



CASTLES

By Wayne Visser

Castles built on sand soon crumble
Poems raised to love soon stumble
Lightning warns of pending thunder
Loss of heart's a kind of plunder

Harbours block out stormy weather
Anchors offer welcome tether
Broken vessels land in dry dock
Nesting eagles search for high rock

Stories need the grit of salt mines
Travellers need the light of star signs
Deserts need the cool of date palms
Journeys need the grail of love charms

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