

**Nocturne**

Tonight will be ok though. Just  
stare out at the sea as deep as  
a Bösendorfer, whilst frequent flyer  
points sparkle overhead. Trawlers  
wink obscenities, shorebreakers kick  
and hiss, and words wear smooth  
with the ocean's constant rubbing.  
This sky can arch over hill  
and coastline, chic like the new  
black. And somewhere fashionistas  
are sending inspiration down shiny  
mental runways. Remember breathing,  
the salt spray of the creator, and each  
new footprint breaking faith with the sand.

*Lachlan Brown*