

DALLAS ROAD VARIATIONS

Below the cliffs the running path corkscrews

Its runners forward to, the tide is kernal
Unfolds dawn, kelp let go in pleats it churns

Up the beach, pebbles lifting, pinging through
The lather's clear encaustic wash pursued

Withdrawn, noonday swells falling taciturn
Crows and cormorants, blue herons and terns

Cyclists whizzing, skateboarders whooshing, cruise
Ships weighing anchor and floatplanes docking

Until a keener slant blunts the air, turns
West, lounges quiet against salt-flaked logs

To journal how peaks dusk cuts out stay flocked
With embers so legible no cloud spurns

The waves' unruffled, starlit monologues.