

Here, gulls moan over bones
of chicken and carcasses of clams
tossed carelessly
from take-out containers.
Oysters voice a prayer
of resignation, plucked up
from their beds and pitched high,
like a fly ball lost in the sun,
to be splattered on a random
jetty-rock or seawall.
Wind chimes clang an urgent
echo announcing a gang
of bluster up the bay.

Beach Music

Waves lap taps of morse code
against the shore,
while sand shifts and wishes
in surf's samba and cha cha.
All I hear is the foghorn
of a loon, piercing the skin of dawn,
marking its winter territory,
and an unspeken poet scribbling
in ecstatic ink.

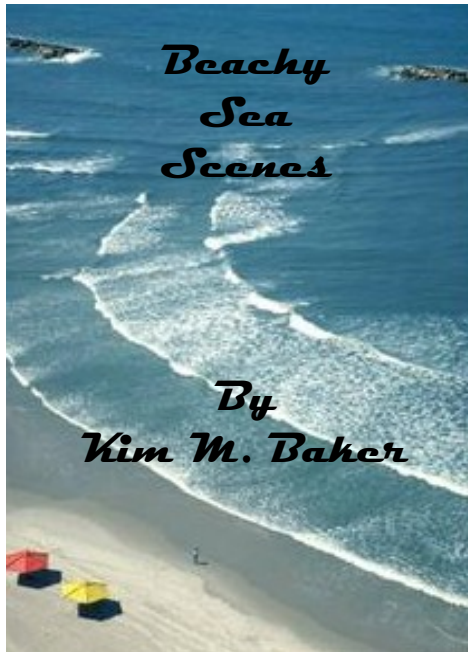
It rests its hull on sea grass ecru,
a cardinal listing in crisps of crimson
on a beachfront wearing icy blue.
Majestic in its leaning, but lonesome,
keeling starboard as it waits for spring
to raise it up on southwest, fulsome
breezes billowing sails that sing
a rainbow of fantastic travel
to worlds beyond this dismal sting.

Dream of a Red Boat on a Winter Day

I dream this schooner once unraveled
the ancient legend of Saint Luke
that Satan tempted Jesus at Ravello
with breathtaking Mediterranean views.
Then, that enchanted rig embraced
an unassailable journey to these muted hues,
uplifting me from my winter place,
a cinnamon savior with a conveyance grace.

For the Love of Illusion

A tugboat pulling the sun
along a plate glass bay
plies the tide
while mollusks mull over
the shadow heading out
to sea in a vee.
A flock of geese, they agree,
pulling the sun south
in ritual flight
while I contemplate
the nature of nature,
the collusion of optical illusions,
and the majesty of geometry.



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Origami Poetry Project
Beachy Sea Scenes
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