

The Ocean is a Distant Mason

The Ocean is a Distant Mason

By : Kaithe

Healing,father ocean, mother river



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Ting, Tong--ocean is a mason--hear his chisel ring,
deep down, always erasing, with a Tong, Ting.
glassy stone is what his frothy sizzle brings.
anchor lines vibrate like heart strings.

A Ting, and a Pong, no more beloved chiselled font,
those dates gone, because the ocean is a mason,
and when I submerge into his basement,
Tong and a Ting, his craftsmanship sings.

and those swings, vibrating anchor strings,
with a pong and ping, bring you to shore
his backswing, causes waves to pour,
bowing prow of windjammer rides contour.

and his distant Ting, commands the wind,
they are bellows for him, but throw your hat,
watch it come back again, a Ping and Tong,
the ocean is a mason, hear his song,
with power to rescind, nothing is gone,
throw your hat to the waves, watch it come back in.
submerge your ears// and hear the Tong and Ting.

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