

# Pineawn

As I walked down to old Pineawn,  
through yellow gorse and white blackthorn,  
I watched the rise and fall of waves,  
their spray eroding rocky caves.

I climbed past rock pools to a ledge,  
where I could see the waters edge.  
The tide pulled pebbles in its suck,  
then back again against the rock they stuck  
and shimmering like a thousand jewels,  
were swept into the little pools,  
to join the underwater weed,  
dog whelks and sea anemones.

Continuously this water wall,  
kept flowing with its rise and fall,  
and to this gentle rhythm sway,  
the sparkling waves both night and day.

**Joanna Foulkes**