

Now I Notice Sea Shells

for Naomi Wingfield

Age ten I charge surf at high tide
leap with thunder and roll
hours in swarming-cousins heat
Set aglide by curl of longed-for wave
I yearn for next year stronger, faster
Conch shell calls, horizon beckons

Age sixty I wade along low-tide beach
pants rolled up, jacketed for off-season cool
Seagulls and sandpipers scurry ahead
Pelicans swoop, sunset shadows stretch
colours shifting as sky reflections ebb
Conch shell woos me deep inside

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