

Four Lullabies

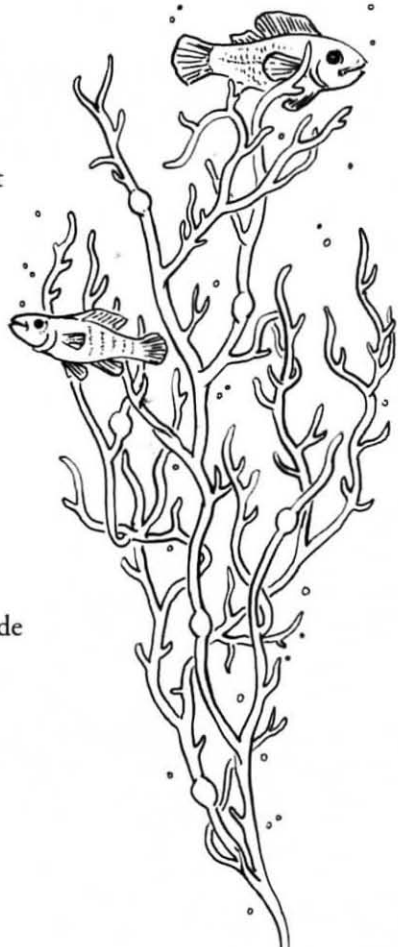
Eric Edwards

The sand sings a lullaby
the rocks sing sleep all day
the sun sings close your eyes
and dream your life away.

Up then! Up then!
into the surf!
where the jellyfish glow at night
Up then! Up then!
into the air
and play in an ocean of light!

The fish sing goodnight
the moon goes to bed
the sea shells are snoring
the sea worms are boring

Up then! Up then!
into the surf!
where the dolphins leap and glide
Up then! Up then!
into the air
where the lonely seagulls ride.



I took the moon for a boat
and sailed it in the harbor
the sea fish and sea shells
sea gulls and sea bells
came touring the silver road
went swimming the silver road

I took the sun for an engine
and motored around the islands
the sea cups and sea birds
sea weeds and sea curds
came touring the golden road
went swimming the golden road

I took a star for a lantern
and hung it at the bow
the sea maps and sea stones
sea ropes and sea bones
came touring over the transom
went swimming over the transom

I took the night for a blanket
and tucked it up under my chin
the sea wrack and sea pour
sea swell and sea snore
came touring right up to my bed
and disappeared into my head.



My parents brought me to the beach
 A summer when I was young;
 The tar of the parking lot was hot
 And I played in the sand alone.

I played in the sand and sang to myself
 Until a young girl came along,
 She said, "let's build something together,
 Something that lasts forever."

So we built a castle of sand
 And sang its secret name,
 A King and Queen lived at the top
 And ruling was the game.

The tide poured into the castle,
 The sun poured into the sea,
 The girl went back to her parents,
 My parents came calling for me.

I can't remember too much else
 Except how happy I could be –
 She said "let's build something together,
 Something that lasts forever;"
 And it's still forever to me.

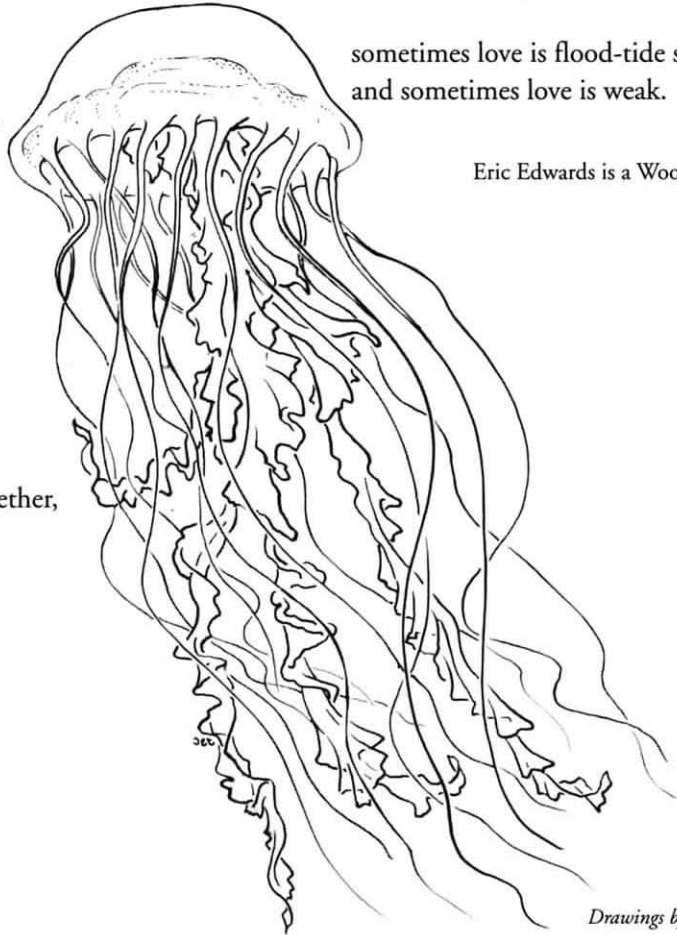
The tide comes in at Stoney beach
 and goes right out again.

The lobsters crawl from under the rocks
 and then they crawl back in.

So don't be surprised
 when it's cloudy outside
 and the moon plays hide and seek –

sometimes love is flood-tide strong
 and sometimes love is weak.

Eric Edwards is a Woods Hole poet



Drawings by Julia S. Child