

Beached

Black and still the low eve tide

Bright the moon, so light and high

Soft your touch your hand in mine

Pale the sand, the grain; fine

Smell the salt and see the spray

Safe the night or so we say

Not one man can touch us now

Only we can tell them how

Just one star this one eve lit

Sees the spot on which we sit

Wave on wave the one sweet sound

Roots us firmly to the ground