

On the Lonely Pier

Standing on a lonely pier
Below me ocean crystal clear
Each wave a looking glass
To every moment in my past
Turning tides in an ocean vast

In this sea there is no time
Nowhere to go
No place to find
Just a chance to be
My reflection watching me
Asking me who I am
But its image I don't understand
The tide pulls back there's only sand
No picture left just time forgotten
The life I behold
Seem misbegotten

The tide keeps turning up and down
Memories crashing all around
Each wave a part of me
A glimpse into an endless sea
I keep watching 'till nighttime comes
'Till all the waves turn to black
And then I start heading back
Wondering what I really learned
Watching for hours as each tide turned
Seeing each wave of memory
Crashing down then return to sea

And as I walk back to my home
Waiting to know what's been shown
Yet I do not even know
If another day has been thrown
Out to sea
Capsized in my memory
Nonetheless I still return
Each image is a lesson learned
On the waves of reflected tides
To myself I will abide
To discover what this ocean hides

Soon that time will surely come
When this sea comes undone
And I will gaze in waters still
To find a single picture clear
In the water of the lonely pier