
Always Forward

by Jim Hrbek, MSPE

The hellish black and crushing gloom,
Wreak havoc with the soul.
The surf upon the barren shore
Is awesome to behold.

An albatross's lonely call
Splits the air upon the shoal.
The rain pours down in solid sheets;
It casts a crushing pall.

It is, then, in this place I stay,
My sorrows to bemoan,
And revel in my misery—
Sitting here alone.

Tough and weathered, stunted shrubs,
By tempest winds are blown,
While gnarled trees on rocky crags
May only sit and groan.

A lightning bolt of matchless force
Assaults the cliff's rough side—
And still it rears its fearless head,
To challenge force with pride.

Sensibility makes its play—
I find my soul again—
And then, at length, I find my strength
To stand and feel—myself—again. **Ω**

