

East of the Shoreline
(© Jorge Palomarez)

Running barefoot in the sand
With our eyes glued to the East
Where the waterline merged into the skies
A cool breeze on your face
Blowing through your hair
Challenging the sun to match your eyes

We were waiting for the sun
To illuminate our day
It's funny how we always knew he'd show
The radiating skies
Forewarned us he'd arrived
To fulfill our expectations with his glow

You somehow stayed behind
Seeking treasures in the sand
Observing all the waves had washed ashore
I was noticing the sun
Shinning on your face
Enhancing those expressions that you wore

Tender were our thoughts
We lived each other's dreams
Flourishing like seedlings in the Spring
Children on the way
Only strengthened all those dreams
With the promise of the pleasures that they'd bring

Something in the waves
Lured you ankle deep
Foam and sand made rings upon your skin
A shell had caught your eye
As it rolled to the water's end
Held its ground as the water went back in

You placed it on your shirt
You had cupped for all your finds
Treasures from the shoreline we had scanned
That would make your day
We turned and went back home
Retracing fading footprints in the sand

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Those were the days
As I remember you
Somehow they got lost among the waves
Those were the days
As I remember you
Like the footprints the shoreline never saves