Marathon

Tennis

Coconut Grove
Is a very small cove
separated from the sea
by a shifting shore
we didn't realize that
we had arrived
at high tide, high tide
barely made it out alivered over white
fishermen working at night
not even once
did we see a light
we didn't realize
the forecast had been revised
by moonless skies and
shifty wind that gusts and dieson the sand our keel is heaving
but tonight we've got to be leaving
travel through the day and into the eveningMarathon how long we've been gone
and still not yet set foot upon youyour low lying shore opens welcomingly
to one who's spent the night at sea
Adrift in the shallows, a modest repose
adorn with coral, your bright colors show
ushered in through a bridge that is never closed

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