

■  
THE SEA  
MORE  
THAN  
MOANED

Róisín  
Tapponi  
■



THE SEA MORE THAN MOANED I am writing,  
I am waiting –

hating that I am for you.

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down from my silk shirt to neck tie, tired waiting for  
the tide to bring a woman home.

Chosen kin, chthulucene – the sea is more than  
violent – violet water heaving abjectly on urban ruins.

Stuck  
b e t w e e n  
shoulders policing this city, bare feet  
chiselled in socks, and shoes.

I dreamt of feeding these crusted lips to this sea.

I woke up to a pause –  
on a chair  
at a table  
by a window  
bored retracing the pane where  
your shadow stood, pained waiting  
for a woman to come home.

I need to carry the present in my stomach,  
wearing out the inside.

Pencilled stubble, written forever  
b e t w e e n  
'Ah' then 'Men',  
a rash fading in my womb.

From my breath, nameless you filled out my form  
written by your sex, ejaculated on my yellow W

When I find your form,  
I will erase your face from paper.

This domestic experiment –  
With his wand, the magician came – whirring  
around me inside like a washing machine.

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Here is the Amen beyond the prayer –  
 A cadence cupped by your fingers entwined in  
 sung time as we lie on the linen shore, sure  
 as lube sticks and music spins the twine of folklore.

music spins the twine of folklore.

In your eyes I count the smell as you mist  
 my breath, pupils condensing by the gaping  
 hole of the well. Eyes welling, I'm willing as  
 I comb your hair fogged by song,

a breath of seaweed. A tale hung by wood  
 grown hard in the morning, deep flesh I am  
 sunken, drowned. A shanty etched into our  
 print, which touched, fingered frayed.

The song I used to smell from the turf  
 back home, ground for damp and soiled love.  
 Water I was chased by fire,  
 don't know where I was running to, but  
 I was on my own and far a way from you.

Hot on my heels, I tore through garden gates.  
 A woman let me in, a woman saved me,  
 a woman far a way from the man of you.

I was thirsty and she gave me her milk,  
 I was hungry and she fed me fresh bread,  
 by the hearth of her fire. And she read me  
 a story, safe from the heat of loving you.

And now I'm a cold body wrapped in wool  
 synthetic over feeling for either and/or you –  
 I found a home in my arms and this time they're not  
 a woman but far a way from the man of you.

