

**The winning entry for SNAP:  
Student New Angle Prize 2017**



**The Froth**

by

**Danielle Newman**

Fine Art MA student, University of Suffolk

Sailor spit dives into grooves  
The rotting wood split like  
Concrete splits the river  
That kisses the waters front

Creaking metal binds  
Bent planks and chains  
Glass of all hues  
Reaching up, bearing the brunt

Of rainy skies and froth  
Kissing the lips of  
A weary bay  
Sheared by salty tide, empty

Like the long spaces  
Between homelessness  
And glittering lights  
Of a hundred money-makers freely

Walking amongst gull-chatter  
A waning moon to  
The rowdy running  
Of water down stony blocks

Vacant and crumbling  
A whisper of want  
Whistling around masts  
Fading, rising, rocking the dock

Affixed to sterling notes  
Bobbing predators sleeping  
Tapping against shells  
Dead, scattered like gold

Catching light and beaks  
The peeling of nature  
Weathering beneath  
Rubber and metal old

Slacking rope, rusty stands  
Barricades guiding machines  
Someone sitting smoking  
Fifty shadows still and alone

Deep scents ghosting  
Crinkled blue-black  
A car's headlights  
Glowering down upon  
Home

