

Spirit of the Water

Shifting sands reveal eroded thoughts
here she stood some time ago.

A young girl spirited, untouched, unhurt

Drunk on the salty air and gull's cry

A hand full of cockle shells
riding with her
and an artist's inspiration stirring inside.

Now the wind befriends her for a while
then it comes with such force
clutching grains of flaxen grit
that once rolled off reefs and coral ridges.

Then it turns,
with tiny, biting jaws
to rest upon her shoulders and lashes
a few pooling in her ear.

The shore makes song in its own way,
resonating collisions
into the night
into the day
into fathoms deep within.

Tanya Petrovic, 2003

