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Dawn on the Outer Banks

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Dawn on the Outer Banks

by Walt McDonald

Someday, when grandchildren
flip through family albums and find
these brittle photos of the coast,
the week they ran to us
and giggled in the surf,
will they remember?

Hoard, work fingers to the bone,
give heart and dollars
to all good causes that knock,
it doesn't matter. This conch
washed up and hollow as a heart
is ours, for now.

If all our heart strings snap,
flapping in the gale-force sugar
of good deeds, and we're old,
picking up pennies spilled
from a thousand alms,
it doesn't matter. Give,

if we wish, just do.
The tomb takes care of time.
On a peaceful beach one year,
grandchildren danced and called us
Meemaw and *Pop* all salty summer,
sweeter than ice cream on a stick.

