My Counselor

Have you ever known the friendship of the sea?
Have you seen it when it's gray,
When it's blue as green?
Have you ever tasted spray?

Where does the sea have angry born?
Have you ever felt the comfort of the sea?

Sometimes I sit and look into its depths—
Peep down into its secret crevices.
There, where the sea's own fury dies,
And, oh! the moving things it brings—

The seaweed jigs, and shells all scurry, Homeward in the sand with trailing spoons.
The sea's a mighty god of winds.
His brow grows cloudy quickly,
And his mood turns fickle.

They become as his life's height,
When finally his temper dies, he broods.
On days that boast but soul's warm smile,
The winning water looks up

Wonderingly at her mirror of blue,
And from its texture seems to sing,
Refining the delicious hue,
Her heart is peaceful for awhile.

They say the land and sea will clash e'er more.
Like all good friends, they fight and fight,
But time and many when sea and land
In matches grow both delight.

They then exchange a peaceful nod.
For he says they must meet and make the shore.
I shall always feel the friendship of the sea.
I shall always remember how it comes.

Its power, depth and beauty.
I'll remember, when it seems that all

Is dependent on other souls
Polishing a Diamond

Polishing a Diamond

Is an exceedingly exacting procedure.
Diamond centers study a stone for months.
Perhaps years.
Before they elect the rough diamond.
And polish it into the sparkling bits of carbuncle

Which then adorn the fingers of man.

Every Human Soul

Is a rough diamond

Of potential splendor and spunk.
The degree of spunk
Which a human soul attains
During the lifetime of its body
Is dependent on other souls
As well as itself.

For even a rough diamond
May have a sparkle of its own
Yet it can only be polished
By rubbing it against other diamonds.

And the Thought of You liked to be captured;
And it remained with me throughout the night.
For many months.
It invaded my dreams.

Blissfully bounding about like a little lamb.
It remained during the day.
Popping foam between the layers of a sandwich
Or from between pages of calculations.

It remained with me for a long time
Until it died of neglect!
For even a Thought needs food,
And you forget to feed it.
It was the Thought of You.

A Thought

'Tis so easy to break to twain
The brittle twig of life
And leave one part
To nothing.

To nothing. To nothing.

To nothing.

To nothing.

And the Thought of You

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