

*I went to the sea to ask what he meant to me, but he only churned and spat
and writhed about like a toothless old man telling ancient forgotten stories
- of heroes and glory and freedom at all costs,
- of beauty and sorrow and love and all that's lost.
He droned on and on until the dampness of dawn, until the rhythm of his song
soaked into my soul. And as I sang his song, my own song hummed along.*

how small is a human life?
inundated, suffocated, diminished in so much vastness-
at once fleeting and eternal, dark and engulfing, expanding
all around and between us, far above and below us,
through us, before us, and most surely after us.

how inconsequential we are-
a speck of dust to a mountain unmoved in the span of even
the longest life. barely a breath among winds of time and change.
wholly unnoticed to the countless worlds still far from our grasp,
yet within reach of imaginations.

still reaching and hoping and praying and swearing this isn't just
a dream, an illusion, a meaningless series of reactions passing
over time and space, drifting blind in a vast and darkening sea.

vastness born out of elements- forged in fire in faith in free will (?)
elements ripped apart and fused like tumultuous lovers, ultimately
destined to take root, to grow in muddy earth, to breathe-in moist air.

still mostly water is what we are- careful drops on a careless wave
soaked with purpose and desires, rising and falling with the tides,
revolving and evolving round and round as stars and worlds and atoms,
splitting apart, spinning alone, bound together by forces unknown-

we homo sapiens, we children of gods, we the chosen ones, lucky ones,
rulers of the world, we self-conscious thinking and emotional beings,
we insignificant drops in a swirling timeless sea.

*I brought the sadness of my years, let them well up into tears and let them
fall into the sea, the endless churning sea, who let them fall so willingly
like all the tears of those before she's carried off to distant shores,
she carries all our loves and fears, carries the weight of all our years.*

how small is a human life?
when it connects to something greater
when it dissolves with something older
when it falls into the vast unknown
forever touched by all it's known.