

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/1

Robert Lampros

Blue

Wave after wave, countless,
they roll upon our shore,
the sand rolls under, away
and tumbles to the surface.
I feel your eyes in this.

Am I in orbit like the
Earth, like the moon around
this fiery, watery world,
or is it you who orbits me?
I rise to stabilize what

Falls and loosens, comes
apart beneath the waves,
I try to hold us together
all day, and form a place
to last, to roll onward...

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All Things

Swimming the river,
there are no limits.
You decide how far,
how fast, how much
you're able to give.

Freedom happens gradually,
four steps forward, two
steps back—swim against
the current, you might
just steady the world.

Above all, trust God,
through and for Him,
all things were made.
Nothing pleases a Father
like blessing His Son.