

on the shore on the shore

by Fred Osuna

I await, here at Sandymount Strand
There's a stony bed and moistened sand
Couples dance away into futurity
With their dogs upon the shore
Upon the shore
Upon the shore

In a cove of stone I'll sit here, tight
Forseeing your dress, thin, spilling setting light
Scribbles for future works of poetry
I store within my pocket book
My pocket book
My pocket book

In the falling day, my impatient face
I scavenge there for wisdom's trace
The crusts within are less than bread's
So I let out behind a rock
Behind a rock
Behind a rock

You arrive at last to the windy beach
We settle, among boulders, out of reach
Of those who'd mock with piety
Your raised skirt and my pleasure
My great pleasure
My great pleasure

A waltz to the water's edge, a wading in
Splashing while cleansing our mighty sin
In moonlight, unshamed, you turn toward me
Yes you said yes you will Yes

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Yes you will Yes
Yes you will Yes

