

## Water Dance

Rolling quicksilver pushes against  
high stepping legs:  
prancing, leaping, plunging down,  
bobbing joyfully up amid  
milk frothed whitecaps.  
Arms akimbo, then sprung skyward:  
in faux sealskins the two  
playfully pirouette,  
spinning ecstatically in the surf  
before rising up into the soft grey mists.

Two glistening black clad lovers  
emerge from the foam  
and walk the sand -  
searching for precious bits of  
smooth green glass,  
tiny perfect shells, shiny agates:  
baubles to commemorate  
the day they danced together  
in the Oregon waves.