

## **The Beach**

Walking in the sand  
Sticking underfoot.  
Uncomfortably happy.

Wading gingerly into  
Cold compartments.  
Chilly impatience 'til we find ourselves in a mess of wet giddiness.

Loosey and gay- we've the day to play!

Dripping sandy spires  
Filling endless moats  
And wave-riding under blades of relentless sunshine.

But the day does end.  
Towel shaking and sand-spitting  
We thunk back into a reality  
Unlike the dull infinity of the beach.