The Beach

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THE BEACH (1)

Two lovers late, and lost
In singular fantasies,
Transgress the frigid marble expanse
Of an autumnal midnight beach.
Tied, only by the grip
Of an habitual hand-clasp.
The night reduced to cold darkness;
The thick black silence is shattered, solely
By monotonous waves, pounding out
The eternal subtraction of sand crystals
From untold hour-glasses.
And the water rushes out
As it had once rushed in,
Only more quietly;
Something gained becomes something lost.
The wind sounds taps
To the death of Love.

THE BEACH (2)

Warm summer breezes lead like masculine hands,
Guiding the dazzling sea in a soft night's waltz
To the moonlight serenade.
Tonight is a swell of silent warmth.
Two lovers stroll, embracing a sole
And total unity . . . sealed in the clasp
Of loving hands.
Their eyes too, seas of infinity, reflect
The mystic splendor of a sparkling Cosmos.
And night gives birth to twins . . .
A new day and a new love.

John Icone

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