

A photograph of a sunset over the ocean. The sky is a mix of blue, orange, and yellow, with soft clouds. The sun is a bright yellow circle just above the horizon. The water in the foreground is dark blue with white-capped waves. A poem is centered on the page, written in a simple, black, serif font.

As I walk an ancient path, the tide erases my footprints.
Cool, wet sand squeezes between my toes.
Its grainy texture massages my tired feet.
There is no occasion for this journey.
It is merely leisure, but not far from legacy.
Mid-May sun warms my skin; Summer is creeping in.
Cirrus clouds wisp above,
Their icy curls play no role in the day's fair weather.
The sapphire sky caresses my field of view,
Meeting the warm Gulf waters at the horizon.
I can see to the ends of the Earth!
As I wander, I ponder;
What things have come from such a wondrous place?
Dreams were born, Clarity embraced.
This is the place where angels bathe and kings go to die.
Serenity is overwhelming.
The waves sing a soft lullaby, telling me stories of times past;
Gently rising and falling, pulling toward peace.
I now float on the wake of eternity.
A single bead of sweat rolls over my temple.
Another meets the edge of my lips.
That bittersweet taste greets my tongue,
Not so different from the body of water in which I've become.
I am one with the sea.
I am outside of time, if only for the moment.
And although I walk alone, I am not.
I feel the life of lives once lived.
I have become part of that which will never be again.
The sky blushes; evening sets.
As I walk an ancient path, the tide erases me.