

## MORNING SANDS

This misnamed hulk of rock standing tall  
Was meant to be a glowing mark,  
A bright beacon showing every sunrise  
At the entrance to our Downeast ocean bay.  
But instead this hulk too often stands  
Alone and grey, somber yet,  
Holding strong a saved darkness  
In its twisted outcrop,  
Not letting the coming rays show the light.

Attuned to where I am this dawn, you may  
Find me on that dark outcrop complaining,  
But I will not stay for long.  
A coast nearby that's broad and clear,  
Not stony, cloudy, dark grey  
I will seek to start my newfound day.  
It's a bit of a walk I know, but I'll use that bright sand  
Instead, for thought, reflection and  
Renewed direction for the soul.

Each grey dawn, I go now instead and  
Search the same soft sands for the coming dawn,  
Its new determined painting in many colors.

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There I can touch the self, start an inner search  
For valid memory, clearer gathering of new and yes,  
The finer life I know is still to come,  
I can mark the brightest sunrise, declare I am here,  
Ready to shine just like the brightest morn  
In the vast ongoing of where and when.

**TOTAL LINES: 27**