

Beach Reverie

By Linda Lorndale

Rhythm of waves,  
Crashing, rushing home.  
Sea gulls crying,  
A mournful tone.  
Jelly fish beached,  
Horseshoe crabs beside them,  
Shells washing up, finding asylum.

Body surfing,  
The ocean up my nose.  
Skidding on my stomach,  
Left the rash guard at home.

Painted toenails,  
Puzzles,  
The bay.  
Bathing suits,  
Salt air,  
Board shorts,  
I wanna stay.

Summer,  
Too short  
A wisp of fog,  
Quickly burned away.

Sand,  
Everywhere,  
Even in my bed.  
Ubiquitous,  
As nostalgia,  
Wetlands, sunsets,  
Boaters on the bay.

Babies wade in the surf,  
To wash off the day.  
Little fists clutch grownup fingers,

To make all okay.

Families towing toys,

Hot-sand dance saves burning feet.

Back at the house,

Outdoor showers, and cold drinks.

Walk into town after grilling dinner,

Ice cream cones.

Replete.