

## The Sea and Oneness

Sea sensations  
brood within me.  
Moon rocked ocean water  
serves the minute  
and the monstrous,  
modeling many life templates  
within the same space  
at the same time.

Does cradling a baby  
mimic that movement and  
integrate function that needs  
lymphatic stimulation  
and nervous system soothing?

Inside out becomes outside in  
as we travel from the complexity  
of molecular sea without  
to the bag of living water  
walking about.

Pulling ourselves above the water  
is self-delusion.  
It doesn't stop the sight  
of graceful frond illusion  
like breeze inciting the brain  
to make a physical sense from genetic past.

We move towards and in the water  
as if we crave it, bit by bit.  
An ancient memory?  
What reminds us to reach  
for air and land?  
What is our future  
as oceans reclaim earth?

If sentience came before the sea,  
does it ride the waves  
or watch the flow?  
Does interdependency  
prove being able to rejoin?

Life continually blooms  
in Earth's liquid realms.  
We are Earthlings from the sea.  
There are no boundaries  
in this space.  
The order of chaos  
is without border.

At the swell of gestation  
the future yearns  
and spreads  
like a wave in  
every direction  
from that auspicious well.