



## On the Beach at Night

*Matt Cole*

Clarity comes to me  
Sitting  
On the beach at night—  
The cold quiet seems to fit  
The sad settling of my soul—  
Somewhere between the  
Water's ocean of disturbance  
And the  
Winds whispering regret,  
I find a space in the sand and think:  
"How far do I have  
To Swim  
To Find  
Peace  
On those uncertain shores?—  
Do I save  
Anything  
For the swim back to  
safety?—  
Can I—Will I  
Find  
The Precipice of Peace?"