



Sailing

(with gratitude to Rod Stewart)

**Content with the moment,
Passed in pleasant style
Viewed from the torrid zone,
A relative imagining
A fitting to the surrounds
A view from within, a paradigm,
A sublime vision that soothes and blends
Cushioning, pacifying, assuaging, alleviating
Putting to side bustling botheration
The irritations of a flimsy incandescent world
The electric of bristling egos
On matters of passing nothingness
Designed to chafe the discontented.**

**Sail lightly on the crest
Far above the undersea
While others press to crash
Through waves of intensity
While you gently fall and rise
On foam, supernatant
Oblivious, narcotized,
Above turbulence blatant.**

**The world of inflammation
Blooded diversity mounts
While those of nobler feelings
Challenge pomposity, arrogance, avariciousness
Seeking a soothing spirit
Amidst distracting severity.
How hard to rise above,**

**How easy to succumb,
Swamped in a flood
Of life's peculiarities.
An ocean of petty differences
Gushing, spurting, surging
Merging anxiety into discontent.**

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Above turbulence blatant.**

Graham Nicholson