

The Sea

I can smell it first—
the salty air, feel it
crusting my skin, stiffening my hair.

Then I can hear it— the engine of the sea roaring, churning.
I race across the stinging sand to the cool fringes of the waves.

My toes disappear—footless I stand like a statue on a strange shore.
The waves unroll then retreat
exposing my feet on corrugated ridges.

Above me gulls shriek diving like arrows, piercing the skin of the sea.
I trace a trail
past glowing bluebottles and beaded seaweed.

On the sandy floor of the rock pool
three red starfish, gaze at the sky above.

