

## Raunchy Conch

for Lizzie

Walking along warm sandy shores, hand-in-hand

Fingers caress as seaweed rakes sand.

Vacation's bright clothes sport wave-stained cuffs,  
smuggling surf's damp scent home with us.

Taint your fine-haired limbs with salt's tangy coal.

Make your belly my conchy margarita bowl.

Tankah Bay, Quintana Roo, Mexico

June, 2011

Bad Poetry in Honor of Bad Weather  
for Facebook

While sundial shadows rotate and lengthen,  
deep-throated pelicans criss-cross plankton,  
hunt for silver glimmers in reef-damped gyration,  
then breach the sea like airborne cetaceans.

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