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Go with the Flow

An ominous, purplish thunderstorm
catches me beachcombing, watching
odd ridges atop the towering waves—

are dark sharks or submarines nearby?

I could dive headlong into the mystic,
ride the silvery light, seek sanctuary
beyond the shore, become the ocean.

Looking out at the hazy blue horizon,
I find here what is needed—an open
place to rest, comfort mind and body.

Humans came from the sea, after all;

we can still remember that fluidity,
the colors and smells, whirr of wings
above, coral reefs below the surface.

We are mostly made of water! Why
act static and rigid? Go with the flow;

plunge into potent salt spray, frothy
swells; scamper among wilding tides.

Enjoy a liquid transience, one foot
in wetness, the other on sandy soil.