Tidings

John Menaghan[1]

Think on this now the tide is always turning
never still no more than those surging waves
it rules regulates restrains yet far inland away
from clamorous swells this rising and falling
incessant as time we forget about the baptism
of surf breaking over us purifying each moment
anew stripping our souls clean of decay debris

Bury me I pray when the time arrives there
on the shoreline or better still strew my ashes
across the turbulent ocean as it gathers up its
garments and makes for dry land or best of all
plunge me deep in the element out of which
all life emerged so whatever remains of what I
once was advances recedes forever caressing or
kissing the edge of this earth I once inhabited

night after day after night the endless rollers
delivering the news that though I seem to have
vanished from this world I have instead become
one tiny untraceable portion of swirling sea and
sand and sky on this ceaselessly spinning planet
a speck in and of the churning cosmos an enduring
aspect of the flux spirit energy movement chaos
of which our universe every bit of it is composed.

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