

OCTOBER SONG, 1968

I have been a drowning man
In an ocean of despair,
Clutching at such slender straws
As I swore were floating there.

Clutching, lurching, lunging on
To the rocks beyond my reach,
Till my flailing knees, at last,
Found and blessed the listless beach.

Now I know how faith survives,
Craning for the waning air,
Though the weeping reason drown
In the salt of its despair.

Now I know how beating heart
Lifts to life the beaten head;
Now I know how buoyant hope
Raises reason from the dead.

And I know as high and dry,
Safe and sure, I take my ease,
None can savour breath so much
As survivors of such seas.

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