Sometimes, I Like to Walk the Shore

by Michelle L. Haymon

Sometimes, I like to walk the shore—
Late at night—
When all the people are asleep.
The clouds understand me
When my thoughts drift toward them.
The waves dance about my feet
In an effort to make me happy.
Yet each grain of sand feels the weight
Of my heavy heart
As I plod towards home,
Step by step,
Weary from the heat of the day
And my long journey.

Transitory

by Dick Pearson

A hungry wave licks
The hard-packed sandy shore
Devouring footprints
Left by seashell seekers
Destroying evidence
Of their existence.

—Siesta Key 1/84