

ALL TIDES EBB

I've written too many pissed-off poems.

I'm not an angry person ...

Not at heart.

But I am depressed

And disappointed

Distraught

Distracted

Unable to focus

on all the good

that's in my life.

Night after night

I sit before the TV

Not a grain of truth

To be heard or seen.

Yet, knowing this,

I return again

A spiraling pain

A senseless drain

On what little I have left to give.

Oh, I've seen the glory

Tasted the honey

Soared with the eagles

Marched with the army

Stood on the mountain

Made all the money

Swore I'd be faithful

Flew in the face of –

Fought the good fight

Yet cried in the night

To rise with the dawn

Singing this song

Of salvation

Certainty

And dread.

Yet, all tides ebb,

My love,

Yes, all tides ebb.