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## Sandymount Strand

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## Sandymount Strand

I appeared out of a vacant bluegrayness and walked the windswept cement. Smoothed, once jagged edges crumbling stones beneath my feet.

Sandymount Strand stretched out beyond me into its own greyblue bleakness, while the water took time-worn particles of land out to sea.

Surrounded by their inspiration naively observing its weathered consistency, the essence of those poets' dreams refused its secret to me.

I turned away from distant Dublin Town the strand and the sea at my back, while the cold, bland wind gave way to my retreat.

Anonymous