



Beachcombing

by Sam Gayton

Let's go see what the tide brought in,
Down to the shore with the keeping tin.
Scrump'll come too – he'll swim.

Pebbles and stones and sea-stripped twigs.
Seaweed clumps like mermaid wigs.
Scrump'll come too – he'll dig.

A chunk of sea glass, big as your thumb.
A pearl-coloured shell like a spiral sun.
Scrump'll come too – he'll run.

Back to the house from the low spring neap
With the rattling tin of things to keep.
Scrump'll come too – he'll sleep.

