



## **Echoes**

by Stephen Ward

Sam likes the docks. He likes to go down there  
alone and sit with his feet in the sand,  
watching the ships pass by from the old chair  
that he found at the shore. Sometimes he'll stand  
on top of one of the pilings, arms out  
like a cormorant, waiting. Waiting  
for the sound of an oil tanker enroute  
to the refinery, whilst he's basking  
in the milky sunlight. This morning though  
a wave of thick and seething mist has spread  
itself in off the sea, and when Sam goes  
to watch the boats he sees the fog instead.

'Off wi' yer nah!' he calls into the grey.

'Off wi' yer nah!' he hears the sea fret say.