

Message in a Bottle

A crumpled piece of paper,
protected by a fat swollen salty cork.
Glass etched by many passing stones.
This receptacle drifted along, guided by tides across beech and rock.
Today it rests high on the sand tangled in seaweed.
A girl strolls barefoot along the cool wet sand,
breeze and sun play gently on her hair.
But vistas are blind,
the seagulls unheard,
her dreams ignored,
while wavelets challenge her toes.
A glint of a light from a bottle calls out!
A message within of importance (no doubt)
She reads the message aloud,
"I am alone."