What Lasts

The lunar wave rolls up
the bay of Fundy twice a day.
A hundred miles from open sea
boats crowd the narrow inlet.
People cheer the tidal bore,
surf the water's surge.

Twenty thousand mornings
rise up then pass, seven hundred
moons, a blink of Brahma's eye
as he sleeps on the coiled serpent
waiting the world into being.
No matter how far inland

I walk water, sorrow, out run me.
What comes first commands
attention. Like lovers, the first
sets a precedent to measure by.
All love is memorable,
some only for the pain.

(from: Splitting Hard Ground)
Marilyn Stablein