The Tide of the Mind

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Once so shaken
Sand scraped and
cut at the sharp
Edges of despair,
Hurt, anger
And isolation.

And the storms rolled in
Like a Christmas Globe
Snow in turmoil
Whispers
As the Globe
Crashed and in broken
silence
the sea spoke of
Rosebud.

The demise of all
that was
While
Starfish lolling on their backs
If they even have a back
And which side would it be?
And the demise of the storm
As Rosebud is
Just a memory of
Who she was
A Sleigh?
A wonderful woman in a dream
No matter
The storm shed
The froth waves like
Whip cream they
Settle down.

And the shallow waters
Lap against a shore
Where
A gaze into infinity
Promises
Deeper places
Where storms may brew
And then may not
And all is perfect
Within the Tide
Of the mind.