



## On a Beach

Here I am, still here I be  
In the quiet, by the sea  
As traveled rollers crash the reef  
The sun fades out- no warning, no grief

Last of land, then out to the blue  
Where mind ambles on what next to do  
For my foot upon this sanded scrape  
Came not for rest nor to escape

My ship... my glorious ship  
Venture bound through stormy squall  
What shores she'll find?  
A mystery to all.....

Ian Hope