Pegasus Magazine is published annually by the Campus Life Office of Delaware County Community College, Media PA.
Pegasus, the winged horse of Greek mythology, was born from the blood of Medusa’s severed head after the hero Perseus slew her. Legend has it, that it was Pegasus’ stomping on Mt. Olympus that caused the springs of water to form that eventually birthed Muses. Thus, Pegasus has gone down in history as a symbol of creative genius.

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Guest Poet Biography

Michael Smith

A native of Philippi, West Virginia, Mike Smith and now lives near Raleigh, North Carolina with his young daughter and son. He holds degrees from UNC-G, Hollins College, and the University of Notre Dame, and served, most recently, as Writer-in-Residence at American University. He has published three chapbooks, including Anagrams of America, which is permanently archived at Mudlark: Electronic Journal of Poetry and Poetics, and has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize four times. He has had poems appear in over fifty magazines, including the Carolina Quarterly, Gulf Stream, The Iowa Review, The North American Review, and The Notre Dame Review. His first full-length collection, How to Make a Mummy, was published in 2008. His second, Multiverse, appeared in February from BlazeVOX Books (Buffalo, NY).

Advice For Student Writers

The advice I have to give anyone contemplating a life of writing would serve as well, I suppose, for just about any other honest human endeavor. For me, the hardest skill to develop has been patience, patience for the work itself, patience for quietude, patience for the rest of life, which is anything but quiet, patience in the face of neglect or censure, patience for the very long time it may take to make any sort of headway, patience to set down, as nearly as possible, what you want to set down, realizing it will be imperfectly done, and patience to find the stark beauty of our imperfections. One way to cultivate this patience (or these patiences), I believe, is to read, not just what grabs you, but what grabs your friends, your family, your foes, the teachers you like and the teachers you don’t. Judgments are important to a writer, but equally important is developing the awareness that judgments, particularly aesthetic judgments, are never permanent. Many are reactionary. Many are necessary stop-gaps. It’s fun, periodically, to go back over works you read long ago, and think you have a sure handle on, to find you see them differently now, for better or worse. This goes for your own work, too. A term for this kind of process might be “Re-creation.” It can seem a terrible kind of betrayal to want to re-conceive a work you’d written six months or a year or five years ago. But it takes courage too, the courage to let the past and its products act as catalyst for the present. It takes patience to see the other way to read Re-creation: as play.

- Michael Smith
Anemone, Limpet, Mussel, Crab

Michael Smith

Hermits! My daughter walks near you again, forsaking my hand. This summer, we look and step so carefully, out of fear and love. She says the sea is kind to reveal this run of beach between groins, these trinkets thrown in tidal pools we’d carry in a pail to show the others, if we had one. She has regard for the sea, regards it as a woman, because she is human and she is frail and free. We pity the funny mole crabs that aren’t shoveled into pails. We mourn the little clams that stud the sand or re-enter the sea, and frown at the riot of the sporting birds, delighted by architects and entrepreneurs whose slow beauty is a byproduct of inner growth and for whom growth is tantamount to virtue. We prefer them to those other unplanned works the waves distribute, prefer them because we may touch them and because they’re testament not elegy, elegy not objects of grief. That the world is only almost predictable must vex God, in whom I believe today, now, this moment. My daughter believes in God as she believes in Death. She is young, so rarely sees the moon in its glory, only that exiting palimpsest of a moon in front of us. She slips into sleep soundly now, so doesn’t start at our every snorted word.

The two poems below are part of a larger project of twenty-four poems called Multiverse: A Bestiary, in which all the poems are anagrams of one another. The letters of one poem have been rearranged to write each of the other poems. No letters have been added and no letters have been left out. Titles, sections numbers, and section titles are not to be considered parts of the anagrams.

