

Sand Tracks

**Long after you disappeared around the headland,
back up the cliff,
I watched sandpipers race up and down the damp sand,
record their skirling path just ahead of the foam.**

**Long after the tide erased your footsteps
I returned,
studied new tracks, examined the record of lives
trailed in shifting sand,
searched at the continent's edge
for a sign of your passage.**

**Long after the moon rose and lit its silver path
over the sea,
I watched the tide recycle another day's history.
I knew that you were gone.**

Patricia Wellingham-Jones