Visions On The Beach

by Patti Hall

I walked along the beach today, and there I saw them all;
including the latest lost: little Tiven, Tommy, Michaela & my Paul.

Grandma painted at her easel, set upon the dune.
Uncle Eddie bent in half, laughing like a loon,

Oliver growled and chased the birds, still thinking he's a dog,
Tiven gathered sand dollars, arranged them on a log.

Michaela watched a mermaid hit the waves with a fancy spin,
Tommy just looked on with his I-have-a-secret grin.

Paul gathered his beach finds in a pile to take home,
I walked along, bulging pockets, trying to memorize this poem.

I see that look in your eyes. You really think I'm crazy now--I know you do,
but if you walk the beach or woods you'll have a chance to see them too.

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/patti-hall/visions-on-the-beach»*
Copyright © 2013 Patti Hall. All rights reserved.