

# The Sea, The Moon and The Desert

David Worrall 1994.06.14

The sea recedes,  
tugged by the moon to wash another shore;  
to fill another pool  
and leave one here for contemplation -  
reflection and self awareness.

Calm and consider able  
blow your hot breath across the surface;  
disturb it, quantize it,  
less you fall in love with your own image  
and forget your oneness with the sea.

Tempest return,  
return with Terror  
to help me forget the present.  
take me away and consume me  
in protecting action  
less I come to know  
the ultimate truth of Boredom.

The sea - deserts of the deep -  
throws up a consciousness, a Jonah  
onto the sand  
which is but a desert -  
crushed shells, kernals, spirits of generation,  
what can we hope for but to be silicon, turned to memory,  
Prospero and Caliban are one:  
and who is Miranda? also one?

Magic and the tempest.  
Highest powers, magic and ritual? -  
forgetting one's self  
and becoming  
with the future, with the present, with the past.

Is Ferdinand attracted to Miranda?  
History is a kind of cowardice!