

THERE IS A WORLD

There is a world
That knows no grief,
A world beyond human design.
The silent pines and enduring rock
Of this shoreline
Are only where they are.
They long for nothing,
Regret nothing,
Aging unconsciously in the tidal slurrp
Before giving themselves
Back to the earth and sea.

Unlike the rooted trees
And stolid rock,
We have no place,
Only the hollow consolation
Of errant mobility.
Self-conscious, we yearn
For that we do not have,
Forsaking the loyalty of familiar attachments,
For the ephemeral enthusiasms
Of that which cannot be.

And so, unknown to ourselves,
We quicken to the erratic pulse
Of ambition and desire,
Setting the fishhook,
Then tearing it free,
From the flesh of this,
Our only world.

Robert A. Neimeyer