

Beache

Peeling, kneeling, kids,
splash against the
salt infested waves
that rumble,
tumble,
throw themselves
on sun burnt sand.

Milky, Silky, lotion,
that smells of
sweet coconut,
baste peoples flaming,
sticky,
bodies.

Flying past the
burning,
churning sun,
seagulls seek
bread crumbs that
had fallen
from unsuspecting
bologna sandwiches.

Kathy's attempts to mimic Jane Yolen's style.