

Observation Of The Driftline.

Poems -> Reflection

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Posted on : 2011/3/14 19:51:42

Skylarks meandering motions, float on cold sea breezes.
Rare sculptured ivory driftwood, sun bleached laying idle.
Serene stillness, isolated dunes, ravished by wind and rain.

Constructive waves splashing, over cut stone causeway's.
Moon glow a wobbly blur, looking through tear filled vision.
Stretching long driftline, sinks over far reaching blue horizons.

Cusps and horns left upon a constructive high tide wave bar.
Sought after fresh cockle, eyes look at you from just below.
Quick an unseen razor-fish foot, burrows deep in shingle.

Robust crabs hiding in gully's, under bubbly carrageen moss.
A periwinkle hanging tight, to its buddy a black rock limpet.
Silver pearl oyster shining, toil under a destructive berm face.

Viewed ocean green, white horses, plunge on boat decks.
Far yonder murky reflections, espy a rolling ship silhouette.
Red and green lantern lights, can be seen graciously drifting.

Holding an impeccable, self respect of long cruel sea voyages.
Admiration divided with fear, innocently roaming earths crust.
A swift lingering thought of sanctity, sleep well our mariner.