

Poem—

I'm as the Sea

I'm as the sea, I'm as its fluid
beauty —

I'm as the tide that ebbs and
flows.

I'm as the stillness — the calm
that falls before a storm. . .

I'm as the moment before it
breaks!

I'm as the crest that steadily
rises.

I'm as the wave that forms.

I'm as the wind, free and wild —

I'm as a spirit flying high!

I'm as the breaker that suddenly
remembers the sea that is its
home —

I'm as its thunder, I'm as its
impact

on the mocking beach.

I'm as the gentle laughing of the
swirls,

I'm as the remnants of the
wave. . .

I'm as I was — again — The Sea.

— ETHEL A. PATKOTAK

Wainwright, Alaska

*(After her first experience on
the nalukatuk or blanket toss)*