Low Tide at Cathedral Cove  
*Coromandel Peninsula, New Zealand*

Before us:
Ancient architecture  
Whittled by wind,  
Sculpted with fists of salty surf,  
Stand like monuments to nameless kings.
Our bare ankles shiver across sand,  
We are searching.

Overhead:  
Two wrists of white sandstone  
Palms skyward, fingers interwoven  
Create pointed eaves of the Cathedral.  
Indigo shadows swallow us whole,  
Deep-throated Ocean echoes within,  
We are silent.

Through the archway  
Stained glass of clouds and Kauri cliffs  
Praises a deity unknown to us,  
Mercurial as the cerulean sea.  
We don’t understand,  
But in this darkness  
We worship.