

On the Night Tide

As we cut across
rays of dancing light,
drumming engine
above the water sound,
soon the harbour lights
become a distant ring
beyond the black
and seaspray.

Thoughts drift
between
regret and expectation,
seeking a glimpse
of the far shore,
but soon
the sea fills
all my thoughts.

DAVID HODGES OC

Now

I have begun
to live again.
Not for future dreams
or past ecstasies
but for the ordinary
uneventful
oozing mystery of now.

NORA TUNNEY