

Ghost Riding

Dark early morning, the wind has died
Lazy ocean waves, a silent glide
Oar's gentle motion, splashes of fish.
Sleep, dream and rhythm, moon through the mist.

Waves become silent, cold fog surrounds,
Iridescent ice mist, blend light and sounds,
No compass to guide, crashing of heart
Boundaries nowhere, mind full alert.

The fog lifted for me on that day,
Warmth on my shoulders, strange sunlit bay,
God is a gambler, shaking his dice
One game has been played, surely there's twice