

Waitemata Harbour

We met at that restaurant
where they charged
for water and
where the breeze caught
our umbrella and the table
stacked up with dishes
cause the waiter was
half irrelevant.

Could see the ocean
from where you sat,
looking at the yachts,
their masts like lumbering
metronomes faintly
counting the tides.

You thanked me and I said no
worries, I'd do it for
anyone. You frowned like
you do so much, and I
smiled and watched

you leave, heading back
towards the ferry, your hair
falling behind you, catching
the light even as it failed
out over the harbour.

Neil Ramsey