



poem generator

the time  come

## One Morning

Looking for distinctive stones, I found the dead otter  
rotting by the tideline, and carried all day the scent of this savage  
valediction. That [REDACTED] high sound the oystercatcher makes  
came echoing through the rocky cove  
where a cormorant was feeding and submarining in the bay  
and a heron rose off a boulder where he'd been invisible,  
drifted a little, stood again -- a hieroglyph  
or just longevity [REDACTED] on itself  
between the sky clouding over and the lightly ruffled water.

This was the morning after your dream of dying, of being held  
and told it didn't matter. A butterfly went jinking [REDACTED]  
the wave-silky stones, and where I turned  
to go up the road again, a couple in a blue camper sat  
smoking their [REDACTED] over their breakfast coffee (blue  
scent of smoke, the thick dark smell of fresh coffee)  
and talking in quiet voices, first one then the other answering,  
their radio telling the daily news behind them. It was warm.  
All seemed at peace. I could feel the sun coming [REDACTED] the water.

—Eamon Grennan

scroll for your  
daily poem

the

time

will



come



enter location

Es ziehen die brausenden Wellen  
Wohl nach dem Strand;  
Sie schwellen und zerschellen  
Wohl auf dem Sand.

Sie kommen groß und kräftig  
Ohn' Unterlaß;  
Sie werden endlich heftig–  
Was hilft uns das?

One Morning

Looking for distinctive stones, I found the dead otter  
rotting by the tideline, and carried all day the scent of this savage  
valediction. That headlong high sound the oystercatcher makes  
came echoing through the rocky cove  
where a cormorant was feeding and submarining in the bay  
and a heron rose off a boulder where he'd been invisible,  
drifted a little, stood again -- a hieroglyph  
or just longevity reflecting on itself  
between the sky clouding over and the lightly ruffled water.

This was the morning after your dream of dying, of being held  
and told it didn't matter. A butterfly went jinking over  
the wave-silky stones, and where I turned  
to go up the road again, a couple in a blue camper sat  
smoking their cigarettes over their breakfast coffee (blue  
scent of smoke, the thick dark smell of fresh coffee)  
and talking in quiet voices, first one then the other answering,  
their radio telling the daily news behind them. It was warm.  
All seemed at peace. I could feel the sun coming off the water.  
—Eamon Grennan

they

will

are

them

she

have

fun

How is your mood today?

1 2 3 4 5

good bad