

**Beach 2009**  
**REDGAR**

I don't know who'll wave to souls of these travelers whose footprints were washed away.  
I can't place the glance from yesterday's stranger while walking on hot sands.  
I can't lighten the shrouding of days as the earth circles 'round without counsel.  
I can't take the hands of the swept-out who no longer float down this long beach.

The waves curl around me to circle my waist and tempt me to open sea.  
The newly swept sand offers clam shells and crab claws like open hands.  
The sky overhead supports mists that are foam that rise to their sisters.  
So the waves and the clouds and the sea are tambouras for we who are melodies.

I remember this moist wind.  
I walk my old footsteps.  
I slough off these memories,  
And the past still arriving.

The vaults we designed have been filled with actual and specific histories.  
Paging through calendars displacing goals with the actions we took.  
Drying sand set to a crust where we played our impoverished childish stories,  
The winds in our faces were the tits of existence that charmed us along.

I remember this salt sea.  
I climb on rope ladders.  
Dipping into warm waters.  
And the present that's sleeping.

How many clocks just keep circling without clouds of sea gulls to carry them to heaven?  
(break)

I extend through long now.  
I lean on this heat wave.  
I leave withering shadows.  
My eyes close for solace.

Did I betray words that attempted the healing of a sun-blistered skin?  
Did I remember the old as I became the new or just change like a purchase?  
Did I desire the meaning in that which was absent but etched in my eyes?  
Did I construct the God that cursed at the man that he couldn't help but become?

Close your eyes and wave. To sleep and wave. Sleep, wave. Sleep.  
Close your eyes and wave. To sleep and wake. Sleep, wake. Sleep.  
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