

Brant Rock

I was standing by the ocean
An endless sea of faces flow and ebb
Voices penetrate my thoughts
I could taste the salty sand through my nose
The jetty stretched for yards
I scaled the rocks
Leaping and bounding
Until I reached the end
Waves sprayed my legs and stomach
The seaweed clouded the water
Like soup
Whales blast their breath
Waving before they submerge
Yet no one appreciates the scene.