



Hot Sand

Along the prom and beach they walk
All cool and suave, engaged in talk
Burdened with the beach essentials
The hardened worshiper credentials

Choose their pitch and build their base
It seems perhaps they packed in haste
Towel, cream, suit, hat and treats
No sign of shoes for sea and feet

So trip to sea and bar is fraught
Across hot sand, bare feet distraught
They plan their hop from shade to shade
And leap as deer would in a glade

Trembling legs must jump the gap
From safety to uncharted maps
Spot, and aim, and jig, here goes...
Dark sand cools their souls and toes