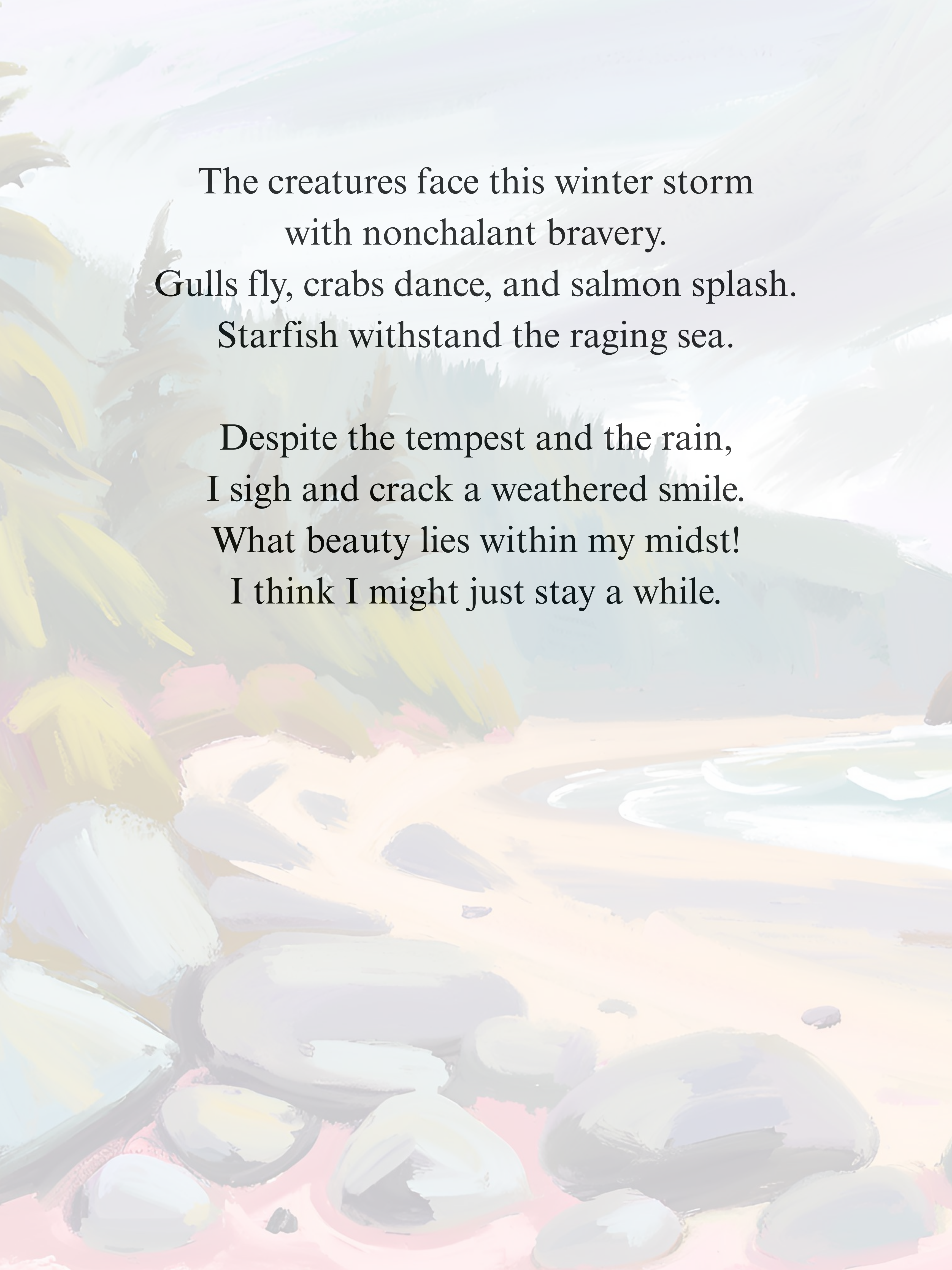


Rugged

I left the city for reprieve
to calm my nerves and clear my mind.
My work that I wear on my sleeve
and troubles, I have left behind.

Now I sit here on the beach,
though coast would better fit the name.
For Cannon Beach is wilderness:
waves unruly, life untame.

And as I watch the restless ocean
crash and break upon the sand,
I cannot help but feel endearment
for this rugged, windswept land.



The creatures face this winter storm
with nonchalant bravery.
Gulls fly, crabs dance, and salmon splash.
Starfish withstand the raging sea.

Despite the tempest and the rain,
I sigh and crack a weathered smile.
What beauty lies within my midst!
I think I might just stay a while.