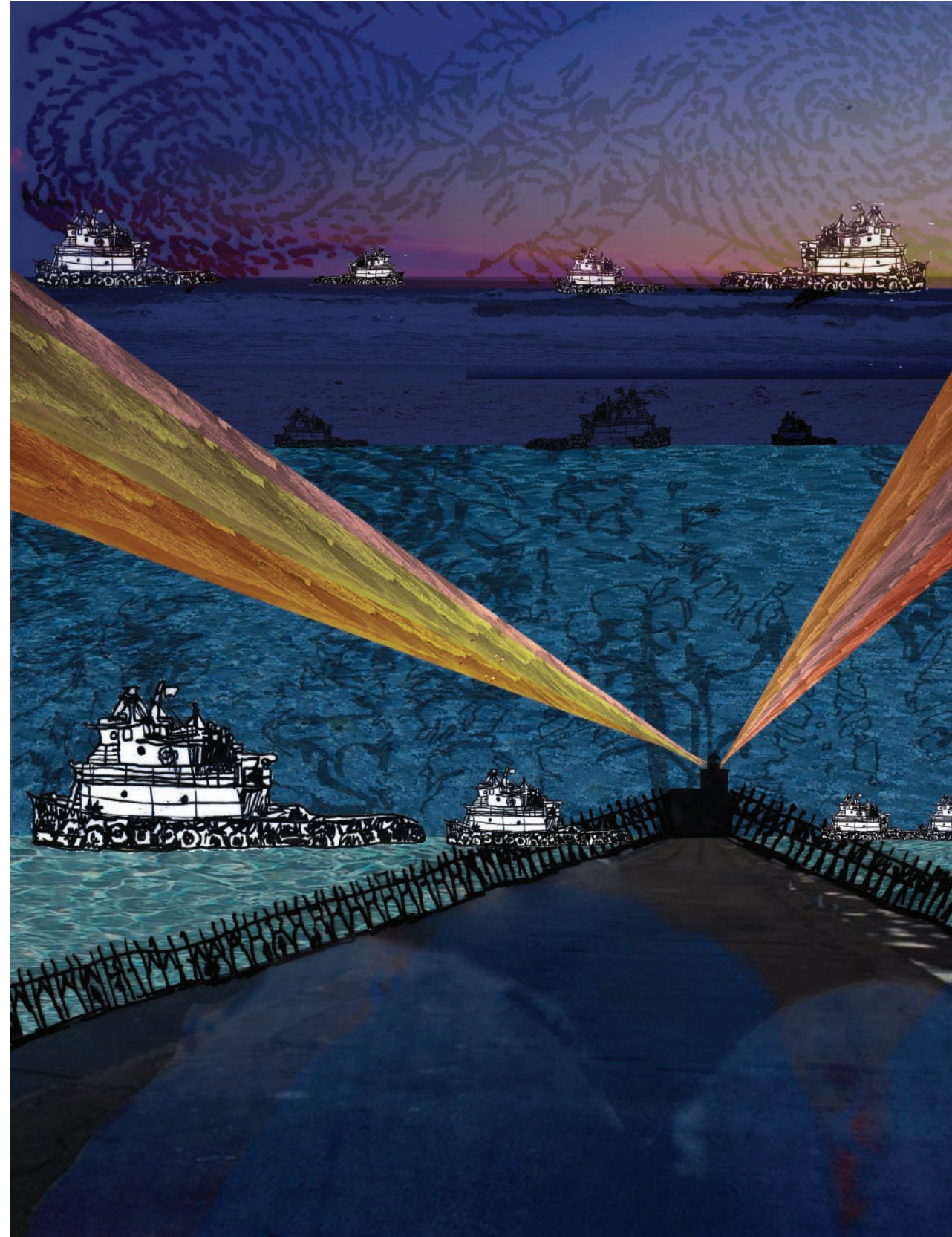


I Gazed at the Face of the Pacific,



and as I stood
in the frigid surf,
silt sweeping
over my feet
as the blood
shocked
through my veins,
I remembered
there was a God,
superimposed
somewhere
over the mouth
of the shore,
foaming, hungry.

He gave
a great sigh,
as if he were
waiting.
Sublimity lived
in that breath,
a macrocosm
of every absurd
instance – tearful
laugh at a funeral,
shudder at the warmth
of a lover's touch –
and I couldn't recall
what I had
forgotten
in the first place.

