



CALL OF THE SEA

By Sherry Cerrano

Ocean's rolls and roars demonstrate
The full force of the Earth's power.
Frothy waves tease and torment,
A mystifying movement.

With furrows and curls,
The deep blue green calls.
A sand piper skitters away, shakes his head,
Knows the foamy invitation's a sham.

Skimmers in single file graze the undulating surface
Hunger drives them to risk death
To dip and dive into the deep.
They pull up, fly away.

A fisherman stands his ground,
Tethered to the ocean with a nylon line,
Ringed by sea skeletons at his feet,
Fascinated by a distant bobbing shrimp boat.

Temptation to test the water haunts my walk
As the thumping, thundering engine
Creates lacy, curvy patterns on the beach.
The foam licks hungrily at my bare feet.

Bubbly sea froth slyly retreats,
Approaches again, attended by a perfumed scent,
An appeal from a Siren to seduce and sedate.
I pull away for want of another day.