

Dead Dogs and Shipwrecks

Gulls lunge at scurrying balls of waste
Sneer at rubber soles, plastic rings,
Become duped by the playfulness of wind.
Breaking formation
Pitching their voices beyond beauty
They track the ghosts of this coast;
Drifters and vagrants through time and tide.

Itinerant driftwood ruptures the foreground
Echoes the shadows of phantom figures
Deludes the romantic
Found objects for a lost soul
A sand stalker bound in purgatory.

I see no compromise in his heart
No lullaby for the unloved
No crutch for the weak
Just lament and mourning for misplaced seclusion
And a truth hiding in dreams of an undecided future
He will not let the sand at his toes
Nor the biting sea at his ankles
Nor salt away the constant boom of this shoreline
To his shuttered ears

Instead, let the brackish spray
Play on his lips,
Toil with philosophies on
Rudimentary structures in sediment
And play at forgetfulness.