

## The sea and me

Hear, pounding deep from a wild, thrashing sea,  
thundering to the shore with rhythmic voice,  
“Know this, I live, I live”, is nature’s brusque,  
unwavering tone that reassures me,  
my frailty’s held gently in a strong hand  
as mine grips the wafered cone of an ice  
cream on the promenade awashed with sand  
while afternoon turns slowly into dusk.

