

The sun jewels  
The sand.  
I lie  
In a blue and white  
Montage  
Of foaming sky:  
Illusion of  
Bird and wind  
Out of the moment's  
Destiny;  
Lights from somewhere  
Snapping and weaving  
Wet beads;  
Surf churning black  
Specks; and  
Sand crabs  
Nicking  
The air . . .

—Douglas Hill