Beach Theater

We crossed the Golden Gate While fog settled in to brood on Left Coast bunkers that no longer Guarded headlands in Marin

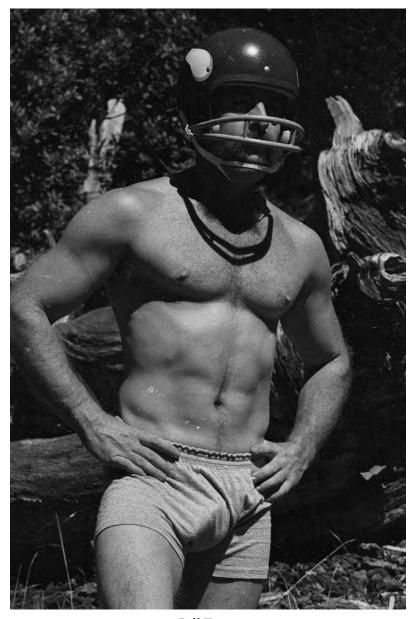
Alone we stood together
Then climbed down
The steep eroded path
To deserted beach below

The Bridge in fog again
We played the two-backed beast
Against a gnarled driftwood tree
Half buried in the sand

We heard applause You stood and bowed While I saluted to The whistled cheers

A fishing boat Had drifted near The motor cut To silence its approach

This will be shared With beers and shots around In some smoky coastal bistro By Bodega Bay 120 Jim Stewart



Bill Essex

June 1976: Mount Tamalpais, photograph by Jim Stewart

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