

Wave Forms

Islands

I won't ride another wave
And I won't write another word after today
No wave forms out here
Adrift amidst an endless sea
And there's nothing to return to
You'll find me floating endlessly

In the golden hour
Holding on to burning embers
There's no sound
It's over now
Can return to sender
The water's calm and I am moving on

I kick back I get made
I don't need anyone to kick anything my way
I have taken what I'm afforded
I view the rest as unimportant

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Holding on to burning embers
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The water's calm and I am moving on
Moving on
Moving on
Moving on