

## Unusual

Taking a photograph of his dressed up mannequin  
Who is sitting on a piece of rotten wood  
Of this beach strewn with dilapidated debris  
A strange fixation as the water swells  
The sand and stones stick into the mushy ground  
Someone built a stone encrusted monument in the sand  
Stars glistening metallic overhead reflecting their lights  
The boats race out of control splashing big waves  
Bugs jump out huddled in big blocks of rocks  
Which are encrusted with bright vivid green moss  
The birds flapping their wings in ecstasy above  
A time machine stops here  
Life goes on and on around me  
Somehow we don't want it to end  
Because the outcome is not a consolation prize

Renata Dawidowicz

