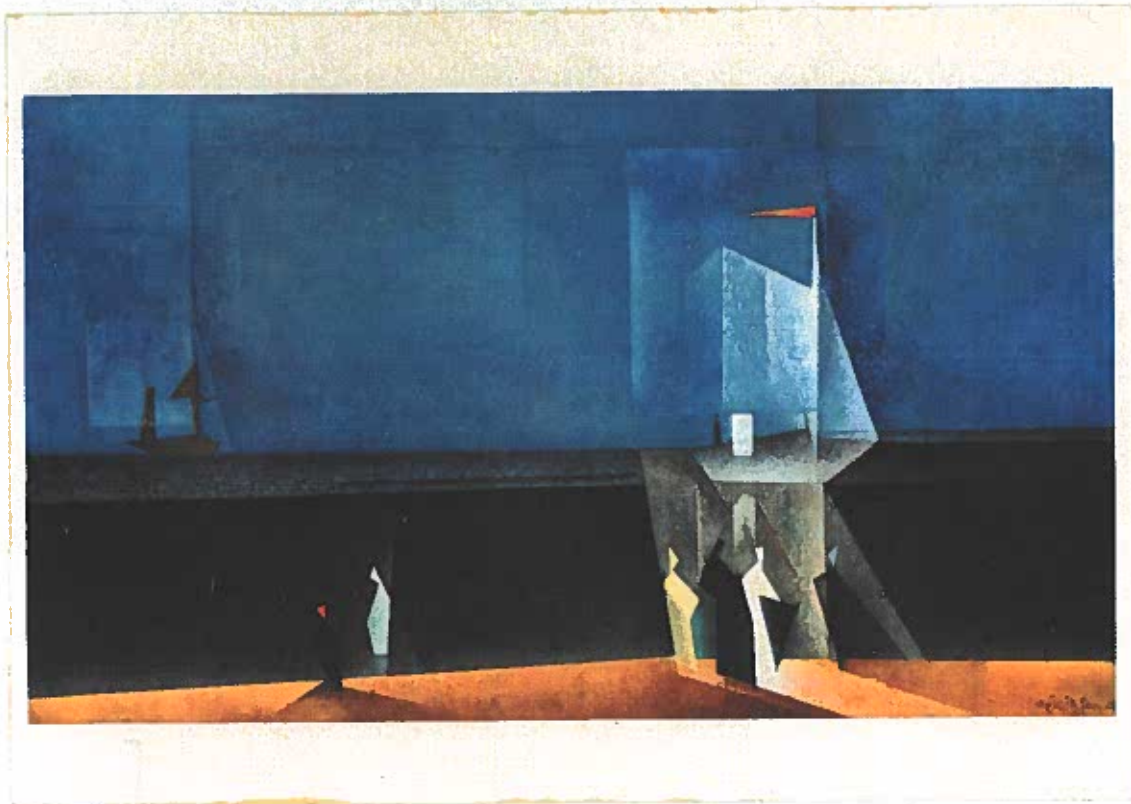


"Blue Marine"
Lyonel Feininger



I wait;
Continually wait for the sail
Alone
In the gaze of the prayer.
As the world lost in time
To never return the flown
Illusioned but imaged
In blue?
Or is it the I
Repeating what always would be
As turning the pebbles of sand,
Forever untouched,
In the shroud of the tear -
and begging;
yea begging
The heart touch the mind.

thrift