



LIVING BY WATERS

We look beyond our shore
over the sheen of the Sound
to the islands enveloped in blue haze.

They beckon us,
but we save them for a day of brighter light.

We turn west,
around the first point, then the next, the next, and the next.
We reach the marsh, a golden expanse of reeds and water,
the tide going out.

Lying on our backs, faces to the wide sky,
we are carried along
on a floating magic carpet.
Our time becomes the time of the tide.

Finally, as the sun begins to set in the west—
we stand silent
before the marsh, the Bay, the dying light.
As the quiet water laps at our shore,
our breathing and heartbeat answer
to the slow rhythms of the ocean.

Olivann Hobbie
Cape Cod, May 2019

