

Of The Sea



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There is some comfort in the emptiness of the sea
Amid the clarity of shallow waters
And the darkness that deepens by the tide
It caters not for the concerns of man
But holds itself at higher regard and importance

Its vastness made bearable by the sturdiness of a boat
No love for those who trespass
No hate for them who desecrate
Uncompromising in its assault when at odds with the weather

Unchanged by countless footsteps
Unmoved by the hands of time
And free from the alimant of destitute
Forever in a state of change
Masterful in the law of detachment

