

Beach Theater

We crossed the Golden Gate
While fog settled in to brood on
Left Coast bunkers that no longer
Guarded headlands in Marin

Alone we stood together
Then climbed down
The steep eroded path
To deserted beach below

The Bridge in fog again
We played the two-backed beast
Against a gnarled driftwood tree
Half buried in the sand

We heard applause
You stood and bowed
While I saluted to
The whistled cheers

A fishing boat
Had drifted near
The motor cut
To silence its approach

This will be shared
With beers and shots around
In some smoky coastal bistro
By Bodega Bay



Bill Essex

June 1976: Mount Tamalpais, photograph by Jim Stewart

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