

Low Tide



Greyhound Rock, Davenport CA

Photos by J. Clifford

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At first, the beach seems empty. Nothing but smooth sand, repeating waves.
A line on a map, where a continent ends and the ocean starts.

But walking, looking, we discover something more complicated.
Transitions, oscillations, gatherings, overlays: stranded rocks, a tangle

of tubes and vines, scattered flotsam. Here today.
Tomorrow, somewhere else.

In the tide pools: living green, yellow, and red. Hints of blue (sky).
Around dark stones, swirling foam.

A world exposed then hidden. Seen, unseen. Particles
and waves, light and shadow...