

## Kintyre Terminal at Dawn

Sat on a cleat, Kintyre terminal silent,  
eyes closed shut.

Across still harboured waters,  
a crane, its arm blue with cold, bent at the elbow,  
heaved a turgid turn.

Its head sank, deep in the belly of a guest,  
to emerge, swivel and spew  
blank cargo on the dock.  
Languid head hewed back and forth  
like a Monday morning hangover.

Lap of the wave,  
growl of machinery, a seagull cry -  
a soup kettle of sound.  
I thought the tide was coming in  
when all the while, it was going out.