

i like the dangerous living near the beach...
the birds are wild in the wind.
the shells are thrown at the shore.
the fish move beyond the second sandbar.
storms find a path through fear.
the sun finds a thousand ways to display light
while the moon finds a thousand ways to respond in servitude.
i nail sharks to a wooden column to strip their skin.
i am as brutal as the brutality of what comes
in with the tide
and the tide that goes out.

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wf.h.
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