

Nature's Choice, like Nature's Voice

The headland is the face
That the sea does shape and crack
Eroded at its base
Sits cliff, cave, arch and stack
But before the cliff face and on
A notch must be drawn

The waves move with the moon
With the spring lined up and higher
And the neap right angled will transpire
Because the elements are in tune
With the songs of the sea
And the moon's degree

A wave breaks near the shore
Pushing with it sand in a swash
And then pulled back again in backwash
The return is much in a downpour
For it beats hard upon the sand
And pulls back with it more than began

In this way longshore drift pushes and lifts
Sand from one side of the beach
To the other, allowing the shoreline to drift
The waves to even out and breach
The banks of a man made line
Which is meant to constantly be redefined

Move alone to find a bayhead beach
The sandy core of a bay's wave touched face
In front lays a baymouth bar which seeks to reach
Between two headlands and water encased
Much like how a spit is created by tide
And how a barrier island contains a lagoon alongside

This lagoon once was a bay
Cut off from the sea to sit in water still
Where no wave of refraction would sway
Unlike a tombolo which is a spit until
It connects to an island off the coast
Creating a path with an ending post

Till and beyond this day
The ocean with breath and carry away
Whatever it deems fit
No matter the walls we build
Because the sea has the power to rip
To rebuild, destroy or strip

The power of nature's voice
Is more than any human's choice