



THIRTY NINE

By Wayne Visser

As markets crashed and wild fires spread
Fresh waves of doubt splashed in my head
So seas of promise turned to sands
And snuffed the flame of future plans

Then darkness warmed to fragile day
My scattered ruins left on display
And though rebuilding had begun
It took some time to feel the sun

Now as the year draws to a close
The icy water melts and flows
I cut the rope and trust to time
Upon the ocean thirty nine

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