

Nature's Broad Way

From my seat on the porch step
I watch the water lapping
In front of me.
The light dims as curtains of red
Flame singe the deepening sky.
Seagulls cry pitifully overhead
As I pull my sweater tight
To ward off the chill.
On the narrow stage of sand,
A chorus of birds run
Back and forth, teasing the surf.
In the background to one side,
The lighthouse beacon flashes sadly,
Pining for an audience.
I sigh contentedly as a curtain
Of stars lowers to put out the fire,
For I never tire of this wondrous
Theater.

About The Poet

Marie Rice is the founder and editor of PartOfTheWhole.com - wellness for body, mind, and spirit. She enjoys helping others reach their goals. When she's not online, Marie's spending time with her family, gardening, doing crafts, or **most likely** – reading a book!

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