

Off the coast of Charleston

by [Warren L. Molton](#) in the [June 19, 2019](#) issue

For decades, Wild Dunes was our vacation home
until aging with the sea and sand and shifting
with the dunes and the wash of waves,
we surrendered as our beach, too, sifted away.
On our last morning walk with a gritty wind
at our backs, a covey of gulls no longer
amusing us with their squawking laughs
sat sleek and silent like sentinels facing into the wind.

And we won't forget the old man on his cane who
stopped us to say, "Hey, you know the ocean's
moving in to stay, and I just pray the good Lord
will give us a Moses who can do the math
and to hell with dividing the sea, but get on
with figuring out a way to multiply the land,"
and how we tried to join him with our shallow
gallows laugh.