

Sandcastles

Sky and ocean curve in one large sphere:
Behind the dunes the useless world makes hay,
But time's absorbed, and sound, in this glad air
And all along the beach is holiday.
The glistening sea looks set to fall apart—
Limp wavelets fribble in on shining sand;
Like lemonade they sizzle and go flat,
And melt away.

Slack tide, and nothing planned.
And as my daughter won't accept "Not yet",
Together we build castles intricate,
With towers and moats and massive strong redoubts,
And all holds firm till time and sand runs out.

Some think to build on rock; wise too are we
Who build such sure foundations by the sea.

Adrian Mitchell