

## Tides

by rayn *Tuesday, Dec 29 2015, 9:43am*

international / poetry / post

the waning moon almost invisible  
offers a slim medium where lovers  
send entreaties hoping  
their love will increase

the wind carries lost songs,  
screams, sobs and joyous laughter  
long lost to the human ear

the horizon forever runs  
like unfulfilled wishes  
and impossible dreams  
constantly out of reach

i sit in my favourite night place  
between the crags  
seeing, hearing and tasting the sea  
carried on the wind

the sea's brooding vastness  
is waiting to be moved by the  
invisible power of the moon