



You know you're in the company of divine work as it builds,  
an unassuming march of tide from the distance,  
it begins its charge in graceful, silent approach,  
a swell of great force cloaked in calm,  
then lifting to pounce with surging power upon its end,  
erupting its thundering splash like laughter,  
the spray sparking to life a canvas of shimmering blue,  
on the crest of this magnificent moving liquid,  
we are granted passage and splendor,  
to thrust high upon sacred shoulders,  
wave upon wave, ride after ride,  
each pass its own journey,  
a refuge where the world retreats and worry absolves,  
the place where we and water become one.

Of these things,  
of this gift,  
only a surfer knows.

- JC