

Tides

The waves roll in and crash on the sand,
but what do they leave behind?
Nothing but sand remains on shore;
sand is all one will find.

Occasionally the ocean tide deposits
a lonely shell or two,
But who wants the broken carcasses of creatures lost?
With them what can one do?

I long for the ocean to drop a clam
with a pearly treasure inside.
And with that one prize I will start a chain
that I can add to the more pearls I find.

I may only have one, but that's all it takes
to begin my hopeful quest.
For one must start somewhere—why not with one?
And later add the rest.

The waves roll in and crash in my head,
but what do they leave behind?
Nothing but gray remains in my thoughts;
gray is all that I find.

Occasionally my mental tide might leave
a lonely thought or two.

But who wants the remnants of poems lost?
With them what can one do?

I hope my mind might leave glowing insight
with a tiny thought inside.

And with one thought I will start a chain
that I can add to the more thoughts I find.

I may only have one, but that's all it takes
to begin my hopeful quest.

For I must start somewhere—why not with one?
And later compose the rest.

Christina Smith