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Untitled

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Pam Truesdale

there have been different days
and different ways
that separated the talking
of two sea-strewn sailors.

the singing of the beach
has lullabied me to sleep
and yet i could never speak
of it to you.

let us join hands in a circle
and rejoice at the sound of being.

* * *

i woke up with the song of life on my lips
happiness poured from the seams of my soul
and my heart bubbled over like the froth
of the wind-sewn, wind-blown sea.
i jumped to my feet,
leaving my bed as wrinkled as an
old woman's face
and left to brave the gusty october
indian summer wind
to find the singing of the street poet.

i could feel that it was going to be a good day.