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Just An Observation

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On the beach I speak of
There is a particular wave phenomenon
That no one can explain
But those who've dared to explore
Are familiar with.

A wave, any wave I guess,
Was not always a wave.
It begins as a ripple, a flow toward the sand.
This certain wave has a way of caressing,
Patting the sand,
Crawling up the beach.
It starts slowly, licking the land
And then the pace steps up
The waves are heavier, more powerful
But they pull away.
It is a teasing game, of course
The wave will return
Mightier, more overwhelming and uncontrollable
And the sand is helpless, a willing victim to the torture.

And then the phenomenon comes to its fruition.
The final, ultimate wave
Roars through the foreground
And comes crashing down,
Pounding the sand.

And the beach is weary with exhaustion
As the ripples begin caressing again. . .

Y.H.N.