

FISHERMAN'S MEDITATION

Lucia Walton

O dark mysterious waters wandering on and on,
 Springing from eternity and part of it, though earthly,
 Tirelessly flowing, lapping, roaring, never ceasing;
 Keeper of life, a world within your depths,
 Sustainer of life, power indispensable,
 You hold my life and my soul.

O busy life-full sea, teeming with water beings
 Who carry on within your tides their everlasting birth and death,
 Work and play, much as we on Mother Earth—
 Why do you also give of yourself to me?
 Surely it would be nought to you if I and all my like should perish;
 Yet you feed me with the flesh of your oceanic creatures,
 Never withholding your treasure past the time of my endurance,
 And giving to me and all the world the very substance of yourself.

O peaceful stretching plains of blue,
 O merciless howling towers of black,
 What do you hold for me?
 Lulling me in your green embrace, soothing fatigue you caused,
 Crooning gently with your rhythmic billows;
 Then turning on me as I sleep,
 Chilling to the marrow with your angry tumult bones just eased of
 cold and care,
 Stabbing fear into a heart that once you calmed by silencing its
 lament in your greater cry,
 What do you hold for me?

Taunt me not, o fickle deep, with varying moods and whims,
 For I know your invincible will and strength.
 Ever-present confidant, giver of peace and inspiration,
 Companion in toil and pleasure, builder of dreams and hopes,
 Solace of the soul's wounds,
 Let me be worthy of your kindness.

Lure me not, o twain-faced traitor, above your sparkling surface
 Only to change my peace to torture in your crashing fury,
 But wait, and help me live to the full before you conquer,
 That I may glide down swiftly to your unknown bays
 With sails smooth-hauled and tiller pointing straight.

* * * * *