

The sea and me

Hear, pounding deep from a wild, thrashing sea,
chorusing 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 soft cornet of an ice
cream on the promenade awashed with sand
while afternoon turns slowly into dusk.

