Waning Orange

He sits on the skin of the beach at night
Says the others are lonely company,
Says the food is abysmal.
He likes it here, the spray
Revives him and the salt
Preserves him.

He bathes in the blue when it's hot
Slaps his Herculean chest to marbling waves
Shards of white splinter from his waist
He believes that waves are the most enviable
Of all things. They can
Re-create themselves.

He says, 'Darlin', you got a light?'
It is his humble and only refrain.
He never asks for more than what is
Barely light.
For it burns a waning orange and then
There is only darkness.

Sylvie-Louise Woods