



Gifts From The Sea

The surf rolls onto the Galveston Beach,
It comes from afar – it has a long reach,
Beyond the horizon, the expanse goes on,
I feel it calling me back to my home.

The sea's elemental, it is part of me,
It's to do with evolution and life's elegy,
The salt of my body and the salt of the sea,
Twined together most mysteriously.

I walk the beach where no one has been,
Kicking up sand carried by the wind
That blows gently in from the sea
That conceals living things - hidden from me.

But I get a glimpse of what wealth it possesses,
Detritus is washed up that the comber assesses,
Today's sand landscape is such a treat,
There are so many items I'm delighted to meet.

The winner today is a strange natural funnel,
With many holes within which life may tunnel,
Or maybe it's a flower from an undersea tree,
A tree of life – a tree of mystery.

The shorebirds scurry before my path,
No better partners could I ask,
The turnstone pushing the seashells over,
The herring gull stern, getting bolder.

The Church of the Earth includes the ocean,

A balm for life, a lovely potion
That calms the storm that lies within,
Allowing my compass to begin again.

Resetting gauges is a needed task,
And the beach is perfect – all I could ask,
And as I leave to find my way,
The sea funnel's presence made my day.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we walk on the beach
To reset gauges in you.