

THE WALK

Kevin Griffin

I walk beside you on the sand.
The moon bathes us in her cold light.
The ocean calls softly, like a mother or lover.
The water at our feet cools and warms.

I tease the scarf from your shoulders;
you tease the ribbon from your dark hair.
I hold you close with the scarf.

Later, the waves will wash our foot prints
from the sand and we will walk
under that yellow moon.