

LITTLE LOGGERHEAD

On the beautiful blissful beach at Mon Repos
In the dusk kissed cool afternoon air

Near the dunes moves some sand
What little noses I can see.
The streams of moonlight lend a hand
Above the endless sparkling sea.

I can hear waves crashing near
Flapping flippers fleeing to the shore.
Clicking crabs in my ear,
Birds squawk diving for more.

On my feet I can feel the cool foam
And salty sea spray spritzing my face,
Little loggerheads race to their home
Splashing me is their peaceful place.

I can smell salt in the spray
And hot chips not far away
Little hatchlings don't delay
Rotten carcass smell of decay

Under trance of bright moonlight, internal navigation set in,
tides bring adventure. Years away to return to nest – on the
blissful beach at Mon Repos.

