

dail beag

thinking back
to halcyon days
wave watching
at dail beag

the push and pull
of the moon
leading the sea
on a merry dance

before long
I'm breathing deep
my inhale and exhale
matching the rhythm
of the swell

holding my breath
as the wave
prepares to break
caught in the moment
between rising
and falling

each time is like
the first time
sometimes dramatic
the crescendo
of crashing waves
exhilarating
or lazy like a
snoozing dog

I've loved
and feared the sea
more like myself
than I can know
my days equally
mapped by the moon

spent much of life
chasing control
battled long
to hold steady
caught between
the rise and fall
resisting fate

whatever persuaded me
that holding still
was the answer

letting go is
as inevitable
as breathing
surrender
the only way
to be free