

At the Beach
by Bieke Stengos

Gentle footfall on soft sand,
rat-tat-tat of goose wings.
Noise preceding, vision later,
but, for now nothing, but
gentle lapping of water on sand.

Barrages like staccato,
lament of distant loon.
Vision now, mourning later
but, for now nothing, but
gentle breakers on bodies

softening in glassy waves.
Horizon dissolving
lone bird, for now,
on an expanse of water,
breathing out.