

1. The Bottom of the Sea
(from "Song" by Thomas Merton)

*The bottom of the sea has come
And builded in my noiseless room
The fishes' and the mermaids' home,*

*Whose it is most, most hell to be
Out of the heavy-hanging sea
And in the thin, thin changeable air*

*Or unroom sleep some other where;
But play their coral violins
Where waters most lock music in:*

*The bottom my room, the sea.
Full of voiceless curtaindeeps
There mermaids somnambules come sleep
Where fluted half-lights show the way,*

*And there, there lost orchestras play
And down the many quarterlights come
To the dim mirth of my aquadrome:
The bottom of the sea, the room.*

2. Gifts from the Sea
(Anne Morrow Lindbergh)

One should lie empty, open, choiceless as a beach – waiting for a gift from the sea.

*The sea does not reward those who are too anxious, too greedy, or too impatient.
To dig for treasures shows not only impatience and greed, but lack of faith.
Patience, patience, patience is what the sea teaches. Patience and faith.*

I mean to lead a simple life, to choose a simple shell I can carry easily – like a hermit crab.

One is free, like the hermit crab, to change one's shell.

The waves echo behind me. Patience – Faith – Openness, is what the sea has to teach. Simplicity – Solitude – Intermittency...But there are other beaches to explore. There are many more shells to find. This is only the beginning.

3. Down to the Sea
(from "Sea Song" by Norah Mary Holland)

*I will go down to the sea again, to the waste of waters, wild and wide;
I am tired – so tired – of hill and plain and the dull tame face of the country-side.
I will go out across the bar, with a swoop like a flight of the sea-bird's wings,
To where the winds and waters are, with their multitudinous thunderings.
My prow shall furrow the whitening sea, out into the teeth of the lashing wind,
Where a thousand billows snarl and flee in a smother of foam behind.
O strong and terrible Mother Sea, let me lie once more on your cool white breast,
Your winds have blown through the heart of me and called me back from the land's
dull rest.
For night by night they blow through my sleep, the voice of waves through my
slumber wings,
I feel the spell of the steadfast deep; I hear the trappings and triumphings.
And at last when my hours of life are sped let them make me no grave by hill or
plain,
Thy waves, O Mother, shall guard my head; I will go down to my sea again.*