Song of Self

Jack Wheeler Tippet

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Then the incoming tide touched her own feet. The sensation brought her back from the horror of the cold, dead flesh beneath her hand. The girl opened her lips and tried to scream, but no sound would come... only all about her was the hissing of water creeping inward farther as each wave sought the land.

The girl ran up the beach, not pausing until she reached the road, and then only for an instant... to gasp for breath and run faster, as the incoming tide crept higher, bringing with it a greater fear than any eyes of the living could ever make her feel.

Song of Self

*By Jack Wheeler Tippet*

I learned in loneliness
To hear the song
Of many selves
Singing in unison
And heard each solo too
And in the song
There sang
The song of selves that had been
And selves becoming
The harmony of melodies
In hearing the song
Give strength
To watch my world
In more delight and wisdom
And say
All is vanity.