

# *Catharine Lucas*

## **EON**

*Coast Road, Carmel to Big Sur*

At sunset, the dark giants hunker down  
to slumber in the silver tide, rooted,  
immovable against the surge, the thrum.

I marvel at their resistance to  
assault and turbulence,  
draw courage from their endurance.

Yet even an ancient boulder  
does not survive unchanged.

Instead of resistance, endurance,  
should I better admire  
how one yields to eons of  
revision?

Each emergent self  
neither sought  
nor protested,  
transformations wrought  
in increments, by wind  
and the steady wash of  
bitter salt.