

INCOMING TIDE.

The sea is sulking today, beneath an opaque sky:

She perseveres across pease pudding sand,

towards the towering cliff she longs to embrace.

Tentatively, she unfurls long fingers, creeping around

jealous rocks that hold her back. Gently a breeze

gives her support and lifts her, over the rocks

again and again until she reaches her goal,

throwing herself upon him passionately.

Yet, always, she must leave him

And yield to the moon's magnetic imprisonment,

until he lets her go, to try again.

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