



shedding skin on sunset beach

a sleepy sun leaves bouys
without faces silent and still
to trace lingering steps
through icing sugar sand
chilled by the late afternoon.

and the chalky white drift
of a pelican patch invites
the mind to float and a
school tickles the surface
as jetty sticks stretch
long into the sound.

and when thought interrupts
to stir with 'time is never
so still' you take that
moment back into a sandy
pocket and leave the hurry
behind.