**At a Fishing Settlement**

October, and a rain-blurred face,

And all the anguish of that bitter place.

It was a bare sea-battered town,

With its one street leading down

Onto a shingly beach. Sea winds

Had long picked the dark hills clean

Of everything but tussock and stones

And pines that dropped small brittle cones

Onto a soured soil. And old houses flanking

The street hung poised like driftwood planking

Blown together and could not outlast

The next window-shuddering blast

From the storm-whitened sea.

It was bitterly cold; I could see

Where muffled against gusty spray

She walked the clinking shingle; a stray

Dog whimpered and pushed a small

Wet nose into my hand - that is all.

Yet I am haunted by that face,

That dog, and that bare bitter place.

-- [Alistair Campbell](http://wonderingminstrels.blogspot.com/search/label/Poet%3A%20Alistair%20Campbell)

Cited Page:

http://wonderingminstrels.blogspot.com/2000/10/at-fishing-settlement-alistair-campbell.html