

The Sea

Shirley Keezing

I've missed seeing you
Being mesmerized by the pushing waves
Forward and back
Every pulsing push crawling closer to me
Leaving a froth of foam
A shivering strand of seaweed
As it pulls back,
Gathers itself and forges forward.

Why have I waited so long
To bury my toes in the shrinking sand?

-Shirley Keezing