Footprints And Sand Crabs

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1987/iss1/8
Lovesong

I like the music of your heart
I like the adagio of your heartbeat
The measured murmur of contented peace
The cadence of companionship
Skin warming skin, heart warming heart.

I like the allegro of your heartbeat
The insistant rhythm of your body
The pounding of passionate life
Skin touching skin, heart touching heart.

I like the music of our hearts
I like the excitement, the crescendo
The intertwining voices, the tumbling waterfall of notes
The soaring cadenza, the playful grace notes
Soprano gracing tenor, female gracing male

I like the decrescendo of our heartbeats
The warmth of our harmonies, the resolving chords
The intertwining limbs, the quiet, the peace
eyes joining eyes, souls joining soul.

I like the music of our hearts.

Footprints and Sand Crabs

Just me by the sea
Cool wind blowing my hair back
It's quiet and lonely.
The sand is white with broken
Shards of shell scattered in it.
Sand crabs scurry through my footprints
And bury themselves from the world.

The beach is empty
And no one is on the boardwalk.
The gulls cry and screech over my head
And the clouds float effortlessly
On the breeze.

Just me by the sea
With my thoughts and dreams,
All alone in the world.

My feet touch the surf,
The cold water rushes up past my ankles,
Turns and rushes out.
The sand is churned out to the sea
And I feel as if I am going with it.
Looking back I notice my footprints
Have been washed away.
I walk into the water.

I take a deep breath and smell the sea
Salty and fresh, alive and full.
The water caresses my naked body
Cold and wet, it comforts me.
Lying down I close my eyes
And sleep forever in ecstasy.

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