

## Waiting for the Tsunami

What are you going to do with your one precious life?

Rapture, peace, prayer;

or confusion, anger, fear?

Waiting for the tsunami

happens where I live every year.

An earthquake across the ocean,

and thousands of miles away

we evacuate for the mountains,

not sure if the harbors, airport, and power station will be left in the

morning. People wait for many hours until the wave comes,

not knowing will it be big or small?

Will it wipe out my home or not?

The way people wait is it's own education in the inevitable.

Some empty the stores of liquor and cigarettes for tailgate parties.

Others listen compulsively to the radio, fear mounting as they prepare supplies for some unknown number of days to live on.

Others chose to pray and meditate and say, "I love you."

No way is the right way.

All God.

Everyone chooses their last moment of grace,

from the bottle, the news, or their one true religion.

I love the differences and have my preference.

"God I offer myself to thee,"

is be my one true offering,

as the water claims her rightful place at the center of things.