

## **The storm**

Can I predict the rise and fall of waves?

Yesterday

Small waves slapped on the sand

Tiny bubbles rushed at our feet

The sea shushed and shushed.

Today

The sea booms and crashes

Foam sprays

Stones graunch and grind,

The waves shoulder driftwood

Pushing great hunks of tree high onto the shore

Like bleached whale bones

They'll lie stranded until the next storm.

## **Beachcomber**

After the storm

I trawl along the shore

My net a tightly woven bag

I comb the pebbles and rocks

Seeking

bright reds and oranges

anything shiny, glinting,

perfectly rounded blues,

shards of bright white.

I lean closer,

Poke through the tangled seaweed

Searching out

tightly coiled greens,

odd shapes

broken things.

Gifts of the sea.

Pearly fragments of iridescent shell

Catch my eye

I pick them up, examine them, return them.

They're not for today's catch of

Coca Cola cans

milk bottle tops

lolly sticks

discarded balls of fishing line

a left-foot flip flop

a deflated balloon

butts

hooks

disintegrating plastic bags.

The beach is swept clean

Until the next tide.