

The Lonely Beach

by

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The birds daily go home and

I

See them going low and high

All black, red, and, white and

I

Could just touch the saline water of sea

Having many pearls and gems in it, that sparkle and

I

Fade with every passing wave

The water rolls on the beach

The cuddles it for this reach and

I

Am still on the deep-sea waves.

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On a lonely weekend at the beach, Korangi Creek