

Dylan Thomas at Sundown

-November 1953

Dylan Thomas drifts above the sea,
savoring the sundown light of memory.
Waves lap the shingle. He feels nothing
beneath his empty body and decides
he must be riding a froth of cloud.

What surprises him most is the pure
silence within and without. It folds
over itself like the breakers below.
He thought there would be music
at the end, something like the melody
of starburst, and singing, flowing lyrics
in a language known only to angels.
He thought there would be nothing
like time, nothing like this sense of loss.

Afloat on dead air, he sees himself
sprint across hay fields. Thirty years
gone in the blink of an eye. He is far
ahead of the children chasing with voices
fading. Not even the desperate fox
can keep pace as the wild boy flashes by.
He always knew this would be the moment
remembered forever. Life was one mad
dash to a finish line hidden at land's-end,
a quick lick. He would be breathless
at the end, down on his knees as if in prayer,
but finally able to slow his heart, his mind,
there at the darkening ocean's edge.

-Floyd Skloot