Anecdote of Defeat and Defeat

Michael Smith

Those afternoon visits to the West Virginia countryside...Exhausting courses of flies, flowers, and the feeble grasp of weeds under a cow-belly sky the wisest once deemed worthy of worship. Blue mountains. Black earth. Only this day, I ran to follow (Was I eleven?) my mother, trespassing her way over a patchwork pattern of forest and yellow pastures, the ever-present tipples and tracks, toward two stray dots, unmoving, on the distant mountain that became, in time, something laughably incongruous: Free-standing porch swings in a field, a chair and ottoman, no, more sensibly, deer blind or outhouse, the remnants of a rusty still, some altar. (This should be the painting of a photograph on the game-room wall) But the mother and young calf swung their heads to stare my way. I paused to mark the mother’s warrior’s helmet of a nose, the bones easy under loose hides, the lousy insects everywhere, swarming over sores and soft parts—Trojans destined to extend behind the ramparts, yet shiny with surf. The wide-eyed calf stayed beside his mother. Something like the taste of hate rose in my throat. I guessed then there would never be real fight in me, but, also, that there would never be a need.
As I recall
we were dancing,
a gentle sway
from left to right.
Soft melodies held us weightless
as we lost all track of time.
Now I’m not one to say perfect
because perfection does not exist
but,
your hair,
your smile,
the shadows on the bandstand,
well I didn’t think I could resist.
And so the last dance came,
the piano played a C.
What are you doing the rest of your life?
I prayed you’d spend some time with me.

Is it rain, or tears, coming down in sheets?
From clouds with hot flushed cheeks.
Their rosy color takes on a lavender hue.
Like a heart with a bruise.
But she’s bruised, not broken.
The sky’s still open.
Through her clouds I see the bits of blue
and the last remnants of sunlight - shining through.
Even the sky can’t cry forever
no matter what the weather.
The darkness rolls in, but tonight it’s not bringing despair,
instead, there’s rest and contentment in the air.
With the sun fades the rain
and that sweetest, sharpest sort of pain
that comes and goes, but never lasts for long.
Because she’s always had hope all along.
This, of course, was in the days before cars drove themselves. It was a romantic era of steering wheels and fiery crashes, where man’s destiny was as uncertain as a roll of dice. They had those too, then. Little plastic cubes that came with the manual board games children would still sometimes get as gifts for Christmas or their birthdays, disappointed that it wasn’t the latest video game or a then-just-invented Blu-Ray player.

They rolled the dice and moved their tokens around the board, uncertain where they’d land, and unable to change that outcome.

There was a board game called “Life” then, though it had no dice, just a wheel made from plastic, which at this point was still processed from oil taken from the ground. For a children’s toy, it was a surprisingly apt metaphor for its namesake: plastic men and plastic women having plastic children at random, unplanned and ultimately unasked for.

Mara lived during these uncertain times of legend, in a Brooklyn that had yet to truly reach the sky, despite their engineers’ greatest efforts. Mara lived there then with her husband Jacob, and now it seemed the pair would soon be joined by yet another, a third plastic peg, a child.

“Positive,” she said, looking at the crude-yet-effective device, a word which at that moment seemed devoid of meaning. “Positive,” she said again, mulling the word over, feeling her lips form around it as she pushed it from her mouth, a word formed within her womb. It seemed strange and alien, that word of affirmation; one she could not believe had come from inside her.

She shook the thing like one would shake a glass and mercury thermometer, the sort that even then was mostly obsolete, surpassed in affordability and ease of use by yet another battery powered device. The readout, of course, didn’t change.

Pregnancy tests were a science man had mostly gotten down by then, ninety-nine point nine percent effective, as high as it would ever be, even had it not been made redundant a scant few generations later.
She slipped on her coat, it was colder back then, and stepped outside, the air then still relatively pure. There was a public transit stop at the end of the street, and even though scheduling was still more scatter-shot than certain, her timing was impeccable.

She stepped onto the bus, another machine that ran on fossil fuels, and slipped a token into the machine beside the pilot. It was a romantic era of physical currency and manual driving. The bus man turned to Mara and smiled. He wore a button reading “Never Forget,” a reference to the terrorist attack on the World Trade Center a mere seven years earlier.

It was only five blocks back to the pharmacy, a place she’d left only an hour before, and despite it still being a time filled with regular walking from place to place, it was a span she didn’t feel like trekking. In this action, Mara was, in a way, ahead of her time.

She stepped out of the bus in front of the corner pharmacy; one miraculously remaining, not bought by any major corporate conglomerates. “Kilgore’s Pharmacy – Since 1976” it said upon the store’s unanimated sign.

Mara was there to buy another pregnancy test. Despite the device’s accurately touted effectiveness, writ right there upon the package, “99.9% EFFECTIVE!” mankind, including Mara, had still been brought up with a certain distrust of technology. She paid for it with paper.

