

## OCEAN COUNTRY

It's the last gasp at the edge,  
the first breath of light,  
the place where the continent comes  
to a screeching halt.

West and west and west.  
Here's where it ends.  
Here's where it begins.

Blue and brown and white,  
thick with wind and rain and salt,  
the ultimate end zone,

clapping its can-do cadence  
in each beat of wave:  
begin and end and begin again.

Dense fog, coarse sand, a soft  
crashing ringing in your ear.  
It's a dog tearing up the length  
of a beach, heart beating  
mind racing, a blistering gait.

Ocean country – last gasp at the edge,  
first breath of light.