

I've traveled to the beach on timeless days.

The tenacious tides leap at shores polished by the sun,
Which jump from the infinence that lies in the bottomless depths,
All the while we stay where we can feel the definite earth steadily beneath us.

We count the grains of sand wedged between the crinkles of our toes
Just as the father counts mouths to feed,
As the worker counts his hours,
As the injured man counts his breaths,
All while the children float above,
counting clouds.

But the oceans of the unknown can often lead to the bottomless depths of discovery,
Not the discovery of the literal;
No.... the discovery in the vast, diverse beings beyond the sandy shore,
In the darkest corners or lightest shallows
It can swell the soft hum of the heart toward the vibrations of soundless melodys,
That can add another voice to the ceaseless choir that connects us all.

Without venturing past the shore our gravestones will be blank:
we will have not graced the world with our own selves.
You will miss the moments that are meant to be told to grandchildren sitting on your
knees.

What about the doubts that lie in the leaps and the uncertainty?
You fear the stubborn waves will take advantage of your leap,
And hold you beneath the surface without a breath to your body;
Yet without curiosity....faith.... courage:
You will hold your breaths without water even lapping at your knees,
You will stand and only wishfully wonder what lies beneath the mysterious blankets of
shimmering blue.

To conclude with my usual brevity,
We now live in the period of getting but not gaining,
of seeing but not observing, of breathing but not living:
My friends, when did we forget to count clouds instead of pebbles?

Through the ripples of our differences we are all and we are one:
Together we must fulfill our duty to life, brush away the sand, take a step from the
certain shore

And leap into life.