

## On the beach

I weave a poem,  
The warp a chosen line,  
And as I conjure a scene,  
Glistening threads join  
To create the weft...

An empty beach at twilight,  
Waves gently lapping,  
A chill in the evening breeze,  
Gulls circling above.  
He and she sit huddled together,  
Beside a fire.

Immersed in the scene,  
I, for a while,  
Become the 'she'...

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I shiver and  
**You pull another blanket round me**  
I smile and  
Your arm enfolds me.  
I take your hand in mine

And we toss our future  
Into the fire,  
Trusting in divine alchemy  
To cleanse our fears  
To ashes  
While our hopes  
Rise in the flames  
Towards heaven

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And there, I shall leave you both,  
Your future as yet unwritten...

Note:

Lyric from 'She needs me' by Fyfe Dangerfield, on the album 'Fly Yellow Moon'