

Ann Aldred

## Searchlights

They have come to celebrate  
a wedding  
Such laughter chatter  
music dancing

Their floodlights  
cut the darkness  
only so far  
but beautifully  
astonishingly  
reveal the churning silvered surf that  
crashes through me in a symphony  
of strangely soundless boom

Have I sat too close to the brink  
at this tear-drop island home  
this equatorial place  
where night contains no trace of day

And that dark space beyond the light—  
I wonder—do they see what  
my long searching gaze unveils

(A Found Poem)