

Sea Pictures

By Frances Foster

PALM trees bending and swaying in a tropic breeze
a long white glare of sandy beach stretching away to
Forever the pink and blue forms of rompered and
sun-bonneted children playing on the sands—digging holes
to China, such hopeful holes; holes that were sure the pig-
tailed head of a roly-poly China-child would come peeping
through Some Day—or plotting gardens of rocks and seaweed,
wonderful gardens so carefully landscaped that wilted within
an hour—or chasing one another in and out among the
rocks, laughing, falling down, crying, laughing again
white caps racing merrily across the bay towards Cavite—
a thin grey-green line on the horizon the sea rollicking
in with a rush of glinting water, playing with the rocks as it
breaks on them, tugging at bits of seaweed, pulling a sleepy
water snake from his rock cranny A breeze blowing on
your face and the salt taste of the sea on your lips.

And then on other days—the dark cool green of the rock
caves by the surf where you could find starfish and hermit
crabs and bits of pearly shells the strange dark swell
of them which seems to cry “The Sea—this is the Sea”
the black bulk of the towering rock dungeons on which the
tireless surf beats out its restless heart the slim grace-
fulness of a fisherman’s outrigger canoe sliding by
a tropic sun splashing the western sky with blood-red and
bright gold, dying rose, fading purple the sea rolling
in under that sky, rolling in to crash on the ragged rocks
and swing out again with a sullen roar.

THE silent fall of dusk on the Sea winking stars
breaking through the sky one by one long straight
lines of surf gliding in to shore as if half asleep greyness
. . . . grey with white lines for the surf rustle of
palm leaf faraway cry of a sea-gull then still-
ness not a sound not a motion save the ceaseless
rolling in and swinging out of the surf stillness
the Sea!