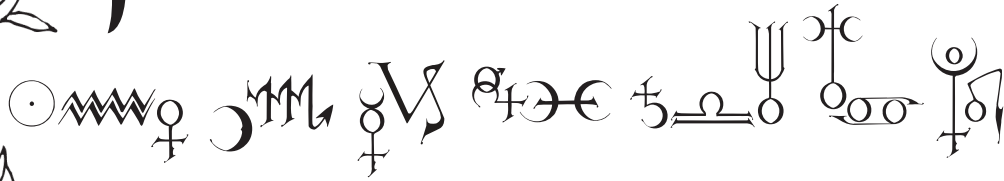


Phil



Night secrets wash up on shore,
Oceanprints driftwood adore,
Agates mica chips of shell –
Pieces of eternity you can tell.

Sands shift seagulls cry,
Swears off excuses vows to try –
Revolutionary messianic magic mix,
Elemental mystery mind transfixed.

Winds pick up wavetops shear,
Swelling seachange maybe near –
Giving more than taking ways,
Transition beyond potlatch phase.

Guardian spirit on a difficult mission,
Macrosene in desperate condition –
In need of a world turning I-and-Thou,
As only equality will ever allow.

