

A Reinvention Chorus

Shifting

Conscious, deliberate

A high tide of intention

Castles housing memories washed to the sea

Leaving a pristine beach

And high on a hill a chorus of fractured souls

And innocents

Issues a collective Ahhhh

And marries it to the soft Kona breezes

That carry the sweet song of the winged creatures

And the percussion of the surf

Shifting

Volcanic, turbulent

A sudden wave pounds the beach mercilessly

And a shipwrecked soul stands at the frothy shoreline

Swaddled with sweet, merciful intention

Dousing rising terror

And surrendering to faith

Eternally

■ *Frances Flynn Thorsen, 2008*