ocean dream

by dara st john

Winner of August poetry contest at the hideaway....

none

Chapter 1 of 1

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gentle and fierce cold and balmy waxing and waning

green and blue

soothing and alarming

relaxing and jarring

is

how I

think of

you

womb and tomb

sun and moon

detritus and driftwood

lover and enemy

past and present

forever

in my

soul

A/N= I grew up on boats and beaches on Fire Island, NY. It's in my blood and bones.