

The Ocean

Michael Clay Thompson

The long waves rolled toward the shore,
and cold foam shook the aging pier.

The rising walls of gray approached—a roar—
a crash, and rumbling clouds were tumbling near.

Above a soaring seagull cried, and turned,
flew past, head down, descending down the wind,
his eye-dot fixed us for a second, learned
our eyes, discerned us in his seagull mind.

The ocean is a moving plain,
with flowers made of foam;
the ocean's like a sea-god's rib,
slow-breathing, and alone.

Down the seagull drops and never
blinks until he hits the water.

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Emily Dickinson

How happy is the little stone
That rambles in the road alone,
And doesn't care about careers,
And exigencies never fears;
Whose coat of elemental brown
A passing universe put on;
And independent as the sun,
Associates or glows alone,
Fulfilling absolute decree
In casual simplicity.