

## The Surfer by Judith Wright

He thrust his joy against the weight of the sea;  
climbed through, slid under those long banks of  
foam--  
(hawthorn hedges in spring, thorns in the face stinging).  
How his brown strength drove through the hollow and coil  
of green-through weirs of water!  
Muscle of arm thrust down long muscle of water;  
and swimming so, went out of sight  
where mortal, masterful, frail, the gulls went wheeling  
in air as he in water, with delight.

Turn home, the sun goes down; swimmer, turn home.  
Last leaf of gold vanishes from the sea-curve.  
Take the big roller's shoulder, speed and serve;  
come to the long beach home like a gull diving.

For on the sand the grey-wolf sea lies, snarling,  
cold twilight wind splits the waves' hair and shows  
the bones they worry in their wolf-teeth. O, wind blows  
and sea crouches on sand, fawning and mouthing;  
drops there and snatches again, drops and again snatches  
its broken toys, its whitened pebbles and shells.