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Sand Castles by the Sea

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Sand Castles by the Sea

A dreamer comes to taste the briny breeze,
drinking in the blooded glory of the dying sun
Nature’s chalice, offered in magic rite,
in airy stained-lit sanctuary
where angels and children play.
A cornucopia spills wide
golden sands of myriad worlds—
    saecula saeculorum.
On a tiny pebble
Narnia’s talking beasts may lie
Another hides gleaming Avalon
where Arthur’s knights quest for the Grail.
Barsoom looms yet in a broken shell,
listening for the trumpets of wars
amid the ochre shards.
Crabs scuttle out of the emerald depths
where golden mermaids cry
in scarlet tears for Isolde’s charms,
clutching for Tristram’s broken love.
Castles and cities of olden times
challenge in marbled might the evening Stars.
But the Sea waits imperial and serene—
the tides make no apology
as worlds-within-worlds are washed away
beneath an evening’s Moon.

~ Thomas M. Egan