

a tranquil taste of simplicity
lying dreamy as a feather
bobbing on the sea
unable to engage
even with her ring finger free
her mind listening
to the lapping at the horizon
the motion agreed on silence
as her triumphant bow
the new order to exist alone
is enforced by the gulls...
no screaming from the past
no fear of failing the future
her presence is her present
her present from her universe
her voice a distant memory
from the day she said goodbye

Jo Beth Gray