

The Girl and The Wave

She walked on the shore, the little girl tall, searching for shells both large and quite small. Pink bucket in hand, she walked on the sand, looking for just the right oyster. The sun in the blue, gave each its own hue, as the wind carried in the sea's odor.

"No, nothing I see, among all of these," she said, as she went about wandering.

A wave brushed her feet, and left her a treat, of fine shells that shone colors alluring. But no matter his gift, the girl was not pleased, and went on her search ever saying: "No nothing I see, among all of these," and continued her ongoing pacing.

At last the wave spoke, with the voice of the deep, and a roll of his tongue his words slated. "For what do you search, oh daughter of men, for what is your tender heart fated?"

The girl shook her head, not a moment to spend, but continued her hunting unwavering. "When I find it I'll know, and not a moment before, as words without meaning are wasted."

"Then how can I aid you? Oh daughter of land, what treasure with which can I tempt thee?" As the girl journeyed on, the wave fell to despair, for the folly the girl had learned truly. With a crash and a surge, he buried her legs, and kept her from wandering unduly.

She pouted and screamed, "Hey let go of me!" But the wave, he would not be persuaded.

"You search not for what is, nor even what was, but crave only ever the future. Turn round, my dear child, look at your tracks, and learn well the lesson I offer. You come and you go, no footsteps remain, to mark e'en the time of your passing. And yet here you stand, and hold out your hand, to take hold of what's not even shadow. Live now, sweet child, and not for

tomorrow, nor lost in the footprints of time. For now is the time to take hold of your dreams, and live well in the blessings life gives you.”

The girl shook her head, and replied with a sneer. “Too soon the now comes and is faded. I take hold of tomorrow and never today, for ever tomorrow glides nearer.”

The wave drew back the sand, released her legs, and said with a bubbling sigh. “But tomorrow is nothing, it does not exist, your bargain is pale and fleeting. For you grasp not the now, and so not tomorrow, for what is, touches both was and will be.”

But the girl would not listen, and off the wave went, to leave her to hunt by the sea.