



Endlessly

One by one, another and then
A repeat of a countless flow;
Soft tidal music, ocean's song,
Pulsing, rhythmic its ebb and flow.

Each wave is sent by Him I know;
He designed each with bubbly foam
And bade them all to crest then fall,
And strive to reach their shore-based home.

The lapping sounds, the music of
Bright day followed by dim lit night;
Beneath blazed sun; beneath pale moon,
Lovely, lovely appears each sight.

Endlessly each one comes to shore
Urged on by a prod from above;
How many waves? God only knows;
Each defining His Gift of Love.

Henry W. Gurley