

DEVOTION: Goddess

In her migrant lilt  
she tongues  
the manufactured harbour,

containers & cranes  
on the squatting docks,  
livestock, excrement;

somewhere she seduces  
an entire coast,  
but on Bathers Beach,

weedy meniscus,  
despite the affront  
of a McDonalds' frontage,

she moves  
as she has always moved:  
rhythmic, deeply ecstatic,

as if she means it.

(from Mark Reid — *A Difficult Faith*, p 7)