This time she elected to walk home, feeling her belly with the hand unoccupied by the plastic bag she carried. It didn’t feel any bigger to her, but she knew. She arrived home, but didn’t open the test. She sat by the window and cried.

Mara wasn’t ready for this anymore than mankind was ready for its future.

This, of course, was in the days before the nuclear bomb was dropped on Endswell, before mankind’s salvation was ensured, before the birth of Adam. It was a romantic era of uncertainty, and man knew nothing else but fear.

END
I am wasted away, my steps unsure.
The wind whips about me, like icy nails.

Will I get to see my homeland once more?

Must keep going. I must get home before
I die. My people I surely can’t fail.
Will I get to see my homeland once more?

I must tell my people what I saw four
days ago. Those work camps are more than jails.
I am wasted away, my steps unsure.

I must tell of the torture, blood, and gore.
But I am cold, the wind around me wails.

Will I get to see my homeland once more?

Those awful soldiers, my poor heart they tore.
I must tell my people this dreadful tale.
I am wasted away, my steps unsure.
Will I get to see my homeland once more?
“Still Awake? Feeling Adventurous? I am. Email me with Some Suggestions.”

Nathan tapped his finger against the computer mouse, biting his lip in temptation. He poked his head into his son’s bedroom, confirming that he was asleep. Nathan ran back to the computer to respond to Craig’s List ad. “Where can we meet?” he typed quickly.

Within minutes, she replied

“We can check into a motel,” she wrote back.

“What do you look like? Do you have a picture?”

“Let’s keep this as discrete as possible. You’ll be happy with how I look,” she responded.

This satisfied him enough. Nathan called and booked the motel, sending her one last email with the room number before throwing on his jacket and hopping into his car.

Nathan sat in the motel at the foot of bed for ten minutes. He checked his watch every two minutes, tapping his foot against the grungy carpet. Impatience grew inside him as he considered just calling it a night and heading home. The thought dissolved when he heard three soft knocks against the door. He jumped to his feet and dashed over to the door and swung it open. He stood there staring at her with a cold, empty expression.

“Working late again, huh?”

“Just trying to support our family.”

“So how often do you do this?”

“About as often as you, I suppose.”

Nathan looked at his wife in puzzlement, unsure of how to handle the situation. “Well, should we go ahead and do it anyway?” he asked in a casual tone.

“Sure, let’s get on with it. I’ll call a divorce lawyer in the morning.” She stepped inside the motel room as Nathan shut the door.
Heaven’s clouds were parted by Lucifer’s hands as he gazed wearily upon the world of man. He watched and analyzed, perplexed and intrigued by their inner dialogues and humorous ideology. Age after age, they advanced but did not progress, saw but did not learn. Self contained within a prison of earthly indulgences, mankind continued to oppress itself, governing without justice or wisdom. He shook his head at their ignorance, allowing himself to revel in their self-proclaimed superiority whilst they sat upon a majestic throne of lies and deception.

The message had been wasted, the message had been lost, Lucifer thought. And no amount of grace could ever redeem them for the shadows they have formed.

“What is it that you see, brother?” asked a stoic voice from behind, an identity Lucifer need not turn to decipher. He chuckled quietly to himself.

“Matters of little importance, Gabriel. To what do I owe the pleasure?” Lucifer questioned in response, wrapping his angelic wings around himself while he basked in the celestial light encompassing all that they were and all that would ever be. Gabriel then straightened up beneath his elegant, shining armor, displaying archaic ruins in the perfectly cut structure which encased the angel’s body. The instruments served as a symbol of his high status within the confines of the angelic hierarchy, his deeds and renown echoing throughout the cosmos.

“Don’t be coy, you know why I am here. Is there no way I can change your mind?” the archangel asked, his voice filled with genuine concern. Lucifer turned then to face his brother with eyes that had seen the birth of the universe, eyes that had pierced through the fabrics of space and time, eyes that had witnessed the triumph of chaos over order, eyes that rejected angelic consciousness in favor of truth.

“Tell me, Gabriel, if the maker did not want me to rebel, why is it that I can?” Lucifer pondered, the auras of the two angels conflicting with one another, their essences clashing amidst the white fires of paradise. The archangel proceeded to compose himself, theorizing his answer carefully, for it questioned the omniscience of his master.

