

Sea-saw

my poem didn't make it to the page

it happened on the beach, you see
I had no pen or paper within reach
it was just me

I was standing on the water's edge
feeling the wet sand yield
and hug my feet
cementing reassuringly

before slipping off with the surf
suddenly
sucking the ground from under me

and so it went
repeatedly
one second sure-footed, off-balance the next

I thought how contrary the world can be
one minute it's your oyster
the next you're all at sea

now I know why whales beach themselves
sometimes
and pebbles steal ashore
preferring to be stranded
than forever in flux
and painfully unsure

all this occurred to me poetically
each sight and sound and smell came in
on ripples of discovery
and every image fell in line
naturally

but sadly it was not to be
my poem got away

leaving the memory of something lost
of past intensity
only half-remembered
shallowly

but then a poem can simply be
a fleeting dialogue with the sea
it can enter the souls of your feet one day
and echo there
eternally

at least, it can for me

Poem & photo by Jeanette Cross