WRACK LINES

Wrack lines come and wrack lines go.
The tidal rhythm is master of their souls.
They leave messages; this is true.
Some meant for me and some for you.
With every tide they create new lines …
If you study them; they can be divine.
They leave their footprints upon the sand
with each new-born tide’s last stand.
Today’s wrack line wields her quiet hands
that leave no scars upon our land.
Imagine wrack lines imitating musical scores
that beg you to pause and sing once more.
Down across the beach a gentle breeze blows
hinting at memories of wrack lines’ imperfect rows.
Check any beach and you will see
there has never been a twin in this family.
Enter a beach some warm sunny day.
Ask the wrack lines to show you the way
to find the treasures they bring to the shore:
sea glass, empty shells, detritus and more.

"Pete" Donald G. Gunn UConn ‘73