

Learning to Look

*for John Berger
(1927 - 2017)*

Let me pretend
for one brief moment
that our paths have crossed,
perhaps below the rocks at Ballinreavy
or along the shifting sands of Derryness.

I called to you,
a far figure labouring in thought
a silhouette pressing forward
in a high collared overcoat.
I called to you,
hollered against the wind
and waved you back,
so we could simply stand together
hands sunk deep in our pockets
delighted beyond words.

Staring down, sharing the wonder
of some washed up detritus
transformed in surf and sunlight,
mirrored on the mirrored sand.
Learning to look again,
to see things for the first time
and again for the first time,
always for the first time.