

# The New Criterion

Poems September 2004

## Etc.

by U.S. Dhuga

*for L. E. M.*

*We give no compensation,  
The earth is ours today,  
And if we lose on arable,  
Then bungalows will pay.*

All concrete sheds ... etc.

—John Betjeman, "Harvest Hymn"

We rowed out to Paquachuck Inn  
Too late to get the morning papers.  
All week we had been sleeping in:  
All night we'd listen to the breakers'  
Slow consoling roar,  
After days spent on the shore  
In rippling arguments  
Among the salty scents  
Of Buzzard's Bay.  
I won't forget that one calm day  
We rowed out to the Inn at last in time  
To get the papers: that air of kelp and thyme  
And you stay with me in East Anglia,  
Anglesey, Polzeath, Daymer ... etc.

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