

Old Friend to Some

The rippling shallow water waxes and wanes at his ankles,
inviting newness, freshness, awareness to his legs,
higher as his feet gently sink into the allowing sand.

'Don't go out too far' says the weathered,
her eyes reflecting the empowered sea who answers with a grin.
It sees the boy, yet to be rusted by the air of experience,
yet to be sculpted by the knowledge of breath,
yet to look up and see the exposing force pulling at his strings,
whispering, go further.

A dark stick softened by its years at sea moves in with the tide and
approaches his leg, angling off passed him
with a slightest of introductions, known to nothing,
a future disregarded, a life unseen.

Against this tide which brought the stick to rest, the boy's feet force the
water back to where it had once been forced to depart.

The water slips back into the depths, a guide vaguely calling the
follower with a silky movement of the arms.

These entities, brought forth to a hazy beginning,
to an attentiveness, revere the night as if it is their day.

Cherishing all.

These entities will build a boat, will learn to swim,
will float atop the vast ocean and discover,
will use the breath they were given, will never accept,
but will acknowledge their own stubborn fruitlessness
so that they may continue to continue.