

A Long Time Coming

Kenneth N. Moore

This voyage at sea
was more than I imagined it would be.
Storms and unknowing frightened me.
Only faith
held off my growing belief
That I might never set foot on land again.

But then one morning I awoke
to the shouts of the lookout
crying, “land, land, I see land.”

I felt the pounding of my heart,
as I strained to see
out across the sea.
And then it appeared
a ridge upon the horizon
that brought my soul to rest.

As our ship sailed closer to this promised,
but sometime disbelieved land,
memories of stories past spoken
merged into reality.

Now, sometime past
I am aware
and grateful—
It was a long time coming.