## FUNDY TIDE

## S. K. Freidberg

I thought to stand

upon the shores

Of Fundy seas

And watch the tides

Until the motions

of the onset

And the going,

The fullness and decline,

Were understood,

Were mingled with the movement

of the blood.

But near long, jutting corridors

of sea,

The world was living leaf

And transient flower;

Green fields held trees

safe on tall shores

Beyond carved cliffs.

Full summer sent red berries to the hand,

The bundled hay high to the laddered barn;

Wheat brushed to burnished metal in gold wind,

Corn tasselled on the anvil of the sun;

Fruits looked toward fall in crimson

One by one,

Until I felt the moving

death of time

To ripeness,

Fullness,

And decay,

As if the Fundy tide

had come

And gone away.