The Change You Make in Me

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I'd welcome any moderate disaster
That might be calculated to postpone
What evidently nothing could conclude.

Robert Frost

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Richard D. Borisch

on nights when the wind blew
i used to think
of waves hitting the shore
over and over, forever.
standing in that distant noise
it was safe to say
that the oceans were escaping
and that the sea
had climbed the sand cliffs
and found our caves,
our names carved stiffly in the sand,
and our absence.

i would like to know
the name of every star
and hear each minute of the wind
that lives between the pines.

it is a simple matter of security
to be remote and powerless,
the only one to go out
beyond the edge of dancing lights
and watch the universe
through the clouds
knowing it is all so much the same
for everyone.

if you learn the name of any star
or see, as i do,
the rising of some bright planet
in the eastern sky,
find me again
and tell me.

i will believe you
when you say the wind is black;
i have no better answer.

the ocean has turned a crashing white
against the shore
for centuries without escaping;
i have spent whole afternoons
on salt stained rocks
waiting for any significant change,
knowing none would come.

and on nights when the wind blows
i wonder how the sea,
not reaching up to our names,
will ever know
that we are not as we were.
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