



### Sitting Inland

I trust the light, always, to tell me when  
there's a cloud settling in my living room.  
Again, my inland air is becoming too still.  
I've seen the coast, and I've been persuaded  
by the freshness of the wind and sun.  
I baked skin in the light, and I have  
jumped from the point of an ocean rock,  
into the thunder of a salty swell,  
churning towards the cliff behind me,  
falling spineless to the rocks and sand underfoot.

It's Wednesday in my week, and  
I can't find time to waste  
sitting inland, idle in a windless life,  
when my nature waits outside.

*-Tad Hogan*