

Doing Nothing Much

I could potter for hours on a lonely beach
Picking pebbles to roll in my hand,
Wondering where will the next wave reach,
Writing my name in the sand

Near the tumbling weir, where the hawthorn's pink.
I could sit for hours in a trance
Watching the water stream to the brink
And the white foam pound and dance.

Or high on a headland find me,
While a seagull wheels and dips,
Gazing for hours out to sea
At islands and smudges of ships.

by Eric Finney



Poetry Questions

What do you like about the poem? Is there anything you dislike? What does it remind you of? How does it make you feel?

What patterns can you find? Is there any rhyme, alliteration or assonance? Is anything repeated?

What interesting words or phrases can you find? What do they mean? Are there any metaphors or similes? Are there any vivid descriptions?