

## Michael McGuire "Wind Rain And Tides"

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WIND, RAIN AND TIDES

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The future is a measure of how far a man can see, and  
hopelessness is a  
self-fulfilling prophecy, all the meaning in the unturned  
stones lost to the  
season, you sow an excuse and expect to reap a  
reason, in the poetry of  
bliss you try to while the hours, thru winter's cold  
hands and summer's  
showers, this life is not happening to you; you are  
happening to it, the  
dumb days turning heavens and the desolation wit.  
You search for inspiration when you feel your soul is  
sapped, in the  
nighttime sky but all the stars have been tapped, this  
world an alter of  
sorrow wonder and pain, all congealed into an  
intangible ache of river and  
rain, she says "this" and it all just falls into the bulk  
of being, what the  
eye cant see is the flawed weather of seeing, an  
undiminished destination  
awaits as patiently as god, as even for the willing and  
the doing favors  
odd.  
Baited by this ostensible orbit we assume the build,  
dowered in the  
futures placebo we are softly killed, change is the kind  
of nothingness of  
machine stress, sensually lost in the deed and her  
dress, the ever ending  
never over labor logic life, is the meaning implied when  
the bride is  
discovered wife, the shifting elements consumed by  
the mortals secular  
clock, wind rain and tides beat change into the rock.  
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