

“The Sea”

I watched the hues of blues and purples, the setting sun became a mural
For the fast and fleeting beauty of light upon the shore.
The tide continued outward, but still with overwhelm I doubted
Anyone had ever seen beauty quite like this before —
My first time witnessing such wonders since before
I thought I could go without wanting more.

The stars began to peak out from behind their hiding clouds
And the mother moon, she looked the same, though waxed from times of yore —
They winked to me in passing, and suddenly I was found asking,
“Why show yourself to me now?” to the sky I did implore.
The moon replied in masking, taking time, and she implored,
“What did you come here for?”

I looked out to the sea, to the tide and back to me
Staring at my own reflection, repeatedly racing back and forth.
The water loved in leaving, despite my desperate pleading
I looked to it and found the answer I was searching for —
I told her I had found it. What she was searching for,
That I did not need her anymore.

I continued on my journey, ignoring the moon’s quick, frantic searching
For the lie that I had placed beneath the mountain floor.
She searched with all her might, but naught was done in her weak light
And the pinpricks could not help her in her search that turned to war.
The ground and loam fought bravely facing darkness for the war.
I tried to stop her, but my words she ignored.

I did not relish in her pursuit, I only wished to see the blues
Reflected in the sky and on the rocks that lied upon the shore,
But she controlled their moving, to my disbelief, disproving
All loving thoughts and moving them swiftly out the door,
“I found it!” she said, "Under the mountain, lies a door!"
She beamed, and thought she won the war.

I did not mean for her find some rotted ruins of a mine
When I sent out Luna selfishly, hoping forevermore
That she would search forever, leaving me to feel better —
Things she has taken and forgotten, but I’ve been keeping score
She wants what she shant have, and this yearning underscores
Everything she touches from the sky down to the floor.

I faced the sky and then I frowned, so I turned and looked back down
To the water and the rocks that sat beneath the ocean floor.

I told the moon I lied, that in the ocean I had died,
I had lost myself amidst the kelp forest I had adored
And no home ever compares to the sea I still adore
I told her my wish for all and evermore —

She finally ceased her searching, though she believed they weren't deserving
Of the "mercy" she had granted to the rocky mountain floor.
She turned her light on me, letting dirt and flora free,
"What have you found that I have not explored?"
"Nothing," I replied, "You have much left to explore,"
And I turned my back on her once more.

I looked back at the ocean, and swam to where I have been,
To the place that was my home, though missing because before.
She nodded, finally seeing, finally acknowledging and believing,
Understanding why I lied to her. She lamented and I mourned.
I swam deep and further down 'till I was with her, I could mourn.
My tear-flooded sea forevermore.