Draft two

**The End of Summer**

Down here the sea has draped itself over

its little bed of sand, stretching  
like a lazy cat. Shoes in hand

we wade slowly across,

ankles streaming whisker trails,  
mini gods treading on water.

I raise my camera  
  
and the next moment

the tide swells in, arching its back

as if awakened.

"Hurry!" my friend hollers  
from the opposite bank,

"Don't let the sea take you!"   
so I lift my knees up high

like an Olympic hurdler,   
slamming seawater on my dress

as I slap my way across.

The water recedes, and I emerge

on the other side, safe   
and shaking with laughter.

draft one

**The end of summer**

Down here the sea has draped itself over

its little bed of sand, stretching   
like a lazy cat. Shoes in hand, we wade slowly   
across, ankles streaming whisker trails,  
mini gods treading on water. I raise my camera for pictures  
  
and the next moment the tide swells in, arching its back  
as if awakened. "Hurry!" my friend hollers  
from the opposite bank, "Don't let the sea take you!"   
so I lift my knees up high like an Olympic hurdler,   
slamming seawater on my dress as I slap   
clumsily across. The water recedes, and I emerge  
on the other side, safe   
and shaking with laughter.