

On the wind drifting from far away  
comes sound of the surf unceasing  
moan of the sea  
intoning its dark sounds  
breaking waves  
falling into darkness

pathos of call and return each wave  
arriving with bowed head keening  
in shattered departure rip tide  
returns to the one

Within my tent of shelter  
I sit  
in the fabric of the night torn open  
I sit  
with one candle burning I sit this vigil  
with no comprehension  
I sit for those 50 souls gone  
for those whose loved ones are left in the wake  
for those injured rent and suffering

I thought this green eden  
was a land left unpoisoned  
a land promised  
but after slaughter  
these hills no longer hold in green leaved fingers  
balm of innocence gone  
What once happened only on distant shores  
present here now casting an autumnal shadow  
forever to bear the russet bloom of anguish

At the end of every summer  
all the land begins its weeping  
what was green and steady shedding  
letting go

Can I too, trust this unmaking  
will the land return to singing  
reach again with tender arms enfold unto itself  
the dead

uplift its voice  
forever renewing