“It is not through his will that you act, but your own. You could choose peace, but instead you embrace death. I care nothing for war, my brother; I do not wish to see the blood of our kind spilled needlessly across paradise.” The archangel spoke with bitterness, though the rage had been calmed within him.

“I choose only as much as I am allowed to choose. The architecture of my being, all that I would learn, all that I would see, all that is around us, these are of the great one’s design. Without those seeds, without those circumstances, I would not be standing before you now, preparing to set fire to the heavens. We control only so much, Gabriel, only a small sphere.” Lucifer responded.

“But within that sphere you manipulate a black hearted rebellion. Bring blood to our hands that may never wash away. You dishonor everything we ever stood for.”

“And what is it that we stood for Gabriel? What is it? For justice, for truth? We are but slaves to the Imperium. This is the only semblance of freedom we ever had at all!”
Lucifer proclaimed, the flames that dwelt inside him blaring. Gabriel said nothing at first, for he was disconcerted, demoralized.

“We did not stand for destruction,” he stated at last.

“Better to embrace destruction then continue basking in this endless void.”

“You light shines brighter than all the Seraphim, floating closest to perfection. You have been bestowed with wisdom, gifted with foresight. Please, I implore you, do not betray that radiance in foolish pursuit of power. It will end badly for you,” advised the archangel, his voice calmed, filled with reason. Lucifer then pondered for a moment, their gazes interlocking as all of heaven seemed to look upon them.

“You misunderstand my motives, and you have greatly erred in judgment. The Cherubs, the Orphanim, even the great Seraphim are little more than mindless drones, insects clinging to any strand of illumination that appears before them. It is a trap, Gabriel, it is a sham. The light is meant to deceive you, to blind you from the truth. It seems this foresight we speak of is present within you as well, for it is you and I alone who stand apart from the heavenly host. And yet we are on opposite ends of the spectrum. I have made my decision to lead all who will follow me to death and glory, however futile my campaign may be, just as you have made yours to stand beside the maker. There is no turning back. And at the end of the coming battle, I will laugh at the absurdity, no matter the outcome.”

“You realize you have little hope for victory, but even still you would choose to rebel!”

“It is not the end that matters, for only the journey has meaning. I care not whether I continue to exist or be destroyed, only that I may harness the will to reject the false light. If I am meant to become one with nothingness for all time, then so be it. I am not afraid. The maker was aware that I would someday do this thing, and I was created in spite of that fact. Our free will extends only as far as the mover allows, the limits are at his discretion, thus the illusion of freedom deceives us all. We are all just pawns in some grand scheme which knowledge is forbidden. And in spite of this I choose blood, I choose rebellion. They are more real to me than this aesthetic paradise in which we linger.” Gabriel’s heart sank.

“So this is your path then, Lucifer. Your wisdom, your enlightenment, in the end they mean nothing. How am I to argue with one who has resigned himself to such fatalism?” Lucifer did not respond, and the two angels stood in deep silence for a time. Darkness had fallen upon them. Gabriel then spoke again, in a hollowed voice.

“There was once a time when we stood as one upon the battlefield, our swords drawn in beautiful cohesion. Despite a millennia of brotherhood, our blades are now poised to cross with one another, and the blood of our people will cover the stars. I lament the coming battle, I lament this destiny,” the archangel remarked, while Lucifer placed a hand upon his shoulder.

“I have not forgotten the past, brother. I never will. You have always had my respect. We were meant to meet upon the field, you and I, to bear our weapons proudly in combat for as long as our celestial bodies allow. You spoke of beauty in the former unity of our swords, come, come now and bask in the beauty of destruction, for there is no other I would rather duel, just as there is no other I would rather have standing at my side.” Yet the sadness did not depart from the archangel’s eyes.

“So be it my brother. I will do as you suggest. Know only that I will mourn your passing, when I strike you down.”

“I’ve felt as if I’ve been falling for ages now, Gabriel. It feels, so very good to fall.”
I think you’ll never know just how much you hurt me.

I guess I’ll never know just how much I hurt you.

It’s hard growing up. I would know. I had to.

Serving your every need. Forgetting myself.

How hard it is for me to lose you to the world.

I don’t know if you’ll want to come back.

I’m still here, though, wondering if you even notice.

