

IN BETWEEN

So, here I stand amid the briny surge
That jostles surf upon the shore,
Review another breaker's jade converge
With bristling foam. My gaze is keen
Upon the far horizon, like a door
That blocks my seeing what's in store,
Fast sealed to hide the future scene. . . .

My feet are barely bathing at the brink
Of possibilities to come,
Yet waves are rolling faster than I think
I ever saw them as a teen
Or in mid-life. My toes feel numb,
As sheets of white to sea succumb,
Recede, no longer to be seen. . . .

No trekking backward trails across the land,
But time to scavenger the beach,
Find shells and shiny treasures in the sand,
Explore the habitat marine,
While creature gems remain in reach. . . .
Still much to learn. . . . God loves to teach,
As I await Him, in between.

— *David L. Hatton, 3/26/2016*