

Dropping in

Time stops on the edge

Suspended between

the earth's pull and

the push of the wave

Opposing forces that

shape coastlines

and moments

Dancing with gravity

and the pulse of the sea

Utterly free

of everything

but the present

Waxing Poetic

Sinusoidal sambas

Glassy glissades

Euphemisms for an

Ephemeral experience.

Carving cutbacks and

Tenacious turns past

Voracious terns,

Moving with porpoise

And intent,

Flowing with

Phantastic phish.

Nothing beats

Wandering on a wave

With wax under

Your toes