

Nature's Memory

Standing at the water's edge
Where I've had you by my side.
My beating heart tortured
By the loss of time.

But does the ocean begrudge
The moon, for all its selfish pull?
Will gulls grow angrier at the wind
Through every tormented flight?

Are the morning glories scorned
by sunlight slipped away?
Still, do salmon curse the current
For every bloodied journey?

Does nature fail to remember,
While I never forget?

Yet, waves ebb and flow
By tides of gravity's loving hand.
Gulls fly high within the wind
With strengthened wings adorned.

The glories, up before the dawn
To welcome warmth to morning.
Alas, salmon swim upstream
With dreams of fostering new life.

To the water's edge
I always return.
Contented by treasured memories
Of pasts I had you here with me.