

Diane Webster

Next Whatever

I face the sea studying
each wave curl toward shore
spreading, re-spreading sand
in white, foamy washes.
Behind me lie mountains,
valleys, hills and abysses
I traversed to stand
alone before the ocean
my eyes fixed along the horizon
calculating.
Will I see a ship to sail
me across this sea?
Can I have faith to feel
the salty water beneath my feet
as I step over the waves
always toward the setting sun
as my guide until I spy
a shadow of land, my land,
my destination, my island
to pass through onto the next
whatever lies ahead

Diane Webster writes, "My biggest challenge is to remain open to poetry idea opportunities in everyday life whether that's seeing someone interesting driving to work or witnessing a hawk scowling from its perch. Then to get that idea on paper so it's not forgotten is the next challenge." Her work has appeared in *The Rainbow Rose*, *Philadelphia Poets*, *Illya's Honey* and other literary magazines.