

## MY THOUGHTS

My thoughts,  
water hitting washed-up  
On rocks, tide pushed.  
Foaming giddy,  
Brief-bubbled, searching  
Finding virgin crevices.  
Warmed, chilled  
Splattered up and down  
Back-rushed to the sea  
Floating in agony wild  
Eating me.

Like leaves,  
Silk cotton flowers on a twig  
In a storm,  
Pulled, slacked, hurricaned  
Thrown mixed in torment,  
Shivering blind,  
Lost and found and lost.

Bewildered,  
Near fear strickened,  
My world is jigsawed,  
Patched,  
Knitted tight.

Break this prison  
This despair-clinched cell.  
Set,  
To know that quench of water fresh  
That cloud bursts  
Seeping earth-cracks bring  
Open beaks in birds' nests  
Waiting,  
Mother comes.  
To know that breath of air sweet,  
Music filled,  
Pol-len-ating the every tree,  
Sun and rain bathed leaves,  
Roots, stuck dark-hidden  
To bear true fruit.

LeRoy Clarke  
October, 1966.