

Bluegreen

Consider the color in the wave
When, in approaching shore,
The rising darkness thins and
Translucent hues appear and crest.

Poets attempt to capture this in words,
Painters in pigment applied.
The Mystic seeks through mind
Or the absence of mind.

Most poets, painters and mystics -
And most of us as well -
Capture something of the essence;
None capture all.

Here now and quickly gone;
Returning but never the same;
In the end the wave remains
A thing unto itself.