

# 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



**Bill Essex**

June 1976: Mount Tamalpais, photograph by Jim Stewart

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