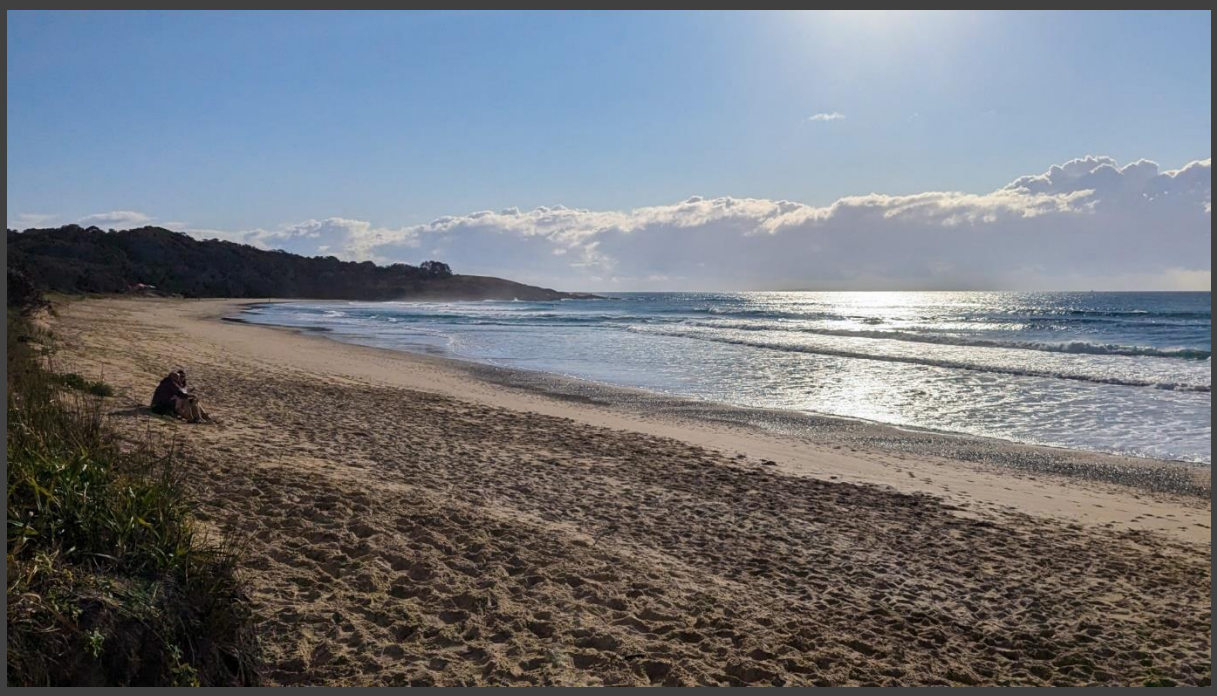
We carry nourishment through the hind dunes,
Humans have eaten away at the land.

Sun is breaking through the wiry trees,
growth worming its way towards the light.



eyes out for colour-packed Noisy Pittas seen
here before, and restless Brush Turkeys.

The beach is wide ajar, I’m nostalgic
for moments ago when we settled down



to breakfast on the sand, and for who
we are after the sea came so easily blue,

crumpling at the ends. Avoiding cities now,
our place is worn as if we are hermit crabs.