

## STELLA MARIS

### **littoral siftings**

*Lee Tzu Pheng*

(i)

The sea sings a song of dementia, a state without borders, self-ruling and free.

I think of my mother, here by the sea. With her and others in that country,  
for whom each moment is only the now; without past, we are close to where  
meditation takes us, in profound empathy.

Here by the waters, watching the breakers tumbling not twenty metres away,  
I hear

the ocean's repeating mantra; it cannot but continue its mantra, so the persisting  
lesson tells us – return to the source, the fountain of spirit, the fountain that  
renews continually, burgeoning ever and forever, till all is renewed, entirely new.

There is no death, as such, in creation.

Death is but part of renewal, the rhythm of continuing being. So age may be a  
great teacher, as it reminds us of this everlastingness. To grow old  
is to be empty again, like a baby new-born, to be filled with the new and the  
wonderful.

God writes anew on the being of the old and all he writes is  
continually creative, resplendently wrought.

I shall not look on the very old in quite the same way again. I see lives on which  
messages of love are written over and over.

In every repetition we are called to new time, that which is  
no time but 'here', 'now', and 'I am'.

## (ii)

Every word is sacred  
being part of the Word  
coming from the source  
of all breathings and birthings

from the beginning  
we were given dimension,  
shaped from the shapeless,  
thrown on the wheel of  
the potter of time

the still point is moving  
and yet remains still,  
and there is no future  
for future is now,  
never known until now  
and known, has no being  
for each moment is change,  
and change is the now

so there is no stillness,  
but perpetual motion;  
like a wheel turning fast –  
so fast it seems still.

Infinite words come from just the One Word,  
the units of time make up no time,  
all of our lives are but the One Life,  
all that's peripheral refers to the Centre.

**(iii)**

How pleasing to watch this courtship: sea and land.

The passion of waves approaching and offering manifold gifts, then withdrawing,  
preparing another approach.

The grander the wave, the more spectacular tribute:  
buckets of diamonds poured at the feet of the land: a lover returning with untiring,  
deep-throated persistence.

Balance and rhythm are in this perpetual courtship:

the incoming waters heavy, a boiling mass,  
surging forward rise to  
a peak and plunge  
in tumult, confusion and conflict  
becoming a swirl scalloping the beach with intricate lace, foamily delicate,  
disappearing into the sand.

Nothing, and Everything, passes.  
Day slows; night quickens.  
And the waves go out; the tide rises; the sands deepen.