

IF

'Secrets, secrets in the mud
What will your next fall bring
A bicycle wheel, a children's toy
A lost and priceless ring.....'

All jewels in the crown of life
All precious long ago
Belonged to folk who like the tide
became the ebb and flow.

I crunch the beach I bend I pick.
I rejoice in things discarded...
The mud is thick, and I may stick *if* walking so
Unguarded.

Then I become at one with them, the voices from the cliff
The tales they tell now mine as well, if.

So secrets, secrets in the mud are yours for now to bait...
But, until the sea washes free
I really think I'll wait!

Thoughts on the old tip being washed into the sea. ck. '21

