

EXCERPTS FROM:

# **“SEA SAND IN MY SHOE”**

By

**Terofil Alexander Gizelbach**

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# **SATURDAY**

## **12:31 PM: RIDE ON DOLPHIN FERRY**

Terofil Alexander Gizelbach, 2012

AT LAST! WE'RE HERE!

Car's onboard—they're casting off!  
"Please, *please*, can I stand by the rail?"  
Dolphins splash, jump in our wake;  
Gulls squawk an' waggle their tails.  
Bobbing overhead, laughing, crying—  
Dad says that's the way Gulls sing;  
"Look, they're flyin' without really flyin'!  
Look, they're barely flapping a wing!"  
There! A dolphin darts in the foam—  
Rolls—oh, I can see his eye!  
He smiles farewell an' waves a fin—  
Don't go—oh...okay...goodbye...  
"What, it's time to get back in the car?  
What, we're almost there, you say?  
Boy, what a weekend waits up ahead!  
If it's half as much fun as the bay!"

## **12:41 PM: DOLPHIN FERRY: THE JELLYFISH**

Terofil Alexander Gizelbach, 2012

As we wait to unload, I gaze at the tide,  
And see a fat jellyfish out for a glide.  
He puffs along towards dock number two,  
A shimmering globe of pink, red, and blue.  
He doesn't have anywhere special to go,  
He just floats aimlessly by, puttering slow.  
I'd hate to be him with no place to be...  
Swimming forever, adrift endlessly.

## 1:01 PM: GUARDIAN OF THE KEY

Terofil Alexander Gizelbach, 2012

Away from the high-rise apartments,  
By bougainvillea an' coconut trees...  
So maybe "Tiki Village" *isn't* Mom's first choice;  
I love the tiny statue that's chained to the keys.

Maybe he rules over small motels;  
Maybe he churns waves from the seas.  
Maybe he chants to the sand crabs  
Of sunbeams on a tropical breeze...

Maybe he conjures stars out of starfish,  
This tiki of chisel-carved wood.  
Maybe he pulls down the moontides;  
If he doesn't then maybe he should...

Nestled in dunes crowding the ocean;  
By a sugar beach the lapping waves tease...  
The "Tiki Village" is wind and sun-weathered, *but--*  
I love the tiny statue that's chained to the keys.

## 1:08 PM: ON THE BALCONY

Terofil Alexander Gizelbach, 2012

A nest in the sky  
Perched over the world,  
Where seabirds blur in feathery rings.  
While the clouds and the ocean  
Drift in slow motion,  
And the wind is a whisper that sings.

## **2:40 PM: THE DUNES**

Terofil Alexander Gizelbach, 2012

Castles of sand, shifting, blowing;  
Oh, Mom, I want to climb,  
To the dunes, the top of the dunes,  
In the warm July sunshine.  
From there the beach below  
Stretches into a gauzy haze...  
The water is green, sparkling blue;  
Foam caps mark the waves.  
A sail out far, billowing white.  
The snap of my towel as I glide,  
Off the dunes, off the dunes,  
To splash in the rising tide.

## **2:42 PM: WHO CARES?**

Terofil Alexander Gizelbach, 2012

Where does the beach wind come from?  
Where does the beach wind go?  
It carries the sigh of the ocean,  
And the smell of salt on its blow.

Where does the beach sand come from?  
Why does the beach sand stay?  
It moves, I know—but not too far;  
It never rolls away.

Where do the ocean waves come from?  
Where do the ocean waves weave?  
I see them break upon the shore,  
Though I never see them leave.

But the sand it warms my toes;  
And the wind it cools my hair.  
And the waves are good for swimming...  
So why on earth should I care?

## 2:51 PM: SAND DOLLAR

Terofil Alexander Gizelbach, 2012

Up and down high tide I bend,  
Seeking coin that I can't spend.  
White and minted with a star;  
Face rubbed smooth and circular.  
Dollar of bone, thin of crust,  
'Fore I pay you turn to dust!

## 2:59 PM: THE HERMIT CRAB

Terofil Alexander Gizelbach, 2012

When I buy a house, I want a house  
That I carry on my back.  
A Hermit Crab's house is a *wonderful* house:  
A shell he packs that's a shack.

*Bu-ut...*

I think Hermit Crabs must be lonely,  
Always at home night and day.  
It must be especially bad in winter...  
Friends can't come inside to play.

## 5:28 PM: SONG OF THE SEA SHELL

Terofil Alexander Gizelbach, 2012

August tides play in your air,  
Of distant shores and summers fair.  
Of curves and canals spiraling down;  
Of faded armor and faded crown.  
Of Atlantis lost and things to be,  
All floating in the waves of your sea.

