Monday I found a boot –  
Rust and salt leather.  
I gave it back to the sea, to dance in.

Tuesday a spar of timber worth thirty bob.  
Next winter  
It will be a chair, a coffin, a bed.

Wednesday a half can of Swedish spirits.  
I tilted my head.  
The shore was cold with mermaids and angels.

Thursday I got nothing, seaweed,  
A whale bone,  
Wet feet and a loud cough.

Friday I held a seaman’s skull,  
Sand spilling from it  
The way time is told on kirkyard stones.

Saturday a barrel of sodden oranges.  
A Spanish ship  
Was wrecked last month at The Kame.

Sunday, for fear of the elders,  
I sit on my bum.  
What’s heaven? A sea chest with a thousand gold coins.

#### **By George Mackay Brown**