

## Jetsam

THIS wave that breaks in brilliance on the shore,  
Once in its primal dew was lost to sight;  
All powerless then this gathered arch of might,  
And murmurless this line of hollow roar.

Silent thy stature grows through little things;  
Thence garner strength, which those who know  
thee feel  
Is patterned after One who shows more real  
And mighty than man's sudden triumphings.

The worth of passing hours do thou presage,  
Used well ere they irrevocably flee;  
Learn that a soul heroic, happy, free,  
Is Time's and not a moment's heritage.