

Drifting

Floating on this inner river
 Surface always supporting
Not needing oars or rudder
 Inward becoming onward
Glancing against soft bank
 Returning now to center
Moving always forward
 Assuming no destination
No one giving guidance
 Fragrance wafting in
Effects unveiling causes
 Shadows weaving slowly
Friends seen floating by
 Saluting and passing on
Permanence giving way
 Memories all smoothing
Keeping in and keeping on
 Down merging with up
Dreaming hidden ocean

—Alan Harris
alharris.com/poems