

Girl on a Beach

Poetry comes from a sea unseen
borne on waves of green and blue
to the blank page of a morning beach
awaiting words washed ashore.

The tide is the pen of languages
imprinting words upon the sand
words of water, kelp and shells
words from oceans deep, unseen.

But who is this upon the beach?
A girl, her form in shadow.
In certain light she disappears
her hair hidden within the waves.

Her voice murmurs eternally young
a voice that no one ever hears
that speaks to oceans of waving green
and tells the words what to be.

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