



*To Friends Across The Sea*

I saw a shell on the sand . . .  
Of myriad colors, that shell.  
I planned  
To take it home with me.  
A still voice whispered  
    Leave it . . . .  
Others will feel its uniqueness.  
It is still on the sand  
And  
I saw what was within it.  
For the first time,  
I can search without sadness  
Though you are still across a sea  
And I am still . . . here.