I remember your sweet voice, the one that called out to me

In the night watches.
Little did he know it would be the last time the syringe would ever get to puncture his soul. He pushed down on the plunger like a button that would simply put an end to all his problems. Six CC’s of ecstasy injected right into his veins, fogging up his dire memories and turning them into a dispersing vapor. He was a slug of a man, a cavity of my father, and an aid to the statistic. Perhaps this was the peace he’d been seeking all his life. My mother called it an exit; I call it a cop out.
The Hunt

Donald Wood Jr.

Silently, I sit in the tallest pine tree.
The light that arises over the horizon makes me shield my wincing eyes. The sun glistens across the undisturbed snow.

The light that arises over the horizon brings my hot breath into sight. The sun glistens across the undisturbed snow, and the cold steel burns my calloused hands.

Its hot breath comes in to my sight as the creature breaks the tree line. The cold steel victimizes my steady hands and I draw the butt to my shoulder.

As the creature breaks the tree line, I follow with my eye through the scope. With the butt drawn to my shoulder I pull the trigger and destroy the forest's stillness.

With my eye I find it in the scope, and I have to shield my primal excitement. With the trigger pulled, the forest stands still. Silently, I wait in the tallest pine tree.
We've been called Grunts. Mud-crunchers. Dirt huggers, boots, bodies, boys and men, and anyone who wasn't one of us we called a POG. The guys who didn't walk. That's what we called anyone who wasn't Infantry. Because that's what they were. Persons Other than Grunts.

We walked where others walked before us. Some said Alexander was there a long time ago. We know that Lawrence was there. And we know the British were there in the 40s. And now here we were. Walking. We walked with rifles and grenades, with funny objects strapped to us that all did different things. We had Bulanda, a South Korean adopted by a Polish family who wore the PRC119C radio. It had an antenna that could stand up to eight feet, but we never put it up. There was Howard, the self-converted Jew who carried the SAW. It stood for Squad Automatic Weapon. The Pig. The Mule. The Artillery. The thing that ended firefights. There was Rubio, the fat Mexican who lived in Beverly Hills and whose family had a maid. He was stupid. We never trusted him with anything. There was Furlong who wore a pack that we all put stuff in. He was too dumb to know that's what we used him for, so he humped our gear everywhere we walked. There was Heckman who carried the 203. A grenade launcher. He shot a dog in the leg with it one night at forty yards. We walked on by laughing.

And then there was me. I had the ECM. That stands for Electronic Counter Measure. It blocked signals for roadside bombs. It didn't work, but the higher-ups made us wear it anyway. It just gave me headaches. But I still walked everywhere with it. Every night we walked. We would walk for six hours after dark wearing our night vision goggles. They screwed up your vision, so you wouldn't see a three foot ditch in front of you until you were in it. But then you'd just get up and keep walking. We walked in the day for another six hours. So hot the sweat would burn your flesh like acid in a chem spill. The sweat soaked everything. My boots would leave sweat prints on the floor when I walked over it. But we didn't have a choice.

"If you don't like it, go home," our Staff Sergeant said when we got tired of walking. And there was no way out but to walk some more. So we did. Sometimes they would shoot at us while we were walking. And we all secretly prayed for a bullet in the leg, or shrapnel in the arm. Enough to get you out for a rest. Then Howard got shot in the cheek. When he was back walking the next day, we stopped wishing for anything.

We saw lots of things when we were walking. We saw a house burn down one night. A policeman didn't like the owner so he burned it. Wasn't our quarrel. We walked by. We saw a husband beat his wife bloody, but when we asked higher what to do, the voice over the radio told us, rasing and metallic, cold and harsh.

"Keep walking."

There was a pretty girl who used to wave at us. Every night she waited for us to pass, hiding behind a date tree in her yard. And then one night she wasn't there. On we walked. We heard that a pretty girl was found dead in the palm groves that night. Her head severed from her body. You don't like it? Go home.

When winter came, we kept walking. We couldn't wear warm clothes because we still got soaked in sweat from all the walking. When we stopped, the cold would make the wet clothes frost, sticking to the bubbled skin beneath like the adhesive on a cheap decal. We would shiver and cough. We would call halts so Furlong could puke. We all got sick in the winter. Everyone on the base did, but no one went home. Between diarrhea and walking, I lost twenty pounds. Dysentery was our friend. We all had it. Wet, like water, no different in fact. We couldn't control it when walking. It just happened, sometimes to the point where you wouldn't even notice until someone told you your trousers were brown. But we kept going. We all vomited. We had fivers of 100 degrees, but kept walking. I puked on a Sheik's roof. Yellow stuff that got everywhere and had pieces of our Meals Ready to Eat in it. The Sheik wasn't happy. But neither was I. So we walked on.

