

This Special View

Down salty steps I walked to reach
the sandy grass, and then the beach.
To find the girl who called my name,
to learn of what she had to teach.

The water's edge I walked around,
but not a single thing I found.
The mystery girl was surely near,
but still no sign, and not a sound.

The mirrored moon helped me to see
there was no one around but me.
Against a rock she finally spoke,
and then I knew she was the sea.

A hundred times I stood before
and saw the same scene through my door.
Through different eyes I viewed it then,
a moon's a moon, a shore's a shore.

My feet grew damp, the tide crept near,
I traced the shore line to the pier.
With baby's ears I heard the waves
call out the words that brought me there.

Just off the pier, a ballet show
of dancing masts in one long row.
And standing near the light house helped
the moon show where the ships should go.

Some people live their whole lives through
not knowing of this special view.
The sea too far for them to know
just how the girl can call to you.

But sadder still are people near
who never find themselves down there.
The many waves sound down the coast,
and never reach an open ear.