At 24 mile creek
you can see the sea.
The ocean is right to me.
In the forest we chatter and have fun
and datter and tell puns.
Within the dock without a lock,
adrift upon the sea,
where will I go
what will I sow without you?
My ones are setting up,
the sun is setting down.
The sea is shining
the tides are climbing.
Why are you not here right now?