I walk

below a setting sun beside a raging sea among a grove of oak

Surrounded by

Its warmth

Its roar

Its life

Eternity

The horizon

Stretches endlessly

A storm above

The waves below

Life

Death

Waits with a rictus grin

And me,

A sardonic smile

A pensive stare

The

Sky

Clouds

Rain

Wind

Above

The

field

Earth

Dirt

Gold

Grass

Mud

Below

How long will this moment last?

Until the sky clears and seasons numbering

Before the setting sun and seasons numbering