**Porpoise**

Oars clattered like bones between our feet and wavelets licked the glass-fibre hull. Past midsummer, snow still clung in the mountain folds round the fjord. Two silhouetted eagles circled above. We baited hooks so we could grill fish while day faded into blue, sleepless night. But the boat jolted sideways⸻a porpoise was nudging to remind us we were being watched from below. It came up three metres away with a deep ocean gasp, its curved back and stubby fin breaking the steel surface. We were weightless on a great whale, being carried out to sea to watch the sun dip to the curve of the earth. Gravity and time resting during light’s rendition.