**LLD Surf Poem #1**



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**I stand**

**On a shoreline of the known-familiar**

**and gaze horizon way**

**to a flat-topped massif over the bay…**

**I am drawn**

**to ancient rock layed down by older ocean**

**whose rhythms in the primal waters of warm womb were also my beginnings…**

**I lust**

**that monument**

**for it’s elevation**

**for that summit’s sweet blue sky**

**where nothing’s between my stars and I**

**I taste**

**the iron blood**

**the sweat to shed**

**to rise**

**on every muscle shaking**

**with fibres I will yet be making**

**forward-up**

**inward-on…**

**I lick my lips**

**sun-streaked hair rippling with salty zephyrs trickling**

**hot-tickling my tanned back to take the step…**

**Do I go?**

**To go is to return, says the Tao**

**but as what, as who?**

**And yet, I want that unknown me to be**

**what this sea, this crossing, will make of me…**

**So let the casual sharks**

**between here**

**and there**

**beware!**

**For now I DO and now I DARE!**

*(Mahler, 3 Dec 2013)*