

GERALD HILL

## GROWING THE MARITIME BERRY

Atlantic a sand band carries our way  
slipping from the backs of nude women  
paddleboarders sailors skin-all.

We'll take the warm beer cold  
the cold warm the bags blown  
away after emptying

content in the seams of our beachwear  
our *gs* in *bag* what we know as roots  
said the barber a week later blading

at our hair. Sandy we call  
the beach girl. We used to imagine  
harbour water we'd go in and tell

Sandy when she came back  
with lunch supplies. The tide  
overtaking our towels

altogether. Sandy paused we called  
and waved. We do go on about Sandy. Now  
we're dunefield taken home wind

corridor at our door  
and she's what  
we smell on our hands.