

"...Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips  
Bidding adieu..."

--John Keats, Ode on Melancholy

#### DEFYING THE BREAKERS

The truth, two-sided wave of grief  
and joy, I intimately know.  
One half conceals a stealthy thief.

The other bears elation's sheaf  
of blessings which I store to show  
the truth, two-sided wave of grief.

I focus on the greening leaf  
instead of raked-up piles of woe  
whose depths conceal a stealthy thief.

Survival of a coral reef  
attests to standing in the flow  
of truth, two-sided wave of grief.

I hold to this, however brief,  
the gladness-- always turned to go.  
The other is a stealthy thief.

With buoyed cheer, my small craft's chief,  
I sail across the undertow  
of truth, two-sided wave of grief  
and joy, one half a stealthy thief.

And soon I shelter in my soul's belief.

--Glenna Holloway