

Ocean Point  
(as a child)

Visions of a seacoast rough--  
running and leaping over boulders, flats and gullies.  
I never fall.  
The sun is bright and warm, and mixed with  
the cool salt spray.  
It changes my hair to snowy white.

The pine trees stand their endless watch over sea and sky,  
only moving when the wind allows.  
Islands float off shore like a convoy of naval ships,  
ships that neither sink nor move.

Sunsets shooting bright oranges across the sky  
turning the rocky coast into a dusky sherbert.  
Shimmering fires dance across the waves to the  
twilight sounds of gulls saying good-bye to daylight.

The wind picks up placing a pleasant chill in the air.  
The heat of the sun lies upon my face as the wind  
scratches at my cloths.  
I watch the blue-purple clouds follow the sun down.

Night rolls in with the crash of the tide;  
going in and coming out.  
The wind rules, rushing over rocks and through the woods,  
following the paths of a child's imagination and adventure.  
Darkness has covered the discoveries of the day.

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