

Offshore Wind Farm at Chapel St Leonards, Lincolnshire

The beach of windswept sand curves gently;
pebbles, shells, and drifts of bladderwrack
and scrubby grass, like drowning fingers
reaching for the sea.

Distance is deceptive here;
the flat horizon all about us
lies a little less than three miles off
if we could see it. But we can't —
the mist begins no more than
fifty yards from where we stand,
and as it shifts, disturbed by wind no stronger
than an old asthmatic's wheeze,
we see dark shapes within.

The breeze is playful, teasing us with
fleeting glimpses – never clear or sharp –
of looming giants, standing safe
from any passing madman's lance.