

## **Nereid**

She runs  
The expanse of shoreline,  
And the white sand  
Disturbed  
With the beat of her toes  
And the soles of her feet.

Her hair blows,  
With fair wind gust.  
Chestnut at the root,  
And golden at the wisp.

Cast on an endless gamble  
On the backs of the waves.  
She dives;  
She is carried by the current.

Tossed.  
She cannot resist  
The urge to return  
And she emerges;  
Spat out  
By the force of the swell.

Surfacing on the foam,  
She is the return of flow-tide.

A smile breaks on her face.  
She is a small thing,  
With a steady heart;  
Beating with the crash  
Of the whitecaps.

Before the Causeway of Giants  
She is mere seaweed;  
Dependent  
On the charity of the tide.