

A Cathedral of My Own

The shadows move the ground.
The wind begins to die.
Stars will soon light the way,
through the blackness of the sky.

The water crashes like constant thunder,
as it dives to its death.
The mist begins to rise,
like a dragon's spectral breath.

I am alone on this rock,
to sit and think of home.
I have this moment to myself,
as I gaze into the foam.

The world goes by so quickly;
so quick and yet so cold.
Some get caught up in it,
as others just get old.

To live until I die,
is all I want till death.
To see all that I can see,
to breathe until no breath.

These long moments of reprieve,
do my soul so good.
Escaping from the endless day,
of doing what I should.

By
Eric Kay