

AWARD OF EXCELLENCE WINNER

Ebb Tide

At eventide I was down on the shore
as the ebb tide began its flow
and I heard the sounds of eternity;
echoing to the sun's last glow.

Small rocks and pebbles drawn by the ebb
rolled and rattled down to the deep.
Hollow and haunting and lonely as death,
on their appointed way to keep.

A low grey mist now lay on the sea
and the sky was darkening fast.
The rattling of stones drew away from me;
yet I'd hear them to the last.

I turned away from the mournful sea
and the stones dropping down to bottomless wells.
But the sound of their going
came back to me, like the song of temple bells.

Mabel Johnson

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