



## 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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