

sanctuary annulled

Every year as I gaze out upon the tide
 In the place where I come up for air
 The anticipation, the wonder carries me off
 And the feel of cool sand under my feet
 Anchors me.
So that the mind can soar
 Yet that solid humble peace
 And the memory of green earth
 Manifests itself in a physical sense
 Reminding me of you.
Isn't it strange how we can go off to find ourselves
 To forget everything but our own needs:
 To focus,
 And when we think we've found that perfect place
 Sitting on that lonely bench
 Certain words at the forefront of our minds
Have nothing to do with anything
But what we've left behind
What is missing
And suddenly we realize that the shell that carries the soul
 Is an empty, hollow space
Not only because you are missing
But the very animal, the true esprit it was made to encompass
Has gone back down the path
 In search of you.