

## SEMINAR END POEM

Ralph Hoyte

An ache embedded since the Silurian cracks up as all it's meant to be, nudging that inner edge of transparence as expressed in the ceaseless NOW of ocean. Human thought washes over this, is tumbled in with the surf,



sits, percolates, beams out to Mind; then becomes evident as identity, a national brand, an international profile. Yet we must tie this down to tying together. Life is what is connected, intelligence is making the connection. The Jurassic Coast is what is, can be, and will be connected around rock, sea, stone ... people; then pied-pipered out to young people mesmerised by the siren songs of the city. And the ages will embed us in turn, singing to us in our mental cocoons: will he nill he will he nill he will he nill he...

*(bluebells on the Charmouth/Lyme coastal path)(photo: Ralph Hoyte)*