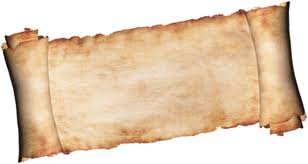
Motion of the ocean

We wander through the shallows and deep waters of our lives

Joyful on a jet ski of speed and euphoria

Reflective in a canoe of quietness, watching the blades swirl ripples as they slice through the blue water

Every so often desperately treading water as the storm waves sweep over our heads praying for respite.

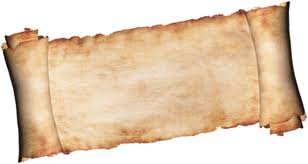


We take to a surf board to feel the wave

Try not to jump on the first one that comes along

Intuit the one to rise on

Trust the native instinct deep in our bodies.



Oh yes, our minds are such clever contraptions

With their pros and cons and their tidy rationales

Their project plans and goals.

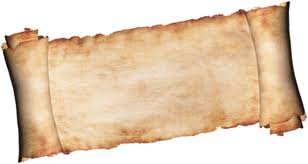
And yet, and yet, the lives we lead

The choices we make in the autobiography of our careers

The partners we choose as soul mates

Our friends, how we face loss and despair

Hear music and watch stories unfold



Come from our souls and our bodies.

Remember, lest we forget

The motion of the ocean

And hear it speak its truth to us

In some deep and unfathomable way

As we head inexorably towards shore.