

## **Waves on the Sand**

by Norman McCormick

Remember, when the sun shone  
on glass bottles and seashells  
in the window sill –  
the wood scraped of paint,  
now flaking with rusting nails  
that have given up the ghost  
and are breathing a sigh of release,  
no longer shiny new, with potential to fulfil.

On a warm sunny afternoon,  
that's quiet and still,  
down a deserted road-beyond a hill,  
there's a shop, where we get our ice-pops,  
fishing nets and alligator fun,  
Till the church bell sounds to let us know  
it's sundown, and the shop is closing now.  
Outside a Tuborg ad, picture of a man  
with handkerchief; *Let's get some beer  
and ice, and more things nice.*

On the ground are spades, buckets  
and blown-up rings, that the children used  
in the scorching sand and the ocean blue,  
strewn around a pool that will do  
until next time we visit.

We ran and hid among the dunes, laughing, falling.  
Their summer clothes are new and bright,  
Reflections of a sky-blue night  
Lighting up the darkened tunnels in my mind.

Grown up now, they still long to see  
the waves roll in, crashing onto a pebble shore,  
crunching stones with a hissing sound,

Do you remember the photos I took –  
you with our child, still unborn,  
and the two Germans,  
no-one else for miles to see.

We rushed home  
before the camera lost its memory,

its images disappearing from our view.  
But not from my mind,  
....not until I die.

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