

# 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.