## 6:23 PM: STARFISH TIM

Terofil Alexander Gizelbach, 2012

Five legs curling, twisting slow  
You don't look much like a star to me...  
For one thing you just kinda lie there.  
For another you live in the sea.  
I've never seen you twinkle.  
I've never seen you shine.  
Your skin is one big wrinkle.  
You smell like pickled brine.  
As a fish you are a failure;  
You crawl instead of swim.  
No way will I call you "star" or "fish..."  
From now on I'm calling you "Tim."

## 8:31 PM: COOKOUT DREAMIN'

Terofil Alexander Gizelbach, 2012

Fireside, fireside—  
Roasted hot dogs on hamburger buns!  
Marshmallows, marshmallows—  
Dusted w' graham cracker crumbs...

Sparks dancing dune-waltzes like fireflies;  
Roasting S'mores by a flickering light.  
Dreaming as the sun bows to moonrise;  
Red sky melting in a peppermint night...

Fireside, fireside—  
Watching the flames fade away.  
To embers, embers—  
A glowing end to a golden day.

## 9:01 PM: SHORE LIGHTS

Terofil Alexander Gizelbach, 2012

Twilight and moonbeams;  
Shells and sunset;  
A ghost crab skitters over a dune.  
An owl's wing brushes a darkening sky;  
Day marches another night from June.

The cry of a gull;  
The sighing shore;  
Gray Pipers racing a starry sea.  
Ship lights wind over a black horizon;  
The moon floats like an old manatee.

A soft-touching wind;  
The shining sand;  
Silver clouds edging canyons of night.  
Sea-oats gleam and spring like tidal pool sprays—  
Was there ever a darkness so bright?

## 9:55 PM: BEACH BRIGHT MOON

Terofil Alexander Gizelbach, 2012

A full moon dazzling the ocean,  
A silver trail leading over the sea.  
It follows no matter *how* fast I run.  
I wonder what that ol' moon wants with me?

Maybe it's building a road of light.  
Maybe it wants out of the sky!  
Maybe it wants to live with me...  
Though I can't imagine why.

So "Hey, ol' Moon—whatchya doin'?"  
And "Why don't cha come on down?  
Mom'll let you stay in my room, natch...  
I'll have the coolest nightlight in town!"

# SUNDAY

## 6:37 AM: SUNRISE

Terofil Alexander Gizelbach, 2012

The sun rose from the ocean and drowned the stars  
In a pale-white pinkish glow.  
And the moon it fled and hid its head  
And went were all old moons must go.  
Mom calls that land “Downunder,”  
Though I wonder how can it be?  
For if the rising sun follows the moon,  
How come its flames aren’t doused by the sea?

## 6:42 AM: DAWN PATROL

Terofil Alexander Gizelbach, 2012

The tide that shrank from the moon,  
Is now charging boldly the sun.  
Day waves are surging inland;  
My sand-fort will be overrun—  
And I am chasing a crab.

The sky is blushing with dawn,  
As if embarrassed by the light.  
The clouds above like wave foam,  
Are washing away the night—  
And I am chasing a piper,  
Chasing a crab.

Dune creatures are stirring;  
The saw grass gleams like silver spears;  
While the ocean spray is dewing,  
As it’s been dewing now for years—  
And I am chasing a gull,  
Chasing a piper,  
Chasing a crab...

...And Mom is chasing *me!*



## 9:16 AM: PANCAKE HOUSE

Terofil Alexander Gizelbach, 2012

We drove from the beach to the pancake house, Dad, an' Mom  
an' me.

An' there a pretty bright-eyed waitress gave us menus three.  
The restaurant smelled of coffee hot, eggs, an' country grits.  
And Mom said "Eat a balanced breakfast, Hon"—you *know* the  
bit...

...But...

...I...

...Want...

Pancakes, waffles, an' lemon meringue!  
Syrup piled high with fruity goop goo!  
"Give me another helping of pudding!  
Gee, I hear it's good for breakfast too!"  
Oreos crumbled into buttermilk batter;  
Blueberries swimming in oceans of blue!  
Sorry 'bout bolting my cereal, Mom—"  
—I'm eating too *fast* to chew!"

## 10:29 AM: THE HEAD-CUT-OUT-THINGS

Terofil Alexander Gizelbach, 2012

What do they call those head-cut-out scenes,  
The board paintings of pirates, an' sailors, an' mermaid queens?  
And who there would pose, grinning I suppose  
While the camera goes click,  
Click-click,  
Click-click?

Dad, 'cause it's free  
Mom, 'cause she's pretty—  
An' me,  
Because...  
*I'm me!*

**12:22 PM: LOOK, MOM! THEY HAVE ICE CREAM IN THE  
SOUVENIR SHOP!**

Terofil Alexander Gizelbach, 2012

Make mine Homemade Vanilla...  
No, wait! Make it Cherry-Peppermint-Ice!  
Or maybe I'll take Choc'a'lot...  
Then again Butterscotch is always nice...

