

Bicycle Roundel

Miles she's pedaled her trusty bike
with fat tires hugging the sand.

The tan leather seat and the grip of the handlebars
feel good to the touch
as she speeds up the beach access
to her next destination.

She reposes
astride the marsh.

The sky paints lavender and dreamsicle strokes
as the sun gently pulls a blanket of rest
on dune grasses.





The Shuffle

We're all just
visitors
on a temporary vacation
meandering along
the sand
doing the best
we can.

Not knowing which
chance
meeting on the beach
will blossom into
a lifelong friendship,
or random tide washes treasures
ashore to discover
and love.

Maybe a fishing adventure
will yield an abundant
catch of crustaceans?

But we're doing the best we can
just shuffling along...

Moon Dance

Heavenly moon shine down,
guide me through the darkness
as I perambulate the lustrous
seashore, imbibing in your
sweet nectar.

What shall I make of this gravitational
attraction between you and earth...
the ebb and flow of the tides?





Free Dance

Looking skyward,
I felt the weight of the world lift beneath my wings.

I dipped and soared,
crossing paths with similar creatures
for mere
seconds.

The turquoise sea
ambles between the horizon and offing.

I celebrate exhilaration.

Freedom Dance

Resting quietly on the sandy shore,
cool water rushes soft paw pads as
Red Dog memorizes movement passing
through his vision . . .
children splashing, bicyclists peddling,
sand castle artists creating, moms with floppy straw hats reading,
the sleek golden retriever carrying a plastic water bottle,
seagulls and pelicans dancing
to the rhythm of the sea.

There's freedom in his eyes,
happiness in an upturned flew,
contentment in his soul...
rescued by a family
who just couldn't resist
big, sloppy,
canine kisses.