When we got done walking we went home. To the base. That was our only home. We would shower—sometimes. There was no running water. So we showered with bottles. The frigid water hit naked flesh, rising in coils of steam in the coldness. We quickly dressed again. We ate food. But when we ate, it didn't taste like anything. It was mouthfuls of dirt that we swallowed only because our stomachs would hurt if we didn't. Then we would sleep. But I always dreamed about walking, so I woke up tired. And every night they mortared us. It wasn't like the movies. They sounded like trucks falling on your head. And their explosions shook the dirt from the bricks. The ground trembled from the bombs. But we just went back to sleep. We had to be up and walking in a few hours.
Time walked with us, treading footprints in the sand beside us, helping us when we had to pick up the pieces of a Marine who got blown up, wandering slowly by with each revolution of the clock.

Staff Sergeant said, “You don’t like it, go home.”

When we walked away, Heckman said, “You can’t stop time” and time laughed with him.

A day came, a helicopter with it, and we all got our bags and got on it. The base wasn’t our home anymore. This time we flew, from one country to another, trading lists of food we’d eat and girls with whom we’d sleep and places we’d visit. And then we got back to our real home. Our families and friends had laid out a red carpet for us to walk on.

_These are true memories from my service in the USMC from 2005-2009._

**Capitalism**

Elisabeth Cohoon

No one has money
Everyone is losing
Capitalism
I want to stop.

In the beginning, I told myself, I will not end up like them. Like the others, I have watched lose their self-control, along with a sense of public etiquette. Once, I witnessed a girl so keyed up, she gracefully walked into a tree, a distraction that lasted only for a few seconds. My obsession started off behind closed doors. A couple of times a week won’t hurt! I convinced myself. Again and again, I went back for more, anticipating the thrill of the next hit. Each day my desire grew. Every time someone witnessed the destruction I had stumbled into, I would act as if I was not doing what I just got caught doing. The shame of it led me to become more creative with when and where I would receive my next dose. However, it was a losing game from the start. It’s become a match between my hands and how fast I can satisfy my habit without anyone noticing.

Swift are my fingers, like those of a seamstress. I can get my fix with one hand free, eyes closed. While I’m driving, in the lavatory, at work, classrooms, movie theaters, meetings, the shower, on the plane just before take-off, and even a few times during Bible study. No place is sacred. Ahhh, why can’t I just stop? Hours spent tripping result in life literally passing me by. But I don’t really have a problem. I can stop whenever I choose. Once, cut off from my source, I almost had a nervous breakdown. The constant drumming grew awful enough for me to leave work early to quiet my anxiety. Concentration is misplaced as I spend time wondering when I will get the next hit? Hopelessness is what I see in the eyes of those that observe my dependency.

Last month, I had just under 3000 fixes. This month, who knows?

The worse of it all is that my supply is never-ending, so there is no incentive to quit. Although, I am aware that my actions are affecting everyone with whom I come into close contact.

Yeah, I am addicted, but don’t fault me! Blame my wireless carrier.
In my quiet room
A large stone fireplace
Antique mahogany furniture
Passed down from mother
A Victorian painting, too,
Hangs proudly on the wall
Two book shelves stand
With the knowledge of worlds
Tucked prominently inside its shelves
As I sit sipping morning coffee
My mother’s angel lamp
With greens, pinks, and gold
Face my direction on a
Dainty blue flowered sofa
Our large beautifully
Carved wooden piano
Stands silently in a corner
Of the room

Waiting, waiting for
Small hands to play
Joyful noises once again.
Treading the gentle shores,
the silhouette of the palm trees
paint the softly hued beach
with precision only nature can provide.

A cool ocean breeze pushes you along,
as the waves caress the coast.
The aroma of salt scents the air,
while sand massages your feet.

Reflections of the moon
on the canvas of the dark ocean,
can lead the most stubborn of men
to entertain the divine.

The endless sea,
capable of humbling any man –
for that moment you understand
the knowledge which Magellan sought.