

The Girl at the Pier

By Joyce Jacobo

He saw her at the pier when the tide was high,
When the seagulls swarmed to snatch a meal and ride the waves.

She had the beauty of an angelic sunbeam.

The wind caressed her mantle of hair and tickled her cheeks.

He had the pallor of a dying swan.

His knees knocked together and his temples were moist.

To step forward to such a beauty

Would take the highest level of courage, a will unexercised.

It creaked into life when she smiled.

He approached with sinking heart, certain of a cruel demise.

She turned with a ballerina's grace,

Rosy cheeks, bright sapphire eyes, and a broad smile.

He could not stand before this dream.

His legs became jelly, he sunk into darkness.

When he awoke the girl hung above,

Had he reached a grand heaven or similar state?

"Franklin," the angel softly cooed.

He could only reply, "Yes my love?"