

that striking ocean beach

gritty, grainy sand, cascading downward
crawls up your ankles, sticking to your skin
seaweed grasps your bones, cut free by a sword
the blade of the sea, tides slashing within

as the wind whips your hair and the fire
flashes at your feet, you watch, still and dazed.
the tenebrous waves never once tire,
and the high, glistening moon casts it's glaze

the dreams of the visitors insist on
tight, sunny sands; heat that ticks and prickles
but you've adored the stretch that time has drawn
and smile at the cold that bites and tickles

the captivity of the night dances;
you embrace that darkness, it advances