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| those balmy island nights | had arrived with hammocks, blankets and an iron kettle |
| scurried in every direction | the turquoise ocean appeared |
| warned us sternly | splashed and swallowed the stinging seawater |
| watch out for sea urchins | crevices and crannies of the rough boulders |
| iridescent tropical fish that were concealed | slipped on an algae-covered rock |

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| we’ll all be punished | a piece of driftwood |
| drowning out the sound of the sea | struggled relentlessly until |
| held them like tweezers | a background drone |
| with tear-filled eyes | glimmer of a smile |
| courage to admit it | stray from our path |