

## POETRY – HONORABLE MENTION

### The Beach

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I leave size nine footprints behind me in the sand as I walk along the beach,  
And they join the mix of a million others' prints that came here before me.  
Perhaps the only thing I have in common with these people is that we have been here,  
To this peaceful scene trapped inside a bubble,  
Where the sand-blown white fence with crooked weak boards  
Vigilantly mothers delicate dune grasses,  
And the many gulls form a squawking choir  
That is complimented by the calm rumbling sounds of thousands of crashing waves.  
In this magical place the glaring sun's rays shout words of caution  
To anyone who will listen,  
While an endless pool of diamonds stretches out  
Like an old friend to greet the cerulean sky.  
I gaze at the slippery slimy fins of dolphins while they laugh and frolic in the waves  
As if it was their first day on the earth.  
The white dove is watching over this surreal scene as nature shows off to its limits,  
But then it becomes frightened and flies away  
When the modern world catches up and wrecks the peace.  
Cars honk, dogs bark, people shriek, sirens wail, trash blows, and music blares.  
The bubble has popped, and all I can do is remember the magic that once existed here.