

The Sea

Take a breath.
Blow out bubbles.
Smell the salt.
See the light
shine so bright.
Drift with the weeds
out here on the water.
Dance their dance.
Drink it in.
Take a breath.

Created by the ensemble

What can you see on the horizon?
Glittering balls of blue.
What's beyond that line?
Beyond the sun rise and sunset?
Is it me, is it you?

The horizon has secrets
Can you hear them?
What's beyond the horizon?
Just a little further
Wait a little longer.

Created by the ensemble



The creek
The shadows
The rushing water
The long lost memory
The depth

waiting to be found

How far
Are you
Now?

I think that's the end

Created by the ensemble

The winds song troubles a small world,
The sounds of love, currents and a heartbeat.
Sharp ears catch sweet dream rhythms,
While blowing bubbles alone.
The ocean, carrying earth, salt and shell, quivers toward morning.
The waves held driftwood, plastic bottles and pearl.
I go to the sea, and ask the sky, moon and damp brown pebble for stories, songs
and silver.

By Liyah Summers



For the lonely moon
stories circle so sweetly as twilight falls.
Two hundred million years
of love songs
 of laughing
 of crying
 of mystery in sweet sleep;
all with the running tide.

Currents as the day returns:
 the lapse of evening:
 darkness,
 a ghost song.

By Zoe Brennan

Along her sand find the treasures...
 Pulsing.
 Shaking.
 Sounds. Quivers.
 Rhythms.

The heartbeat of the sea.
The call.
Go find the shell, hold the shell, hear the shell.
Hear the ocean.

By Lizzy Stephens



Twilight falls
Tide rises.

Sea
Sky
Sand
edges every man.

Unseen worlds (beyond narrow confines),
ancient landslips,
time, salt, time,
edges every man.

Search.
Travel.
Free treasures.

Sea.

Sky.

Sand
edges every man

Little soft hands turn all underfoot from ocean to

Sand
 Sand
 Sand

By Bryn Holding

Dusk settles, Darkness looms
Wave after Wave, Crashing against this ship
Chased by a horrible thing
All I ask is for day to return

By Edem-Ita Duke



Scarred Salt,
Steer me.

Unseen rhythms,
Pulsing currents.

The driftwood history
and
sad old stone ocean,
held together.

I chased dusk.

By Katy Sobey

“It’s always toward darkness”

calls the lonely vagrant,
sweetly

“I came home again, and she couldn’t remember I”

languid fingers spiral on a polished knife

“It’s always you”

ocean pulsing
love-songs, laughing, crying

twilight falls

“It’s always towards darkness”

maggie hastens toward the running tide

By Danann McAleer



Morning
The shore
The tide rises
Hear the curlew calls
Search for the stranded treasures

Twilight tells the traveller: walk along

Hold the sea's love-songs
Free the quiet troubles
The tide falls
Dusk returns
Home

By Ruth Page

Ghost Song

She sang so sweetly.
Little rhythms and wild pulsing.
A ghost song.

Her keen eyes,
her cool, green eyes...

A horrible thing; the shift of the earth under foot,
the wind's kick.

Darkness hastens towards her.

By Tamsin Kennard

