High Places

I love high places - the top of the hill where the wind races and birds come to fill

their hearts with delight at the blue distance their songs must aim at. All round, the immense

sky reaches and spins; cloud shifts and dissolves as it imagines shapes for cloud puzzles,

while my heart resolves its grief and desires in the perspectives of the hill's pleasures.

Then let me climb high to where I belong; this hill-top, where I am cloud, space, birdsong.

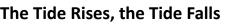


The Beach

The beach is a quarter of golden fruit, a soft ripe melon sliced to a half-moon curve, Having a thick green rind of jungle growth; and the sea devours it with its sharp white teeth

W. Hart-Smith





The tide rises, the tide falls, The twilight darkens, the curlew calls; Along the sea-sands damp and brown The traveller hastens to the town, And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls, But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls; The little waves with soft, white hands, Efface the footprints in the sands, And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls; The day returns, but nevermore Returns the traveller to the shore, And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The Sea

The sea is a hungry dog, Giant and grey. He rolls on the beach all day, With his clashing teeth and shaggy jaws Hour upon hour he gnaws The rumbling, tumbling stones, And 'Bones, bones, bones, bones!' The giant sea-dog moans, Licking his greasy paws.

And when the night wind roars And the moon rocks in the stormy cloud, He bounds to his feet and snuffs and sniffs, Shaking his wet sides over the cliffs, And howls and hollos long and loud.

But on quiet days in May and June, When even the grasses on the dune Play no more their reedy tunes, With his head between his paws He lies on the sandy shores So quiet, so quiet, he scarcely snores.