

FIRST LIGHT



*Tide turned, the shore will show unsullied sand
As wrath and turbulence go back to depths
Beyond man's thought or care; to leave the growing peace
Of cove, of cliff, of wrack strewn rock, of sea girt land.*

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*First light reveals unblemished lengths of smoothed beach
Where nought but sea birds wheel and search
the edge of water and pools in rock
For nature's bounty; to eat, to cry, and then rejoin the flock.*

*Wings depart in whirls of flight, flash grey and white
against the deeper blue of morning light.
First comer, with freckled face and wind blown hair
Treads dunes, skirt high on legs so brown and bare.*

*She, hand to eyes, surveys the total emptiness
And laughs aloud at joy of life and wind's caress
Runs then with naked feet and blouse undone
To waters edge, and waits, a vision, for the sun.*

*First rays, from east, deep orange, then line of red,
Advance across the spume blown tread
Of white frothed wave; and dancing now
She sings, clear voiced, then takes her bow*

*No audience here, just wave and sky,
So why the solo, bow, and cry?
Tis magic, this; bare female form,
A worship, pure, to greet the Dawn.*