

Brighton Beach
By Jenny Arach

In my minds eye I see what you saw.

Our fathers in shirt and tie,
trouser legs rolled up to the knee,
afloat in a boat upon the sea,
while you 'n' your sister with bobbed hair,
played with pebbles along the shore.

Our fathers brought together, by the
kosher meat they preferred to eat.
An African and a Jewish man,
a butcher and an engineer,
sailing between the piers.

The grand old West Pier,
where my mother used to dance.
The Palace Pier, where
my brothers took a chance,
playing truant in the amusements.

English summers of yesterday,
of seaside trips and friendships,
that became lifelong in waters
of liquid mirrors and silver shimmers,

fallen from the sun.