...Rocky Road, Pistachio, an' Peaches an' Cream  
Grape, Lime Sherbet, an' Orange-Lover's Dream!  
There's Fudge, an' Toffee, an' Carmel Delight,  
An' Strawberry, an' Coffee—an' Cinnamon Bite!

Two hundred and five different flavors  
Narrowed down to one-ninety-two...  
It's a good thing I don't like Coconut,  
Two-oh-five's more than I can do!

**1:15 PM: DAYDREAMING: NIGHT OF THE TIKIS**

Terofil Alexander Gizelbach, 2012

The Tikis came to life in a black palm grove in a deep Hawaiian night.  
And stalked by the moon, a yellow full moon—  
A strange and terrible sight.  
In creakings and cracklings and dry teak rustlings, palm arms swinging,  
legs pulled free;  
They stalked by the moon, a yellow cold moon—  
By vines of the old banyan tree.  
They came to a village with lava-rock huts and campfires of smoldering  
coals;  
And paused by the moon, a scud-cloud moon—  
In a whispering wind of souls.  
They gathered and bent their tree-trunk trunks, staring in with opal-fire  
eyes,  
At the newborn baby, a moonlit brown baby—  
In a cradle rocked by their sighs.  
Like sentries they rooted in a circle round the village, and froze like lava  
cold.  
By the light of the moon, a full guardian moon—  
Their smiles soft, secretive, and old.

## 2:19 PM: KITE CRAB

Terofil Alexander Gizelbach, 2012

There's my kite on a crab...

(Scuttle-Scuttle!)

Now that crab's on my kite!

If I was to sail it away this instant,

'Cross the ocean in fluttery flight—

Oh, what a view he would have!

A mile above the waves...

(Flappity-Flap!)

Two miles beneath the sun!

He could see the crocodiles in Australia,

And the shrimp boats in Galveston—

Oh, what a time he would have!

But he better stay here,

(Shoo-crab, crab, shoo!)

It is a long way down...

A wind gust might jiggle his pincer claws loose;

He might fall in the ocean and drown...

Oh, what a drop he would have!

Still, it was a good plan.

(Bummer, bummer!)

Too bad, it seemed like fun!

But what if I wore the kite and held the crab...

Yeah, and then turned and started to run—

Oh, what a view we would have!

## 5:25 PM: WHARF CAT

Terofil Alexander Gizelbach, 2012

Slinking in the shadows, hunting for a rat;  
Preening on a barrel, splendid-wise-old cat.  
Eyes of golden flame, slitted, sleepy, alert;  
Vigilant gray-streak, leaping, pouncing, pert.  
Back arching, whiskers twitching, tail snapping swish;  
Winding fur by my knees, purring for a fish.  
“Hey! What are you doing? Shoo now, Tabby, scat!”  
Stealing my fried oysters, wicked-wise-old cat!

## 7:01 PM: THE GREAT SALT MARSH DIP

Terofil Alexander Gizelbach, 2012

We saw the tide marsh,  
A fiddler crab marsh—  
A muskrat sea of whispering grass.  
We saw the turtles,  
The terrapin turtles—  
Swimming in pools of algae-stained glass.  
We saw the tall sedge,  
The pickle weed too—  
Herons fishing the purple stream trails.  
But Mom didn't see,  
No, she just didn't see—  
That slimy sink-hole crawling with snails.

**7:29 PM: AFTER MOM CHANGED HER SLACKS, WE HEADED  
DOWN TO “BERT’S CRAB SHACK”**

Terofil Alexander Gizelbach, 2012

Hoo-ray, I set the lobsters free!  
Throwing me out, that Bert looked awful mad....  
But I don't think he ever gazed in their eyestalks;  
Why even their claws looked droopy an' sad!  
I saw 'em in the 'quarium...  
I wrestled 'em out of the tank!  
I dropped 'em in the ocean,  
Not expecting a click of thanks.  
Back on the street, Mom says I'm "a panic."  
Dad's complaining about paying the bill!  
He says he'd like to have eaten a bite,  
Before having to "ante up an' feed the till..."  
The damages came to "round three-fifty."  
No wonder ol' Dad is freaked!  
If it comes outta my dollar allowance...  
I'll owe him for over three weeks!

**9:13 PM: THE WANDERERS**

Terofil Alexander Gizelbach, 2012

Night waves spiced by coconut isles,  
Born of storms in wild, angry seas.  
A thousand, ten thousand miles they've traveled  
Under strange stars on a cinnamon breeze.

Night gales blown from moonlit jungles,  
Past gray mountains soaring with snow,  
A thousand, ten thousand miles they've traveled,  
From far waters where the wailing winds blow.

Are winds and waves ever lonely?  
Like wanderers always to roam?  
A thousand, ten thousand miles I'll travel,  
A weary voyager wandering home.