

## BEACH POEM

I remember green waves that jumped and boomed,  
banged the bright yellow sand and sent  
the beach-shells, pebbles and weed scraps exploding  
into the air.

Chaotic gulls  
fought in the hot sky  
for what the waves flung up,  
and dolphins danced.

Now I am older.  
The beach and sky are grey  
and the waves  
only wish  
and whimper in the cold.

Perhaps the colors of the past were brighter,  
but perhaps  
it is the weather today.

HAL COLEBATCH  
WESTERLY