

# On the Beach at Fontana

By James Joyce

Wind whines and whines the shingle,  
The crazy pierstakes groan;  
A senile sea numbers each single  
Slimesilvered stone.

From whining wind and colder  
Grey sea I wrap him warm  
And touch his trembling fineboned shoulder  
And boyish arm.

Around us fear, descending  
Darkness of fear above  
And in my heart how deep unending  
Ache of love!