Lake Michigan Beach in Autumn

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LAKE MICHIGAN BEACH IN AUTUMN

A girl, not yet a woman, walks along the beach of this inland sea of life: her brown hair is streaming in the wind, like the water-tossed seaweed.

She walks on the sand while the life-sea caresses her ankles with its million year-old-man waters.

Empty of the gypsy hordes of summer sea worshipers, the inland sea lies alone and forgotten:

there is only the walking girl.

William Henry Gringhuis

KING DEATH: THE DRAGON SLEEPS

And all those who felt the over mastering ambition for absolute command knew the same thing...nothing. Not one of them could say with certainty what lay beyond the visible horizon, nor whether the ship was drifting.

Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse

Ibanez

Dawn breaks with uncertainty across the calm blue salt water. Night is a fog slowly fading, absorbed in soft pinks and yellows of a yawning, sleepy-eyed sun. The horizon, almost beyond view, an empty ship with one torn sail, red striped, flapping in the early morning breeze. With the patience of old age slowly creeps its way across wave after tiny crested wave toward the brown sandy beach at the feet of the shoreline.

The dragon head carved on the bow, angular, proud, almost haughty, stares woodenly toward the inlet like an old man king at a gravestone. Gently the bow scrapes bottom in the shallows just off shore as timid hermit-crabs scurry from its path.

War shields laced with salt rotted leather to the sides of the ship fall like over ripe fruit plunking one at a time into the shallow water. A hand and partial forearm swing freely from a gaping hole in the side of the ship. A horned helmet rolls loosely as the boat shivers the slight breeze.