

# The Margin

Phillip Louie

Whitewater softly tumbles in the shallows,  
the cloud of foam turns bronze with sand and follows  
up a smoothed strand, then drains along the margin.

The wash renews, returns in somersaults  
onto the suntanned field still chalked with salt,  
where the sea lays its bubbles at the margin.

Wash on wash, little feet patter away;  
again, they turn to tease the sea at play,  
safe on wind-rippled dunes beyond the margin.

