

## Rhythms

Tide with ebb and flow  
continues incessantly  
without ceasing  
responding to unseen forces  
patterns of the unabridged  
Gulls and sandpipers  
without purpose attune  
with its perpetual rhythm  
ancient patterns of the sea  
Have we in our scurrying  
for meaningless pursuits  
forgotten how to flow  
cast away we are a part  
We choose to swim  
against the tide  
overlooking meter of life  
of which we are  
an integral note  
salt-water in our veins  
We must forget ourselves  
we must pass over  
sensing once again  
the symmetry  
inherent in  
the life of things