

OCEAN REFLECTIONS:

Acknowledging the Waves of Life & Death

Surrounded by emerald-blue immensities
crashing in flurries of foam
the ocean follows majestic rhythms
better than any poem

*And within each drop of the pelagic sea
the Hands of Death also weave.*

Even after leaving primal waters
our consciousness waxes and wanes
thoughts mutate into beachside froth
and a rhythmic roar inside of us
suggests the sea is never far away. . .

*Nor is the Grim Reaper
who moves with the tide of each day.*

Ron : Much of this poem is hard to read.

Lex : Well, so are we. Indeed, so are we! It takes time to read, and who has time?

Ron : You know, I hate it when people become dead while living. This is often happens when they get exposed to too much metaphysical crap. . .

- **T Newfields**

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