

# *My Very Own Venus*

*After yet another descent in therapy*

*Sue Adams*

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Glimpsed momentarily  
climbing out,  
sea streaming to sea  
from her hair running water,  
weeping  
salt on salted skin of face  
and reaching hands  
that try  
a rope  
tarred with bitumen  
from other less watery depths.

This woman I see  
I am now.  
As light gives way and mercy  
after sea blindness.

The shining wicker basket  
held to  
tightly  
Can this be a sea mussel?  
In the dark twinings  
treasured deeply  
it's not a poor harvest!

And on the decking later  
a creature rises  
preening oil.

In silver droplets  
new hope flying out  
from an ashy beak.

Among the burnt nest twiggling  
a dried umbilicus.