

## The Hazards #1

End of day. Mottled daylight and empty oyster shells.  
The Hazards: a grey-pink jaw closing around the bay.

Night begins its advance – a sable-smooth awning  
pulling slowly over the two of us, dark and familiar.

Our silence is an albatross: exposing the gentle music  
of masts, drifting in night-chill shadows. Seclusion

snaps the distance between us like a snare drum.  
Tramontane wastelands peel back, reveal ligaments.

My hand finds yours and I read you like a telegram:  
how strange that this dialect of comfort remains,

even when darkness spills over into blood.  
Soon, the last of the birds will fall as silent as death.

- Vanessa Page

## The Hazards #2

I am smaller here, beside you  
under the weight of the sky.

The bay has rejected my echo,  
released all the gulls – and

the sounds of the gloaming  
are suddenly giant.

In this slender bridge of day  
between bruised hours

I'm hanging out our shapes  
with precision and cold hands

moving domestic chess pieces,  
slowly giving myself away.

- Vanessa Page