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So Lies the Sea...

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So Lies the Sea

Wind ruffles the seashore
It whips the top off the waves
And flings the foam inland.
A bird scuttles along the edge of the water
It perches precariously on stilt legs
And retreats as the waves blow in.
A small rock rests on the sand
A wave comes in and swallows it
When the wave leaves it is gone.
The wind stills for a moment
The blades of sea grass cease waving
The water lies strangely still.
A man walks along the water's edge
A wave leaps up and tugs at his feet
He stoops to pick up a shell.
The waves crash against a large rock
Then draw back and crash again
The rock sinks slowly into the sand under its burden.
The waves roll endlessly
Ebbing out before they come again
White foam rides their tops.
The bird scuttles in the seaweed
The man skips a rock among the waves
All is different and yet the same.
So lies the sea . . .

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