

Tides

by rayn via shirl - Jungle Drum Newswire *Wednesday, Dec 30 2015, 11:57pm*

international / poetry / post

the waning moon almost invisible
offers a slim medium where lovers
send entreaties hoping
their love will increase

the wind carries lost songs,
screams, sobs and joyous laughter
long lost to the human ear

the horizon forever runs
like unfulfilled wishes
and impossible dreams
constantly out of reach

i sit in my favourite night place
between the crags
seeing, hearing and tasting the sea
carried on the wind

the sea's brooding vastness
is waiting to be moved by the
invisible power of the moon

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-2045.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-635.html>