

The Trough by Judy Brown

There is a trough in waves,  
a low spot  
where horizon disappears  
and only sky  
and water  
are our company.  
And there we lose our way  
unless  
we rest, knowing the wave will bring us  
to its crest again.  
There we may drown  
if we let fear  
hold us in its grip and shake us  
side to side,  
and leave us flailing, torn, disoriented.  
But if we rest there  
in the trough,  
in silence,  
being in the low part of the wave,  
keeping our energy and  
noticing the shape of things,  
the flow,  
then time alone  
will bring us to another  
place  
where we can see  
horizon, see land again,  
regain our sense  
of where  
we are,  
and where we need to swim.