

The Sea

A victim. Polluted and tainted.
Crying on the wind in vain.

A killer. She strikes out.
Death floats above her.

A lover. Calm and still.
Whispering in gentle breaths.

A mother. Embracing.
Life beating in her womb

A widow. Mourning her lost children.
Gems ripped from her sandy floor.
Her laments beat the shore.

Bashing, crashing, waves lashing.
She wells up and touches the sky.
A glaze of sunbeams
Whipped up in a storm.

Hues of blue, green and black
Swim out past the horizon.

The moon alone knows where.