EQUANIMITY

When the noise
the churning on the surface
stops
on the inbreath
there is silence
even though
the low rumble
of the ocean
the everlasting, ever mindless surf
washes in and out
at the imperfect boundary
the girdle of rocks
at the margins.
Inside the ring of young rocks
the pale green lagoon
is rippled by the surge
but not essentially changed;
only on the worst days
storm days
is it truly perturbed
and even then
when the storm passes,
as it always does,
after the momentary foam
it reappears
transparent and clear.

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