

Beach Bird Bliss

by Patti Hall

This day, oh, this day...

shoved joy and gratitude in my face,
then tossed in beauty and just a touch of grace.

A Piping Plover set my sorrows by the side,
nabbing morsels when it could,
then racing from the tide.

Junior Eagle perched proudly on his driftwood post,
with wind-blown feathers and orange socks,
landing there to remind me just what matters most.

Caspian Terns show grace is close at hand;
trading secrets with the poor plain seagull,
they hold potlucks and dances on the sand.

The wind picked up and the sky began to grey,
dry sand raced across the beach,
then beautiful Crow and I fled the scene, calling it a day.

This day, oh, this day...

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then tossed in beauty and just a touch of grace.

