

# The Messenger

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Volume 1988  
Issue 1 *Messenger* 1988

Article 18

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1988

## Just An Observation

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### Recommended Citation

N., Y. H. (1988) "Just An Observation," *The Messenger*: Vol. 1988 : Iss. 1 , Article 18.  
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol1988/iss1/18>

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## JUST AN OBSERVATION

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.