

*clouds as thoughts for joan*

Vast.

At first you too are drawn to the land; ebbing inwards. Vast waste.

Lovely reddish earth. Ground beneath your feet constantly shifting, stretching. Loneliness that can be put away by

painting. Sun and wind new parts of you

days turning. Around the sun we go.

Outside in all weathers

attending intensely.

Your elements:

marram grass

oil-pigment

newspaper

boat paint

& sand

are

sea and clouds. Vast sea. Clouds as the sea's thoughts trailing behind.

Sea as breath of clouds inhaling day and exhaling night

inhaling memory and exhaling time.

There are days when clouds come close to you, tend to your view.

Their attention is the rarest form.

Lace white. Steel grey.

Sea as clouds' fears. Clouds as the sea's hopes

each one differently shaped.

Out there in all weather, double vision.

You can brus like the sea.

*A Stormy Sea, No.1*

from your doorway

a view of last; in the shape of a

horseshoe. *Sea and Snow*. Shingle chill

on a winter's day. Hardboard held firm

with rocks and an anchor.

*The Wave*

*The Sea No. 6*

*Summer Sea*

Light is formed of waves

colours falling into paint

outdoors overnight

weather can play its part. Black sea

bright green striped sea, brown sea

yellow sea and no sea. Beauty in things

exactly as they are.

Attention is the rarest form of generosity most pure.