



Endless expanse
of rolling medium,
indescribable in color.
The wind blows
its familiar, continuous tune.
The horizon straight
as the straightest of rulers.
Clean distinction
of ocean and sky.

But which controls which?
Can one overlap the other?
in color?
in function?
in importance?

Why,
the sky brings the albatross,
the seabirds,
the stormy rains,
and the warm air spirals.

And the ocean?
What does it bring?

What is it?
The womb of life,
the scientists speculate,
where at the beginning of time
all that was, and is, noteworthy
began and continues.
So beneath its murky surface,
dare not question
the master.
Simply let us be
a companion of the sea.

- Delphine Slotten