



Susan Constable The Eternity of Waves



First published in Great Britain in 2017 by  
Snapshot Press, Orchard House, High Lane, Ormskirk L40 7SL

at [www.snapshotpress.co.uk/ebooks.htm](http://www.snapshotpress.co.uk/ebooks.htm)

Copyright © Susan Constable 2017

All rights reserved. This eBook may be downloaded for the reader's personal use only. It may not be sold, copied, or circulated in any other way without the prior written permission of the publisher. Further, no part of this eBook may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

The right of Susan Constable to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted by her in accordance with Section 77 of the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988

Typeset in 16/20 pt and 12/15 pt Adobe Caslon Pro

Cover photograph © Susan Constable

Design by John Barlow

## Acknowledgements

Thanks are due to the editors and publishers of the following publications in which present or earlier versions of these poems previously appeared:

*Atlas Poetica*, *Fear of Losing* (Haiku Canada, 2013), *Gusts*, *Magnapoets*, *Notes from the Gean*, *red lights*, *Ribbons*, *Simply Haiku*, *Take Five: Best Contemporary Tanka* (Modern English Tanka Press, 2010), and *The Temple Bell Stops: Contemporary Poems of Grief, Loss and Change* (Modern English Tanka Press, 2012).

In memory of Darcy Constable  
1973–1995



# The Eternity of Waves





no moon  
when the doorbell rang  
that autumn night  
the stars went out one by one  
and our world turned black

the forest  
the stars, the moon  
all lost in fog . . .  
how will he find his way  
from this life to the next

within a day  
the contents of his wallet  
spread out to dry—  
a student pass, ticket stubs,  
his mother's tears

afterwards . . .  
fields of prairie grass  
bend to the wind  
as we walk hand in hand  
along an unmarked path

orphan  
widow, widower  
why not  
a word for those  
who lose a child?

a large bruise  
deep inside the mango  
unexpected  
the way she turned away  
when we needed her most

after his death  
the ocean comforts me  
how I yearn  
to inhale that depth of blue  
the eternity of waves

when I cry  
you cry with me . . .  
our river  
of loss and sorrow  
salting the Pacific



ocean salt  
spatters the windows  
by winter's end  
I peer through a haze  
of might-have-beens

one day, one year  
so much like the others  
until death  
draws an indelible line  
between *before* and *after*

how many years  
since I washed his hair  
tickled his toes . . .  
today, a thin layer of ice  
on yesterday's puddles

... and then  
the click of a garden gate  
on a moonless night  
the sound of his footsteps  
sneaking into my dream

a button box  
pulled from my drawer  
spills memories—  
two of us looking up  
to the Milky Way

unpacking boxes  
stored for a dozen years  
I discover  
everything of value  
deep within my heart

my paddle  
dipping into red ripples  
stroke by stroke  
I head out with the sun  
on my side of the waves

If you have enjoyed this free eChapbook, please consider supporting Snapshot Press by reading our traditional print titles.