

# Quill & Scope

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## Wave Formed

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# Wave Formed

*Ryan Horn*

Health and sickness ebb and flow,  
As if driven by lunar spell.  
Relentless, yet ever fleeting,  
Lines become blurred with each new wave.  
A force grand enough to seem divine,  
Subject of Sir Isaac's own wonderment,  
Gravity drives the tides.  
Strength and permanence insurmountable.  
Shall the waves, then, sweep us away?  
Are we content to drift passively,  
Floating or sinking under decree of fate?  
Such may be our course regardless.  
But to swim despite the tides is not vain,  
Nor grandiose, nor defiant.  
Rather, swimming defines us.  
The culmination of evolutionary eons,  
A cerebral endowment, the ability to choose -  
Swim, or cease to swim.  
Bestowing identity, and surely a duty.  
Not that we might overcome the tides,  
Lest we defy nature's plan,  
But we should chart a course amidst them.  
Should we ignore the need to swim,  
We reject purpose in our lives,  
And the waves swallow us up.  
So let us swim and find meaning therein.  
When we can swim no longer and life is through,  
We are reduced to sediment on the ocean floor.  
Swirling under toe, we assimilate into the Earth,  
Whose gravity itself permits the tides to move.