

## SPRING TIDE

*Again and again when I am broken  
my thought comes on you when you were young,  
and the incomprehensible ocean fills  
with floodtide and a thousand sails.*

*The shore of trouble is hidden  
with its reefs and the wrack of grief,  
and the unbreaking wave strikes  
about my feet with a silken rubbing.*

*How did the springtide not last,  
the springtide more golden to me than to the birds,  
and how did I lose its succour,  
ebbing drop by drop of grief?*