

A ship at sea all day to find the way that it is going,

As we search and seek the memory of the past we are knowing;

We figure out the course and the destination an island attraction,

Where we came from to where we are and onto see what is the next distraction.

The walk and talk and vary to be differ in each way and thought,

As the people who make the money must spend it on food and water;

For it's raining in the distance and we must go on and complete the course,

Of reaching the port of call and returning home with resistance resource.

The roughness of the tide goes unnoticed out at sea on the ocean,

Where the best thing you can do is comply to other needs and notions;

As the singularity of meaning is focused on ourselves to get to shore,

Where we know where we are going and must be sure we go on before.

Now I can explain the feeling I get from the deepness and the depth,

As the meaning of the expanse is sparse and few between in death;

But we must maintain the attitude of the multitude who fear the sea,

As on the ocean we travel and know we get there perfectly to see.

But the awe inspiring amazement of the colour of sea and sky,

Are totally perplexing in the clarity of the clear seeing of the eye;

For whether blue meets blue or the grey and green will mix,

The deception of the blend will change suddenly to get the fix.

Now I know I'm preconceiving in my shallow place of mind,

When the world is out the wondering and I am sure of mine;

For I am in the south pacific while the rest of life goes on,

Across an ocean of the earth where the wide broadness is all beyond.

Signed,

On and on and on