The Dunes

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2006/iss3/13
It was a beautiful hot day.
I had taken my bike for a ride across the dunes,
finally resting where I could go no further.
The beach there was bright white
    900 miles from your smile, I needed to write you.
Not exactly.

It was a beautiful breezy day.
I biked across the dunes for miles
until I reached the end, and rested on the sand.
The sky was without a cloud
    I took out my journal to talk to you.
Not exactly.

It was a beautiful summer day.
Sweating and tired on the dunes, I biked for miles,
to where the land met water, and I had no choice but to rest.
The ocean was calm
    I needed you there with me.
Not exactly.

It was a beautiful Long Island day.
Pedaling over the dunes, I was lost in silent sand,
only to be found at the top of paradise.
The world I knew dissolved
    Except for you.
Not exactly.

It was years ago on a beautiful day.
I set out to see the sights among the dunes,
and found the perfect life; gritty, salty and warm.
The waves took over me
    I will find you again in paradise.
Not exactly.

It was our first love
We pedaled along young and wonderful,
over the dunes and under the sun.
To where we could go no further and the ocean divided our ways.
    Do you look for me in paradise?