

Forever Young

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*He is the frothy surf
borne of a distant, unseen storm.
She is the sandy beach
shimmering crystals in the sun.
Her fine-made shore resists
his pounding, pulsing beat;
quietly, bravely shouldering the surf,
silently suffering the mindless caress.
He is the surf whose pulse is spent
at the end of the distant storm.
She is the shimmering sandy beach,
Enduring, emerging, forever young.*

*Beyond the frothy, salty surf and sandy beach,
two fish swim, a silver salmon
and a humpy.*

*He is the small dark humpy.
She is the silver
with jewels for her scales.
The humpy lives for but one
single, simple, stupid end.
The silver roams freely the river,
strong, sleek, forever young.*

*The silver and the humpy
swim the same river
where a slender, sturdy tamarac
stands alone on the shore
shrouded in a gray, misty fog.*

*He is the graying mist
seeking to grasp every branch and
nestle next to each perfect needle.
She is the sturdy tamarac tree
eluding embraces, escaping caresses
of the graying mist.
The mist's moment is soon done
and he evaporates with morning sun.
The slender tamarac tree
Endures, ever green, ever young.*

*He is the frothy, salty surf
spent at the end of the distant storm.
She is the shimmering, fine-made sandy beach,
Enduring, emerging, forever young.*