

Wet Feet

By Leona Choy

How can I say
I have experienced The Ocean
When only my feet are wet?

Sand between my toes
I slosh about in the shallows.
Have I no regret
that I haven't tasted yet
God's Midstream Ecstasy
With its current pull
And deep euphoria?

Shallow is safe?
And deep is dangerous?
Oh! The false premise
Of humdrum humanity!

I could miss
The Great Everything
By bartering it
For little nothings
Safe sedatives
that chain me
to the shore
eroding, consuming
my days, my years.
Risk free? Probably.
But with a phony guarantee
While I am lulled
Into insensitivity
And deceptive security
With my feet
Only ankle deep
In The Fathomless Ocean
Of His Abundant Life.



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