

*first morning at surfside*

a peculiar quiet joy  
a particular, slow essence of satisfaction  
smiles sweetly across the waves  
still silence muffles the supple effervescence  
of children capering about in surf-encumbered salty warmth  
sparkling clear green, glasslike reflections  
of sunlight suffused in grey-green cloud banks  
advancing, drifting slowly down the sand, across the extremity of water.  
the soft breezes wrap slowly like silk to soften  
the fire-wreathed solar perspicuity that  
mingles with the curling, dashing, wooing action of the waves  
that break crisply at the feet of slim and delighted maidens  
watching the measured rise of peculiar monsters up from the surf, madly laughing.  
fond overtures and a well-groomed grin encircles the moment  
of those on the shore who gaze at the delicate lace chains of seagull tracks  
pattering in random yet purposeful patterns,  
intemperately focused on the one pure moment of triumph  
in which swings  
the fish.

*--sbs, august 2004*