

Rwy'n Gartref

At the beach, I am free:

I throw off my shoes,

feel the sun dappled sand between my toes.

Stand and breathe deeply.

Listen to the waves crashing against the cliffs.

Shells tossed by the tide,

scattered treasures of years gone by

lead me to the water's edge.

I close my eyes, inhale deeply:

savour those memories.

I rejoice at the salty smell of the ocean spray:

dancing, swirling, sloshing around my legs.

The wind tugs my hair from its band

to dance wildly as in youth.

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I can hear children laughing,
splashing in the shallows,
sending water over the shivering shilly-shalliers.
Calling to one another,
then plunging through the waves into the cold depths.

Memories wrap around me like an old blanket.
Rwy'n gartref. I am home.

by Alison Wilcox 2020