



ROCK POOLS

BY CHARLOTTE WEBB

The ocean roared and sang when I was six.
I couldn't swim and crossed the rocks as though
death waited over every ridge, the cliffs

an open-ended question. What would it be like?
Like falling off the world. The sum of wonder
was the anemone, softly tendrilled, pulsing

in the tide. While dad pried oysters open
with a knife I sought them out. An anarchy
of blooms—pink, white—little nebulae, never

still. Kneeling, I'd offer up a finger to
the crown, thrill as the soft form sucked me in
held me like an infant's grip—stubborn

necessary. There I first learned of life's
flush darkness, the wildness of the will. Not
far away, the dust clouds rose, cattle



Shipwrights

The Review of De-Centered English

withered in a field. A farmer put a bullet
in his brain. What did I know of this? For me
the whole wet world was foaming at the mouth.

CHARLOTTE WEBB *has dual Australian-British citizenship but was born and raised down under. She has a masters degree in English literature from Lund University and has resided in Sweden since 2003. She currently lives in Malmö.*