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A Gulf Beach Graveyard

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A GULF BEACH GRAVEYARD

As I move like the Manatee
On white crushed shells
Running for health and
a Heineken reward,
Gliding by the walking bones
Held together by only 3 tanned
Layers of once flabby now sun-taut skin
The old come here to die
While living a little on the way.

Bespeckled brown cancer on cheeks and shoulders
Noticed and ignored as minimum clothing
Allows that life-giving sun to spark
The exiting soul to another realm of happiness.

Their life is simple and laid back
As they wait their turn.
Searching for unbroken shell treasures
And harboring grandchildren for weeks at a time
The old come here to die
While living a little on the way.

I run on the beaches knowing that someday
I too will be one of them—the old
Finding solace in the warm sun
And taming Par 3 golf courses.
Eating out every night and finding someone else
to cut the grass.
Maybe then, someone will run by me
and say—
The old come here to die.

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