Rolling on Gray Clouds, Tread on Water

Tame your sadness, let it not control you
Tame the waves, calm the sea
Buoy the weight that drowns your soul
Tame your sadness, feel its grit
Feel the grit like sands between your toes
Tame your sadness, let it not blind you
Let it not blind you with the salt of the seas—
Salt that comes from the tears
Tears that make up this sea
This sea you endlessly tread
Breathing, rising, lying adrift
Rolling on gray clouds, tread on water.

Roland Cartagena