

To Sur, with Love

By

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Honorable Mention Poetry - Adult

Cragged cliffs rise to endless verde
Cypress, Monterey Pines and scrub
at Willow Creek, Sand Dollar, Jade Cove
Sweeps of fluid azures

Sets of waves 1...2...3...4...
Calm...
Across the beckoning Pacific
Waves 1...2...3...4
They Ride Epoxy Ponies
through bobbing heads of Medusa's kelp

With predatory skills, they Watch, Wait, Hunt
for... *the* wave
Frothy peaks, boils, chop, spray
Music of the cresting tide
in mists of salt-laden surf
Cleansing their spirits and souls

Endless paddling on *tiny* board boats
Rewarded with glorious glides
barely beyond clutches
of neck-breaking cruel rocks
on beach break

How Far - is too far out?
Waves - how High is too high?
Paddle further, further still
Rip currents, undertows, tides, hooligan waves
Foretell foreboding
of four-wave hold-downs'
grey-black pillow
One breath from death

Yet. Yet, they Rise to walk on water
Like Jesus' sons
Apostles of aching shoulders
Penitents of stiffened backs
Struggling: Reborn!
on beach's gritty sand and sunrays
Returned to sweet water
of River Jordan
Baptismal clear