

Persuading the Wind

With arms open
you count them in, the railings and the capillary waves,
before the big one comes rolling towards the land;
four for happiness, five for love.

With fingers crossed
you cast your eyes where sand and spume erupt
and throw down swash and pebble;
six within vision, a chance encounter
or meeting a future lover.

With eyes closed
the breaker finishes, leaving sand embedded
with pointed shell;
seven for justice, eight for wealth.

With left foot forward
you count the tern and gull, then footprint,
until the tide cloaks a person's story.
Nine for a kindness, ten for strength.

With an expectant heart
you influence the sea spray that is thrown against
wayward amblers on the beachy slope,
and hope that the blind message
will bring them to your quiet mind.