

## **A Silent Goodbye**

The screech of a seagull shudders in the sky,  
The waves weep salty tears before they die,  
The froth churns frilly, on the sand it does lie,  
The mussels cling tight, from the rocks none can pry,  
The clouds fluffy fiction, above me, up high,  
The sun's an inferno, the earth does it fry,  
Searing above, an all-seeing eye,  
Watching over the world, naught doesn't it spy.

The sands shaping golden and shifting like rye,  
The willow sagging down with a weeping cry,  
The oaks reaching up and giving a sigh,  
Their fingers stretch hopelessly, trying to tie  
The earth and the heavens, always they try  
To grow upwards and out, right next to my  
Spot on the beach, the place where I  
Look out at the world and ask it: why?

It answers with nothing, a silent goodbye.

By Cedric McDougal