

It's clear to me now,  
I came to walk winter beaches  
And help the sun rise.

VI

At dawn on the beach,  
My love and I kissed and held  
Our old age at bay.

V

On the Bay, I saw  
Flocks of grebes, geese, swans,  
Here only seagulls.

IV

Now, on an island,  
Why do I regret a small,  
Salt-water Bay?

III

*Please recycle to a friend.*

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**Origami Poems Project**  
RETIRING TO FLORIDA  
By  
CATHERINE KEATING  
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I

Detour signs ahead.  
In the Fall of my journey  
I've lost my roadmap.

II

My Bay's abandoned.  
Exchanged for blank white beaches.  
And bland Southern drawls.