

# The Tide of the Mind

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Once so shaken  
Sand scraped and  
cut at the sharp  
Edges of despair,  
Hurt, anger  
And isolation.

And the storms rolled in  
Like a Christmas Globe  
Snow in turmoil  
Whispers  
As the Globe  
Crashed and in broken  
silence  
the sea spoke of  
Rosebud.

The demise of all  
that was  
While  
Starfish lolling on their backs  
If they even have a back  
And which side would it be?  
And the demise of the storm  
As Rosebud is  
Just a memory of  
Who she was  
A Sleigh?  
A wonderful woman in a dream  
No matter  
The storm shed  
The froth waves like  
Whip cream they  
Settle down.

And the shallow waters  
Lap against a shore  
Where  
A gaze into infinity  
Promises  
Deeper places  
Where storms may brew  
And then may not  
And all is perfect  
Within the Tide  
Of the mind.