

## **SLAVE OF THE MOON**

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The sea rushes up  
To eat the muddy shore,  
Slips back into the waves  
To return once more.

Spluttering, foaming, frothing  
Pulling at the land  
Again it tries to eat  
The dampened, salty sand.

But will it reach  
Its destination soon?  
Or must it always be  
The slave of the moon?