

## CONFEDERACY OF CRABS.

Autumn unfolds her web grey cloak  
On the rim of the sea /a rippling movement begins  
The confederacy of crabs begin their merry meetings/  
In sheer delight of sand sea and light.  
Gulls turn their heads anticipating flight  
All listen all watch  
As the sun moves silently away  
And winter sits seemingly made of stone  
To walk barefoot on the earth  
And claim it for her own/

A sigh is on the wind  
We feel the symphony begin  
The walze of the seasons  
There are blue streets in the night.  
And in the distance a love torn violin

**'Begin the Beguine' violin solo starts softly (bars 1-8)**

There is a trickster/ a magician and a clown  
In all things noble and profound.

**'Begin the Beguine' continues to the end of bar 15.**

All seasons pass, all loves, sorrow and pain  
Only the mystic smile of life remains  
and still the confederacy of crabs moves on  
Leaving their scribblings in the sand,  
Knowing the rush of tides turning/ ocean's bluff/  
Rage of wind.  
Will leave no trace of where they have been.  
" and the moving finger writ  
and having writ moves on  
nor all your piety or wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line"