

ETERNITY

The ocean--
runs wild, runs free
like an untamed steed.
Small restless rounded stones
grind back and forth
with ebb and flow of the tide
into the flume's flurry of excitement.
Stones crushed and ground
by eons of time, rhyme
crunch, crunch, crunch
in musical muscular rhythm
sings the eternal song,
"Merge with me".
The mezzotint moon's
roughened surface
of light and shade
glows over the waves,
sparkles the grey
of endless duration.

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Feb. 3, 2006