

An aerial photograph of a vast ocean with a large, powerful wave cresting in the upper half of the frame. The water is a deep, textured blue, and the wave's surface is covered in white foam. The sky is not visible, focusing the viewer's attention on the sea.

SEA | SHORE

Carlotta Luke | Sara London

There is a liminal space that lies between sea and shore, a restless place that is neither one nor the other. Seaweed is soaked. Sand and rock become sea. The receding tide leaves its echo on the beach. Even the swell of dunes mirrors the surge of waves.

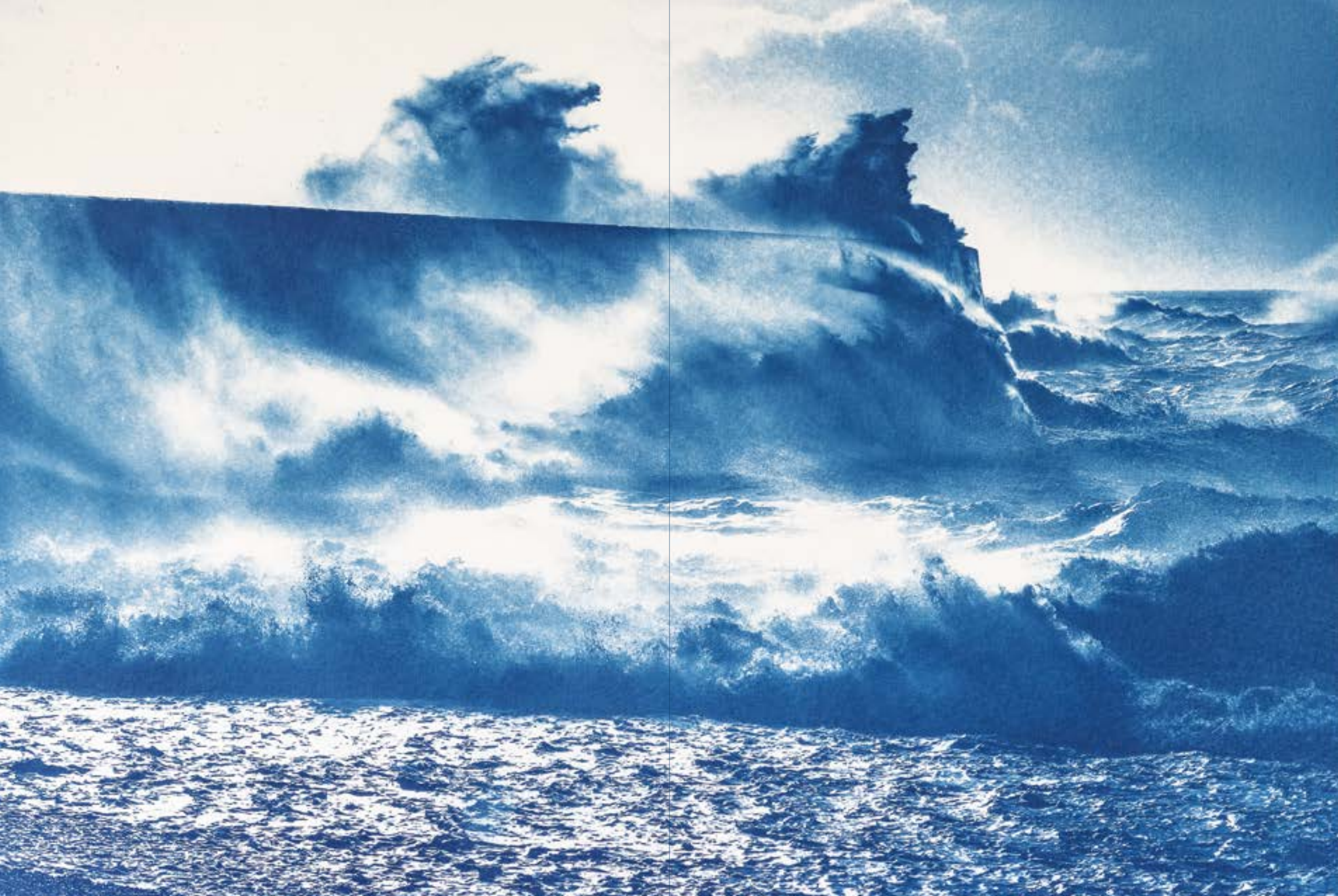
These images are hand-printed cyanotypes derived from digital photographs. Invented in 1842 as one of the earliest photographic processes, cyanotypes are made by brushing paper with iron compounds and exposing them to sunlight or other ultraviolet light. English botanist Anna Atkins (1799-1871) used the method in a ground-breaking photographic book illustrating varieties of seaweed.

Carlotta Luke is a professional photographer specialising in architectural documentaries and environmental portraits. She uses cyanotype for her personal artistic work as a way of combining digital photography with traditional darkroom processes. Carlotta lives in Lewes, East Sussex. carlottaluke.com

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BLUE SEA



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When I say the sea's a mind, it's merely my mind
swelling, cresting, sliding toward a sure

shoving of volumes and depths, a way of shifting
the salty wakefulness inland, nearer the still hills,

the county's tobacco farms, and a tidal river that used
to float logs and flush the effluent mess of mills,

but now is tidy. When you're out *there*, at the far,
revising edge of all that full, foaming thought,

you can maunder along, foot soles again buffed
tough by beach sand, fingers brailling the warm

cheek of a stone, or rolling a smooth clay pipe stem,
its molded cylinder an old industrial miracle.

(Usually, though, it's just a calcium whistle, a dull
gull's bone you've plucked from the shore's

confetti wrack, and it crumbles in your zeal to ignite
a present from the past.) When the sea is rocking

in anatomies of delivery and memory, its liquid winds
spiraling along the spines of rough crossings and

generational dreams; when you're all tongue with no
words or country, rushing nowhere to somewhere

against sly time — hear the blue sea sing out, swim
that lapping back to the lit brine of beginnings.







