

*George Taylor*

**Sands, Secrets and Sea-Salt**

Sands of ancient glass between my toes,  
holding secrets that nobody knows.  
Flickered with fools gold and worn out shells,  
Kaipara beaches hold history that never quells.  
The wind stutters over angry waves,  
whistling eerie tunes of wooden graves.  
Sea-salt bites at wind-bruised lips,  
as the icy water licks at my fingertips.  
However far I may travel from here,  
Kaipara beaches, to me, are dear.