

## **I am watching the Sun Set**

sitting on a driftwood sitka log so wide and round my  
feet dangle less than half way to  
sand patterned with feet  
    and paw and claw prints of every visitor between now and the last high tide

right now it is just me and the Log and the murmuring  
wavelets licking before they pull  
back to ripple and  
    shiver like these last sun beams peeking through the trees on the headland that juts out

between us and the Ocean  
    She is wearing a soft salmon shawl over the cool spring Pacific blue

the pale sky has pulled away to let Her dance a bit more  
in the last daylight seconds until  
the night advances  
    Goodbye, we thank the sun and I sigh with the waves – time to walk back before

the forest darkens