

Three Poems of the Sea

Peace

The sea is my peace.
It is my birth place.
I stand naked in her transparent coldness, her healing powers against my body,
 as my toes curl within her gritty skin.
She warms my soul in shimmering blues as my consciousness becomes dizzy as I swim
 with flashes of life in purples, yellows, reds.
I dive deep into the depth of her twilight;
 alone, drifting between life above and the nothingness of darkness below.
I float on her buoyancy of love,
 as my heart beats with the cadence of her tide.
Yes, the sea is my peace.

Heaven and Hell

The sea was tumultuous.
A cascading blend of blues in violet, teal, and navy;
 frosted with fringes of silver, bucking from swale to swale.
Screeches and squeals from the sky are muffled among the crash of
 water against the rocky shore.
Oh, the heavens are bruised tonight,
 with stains of purple and black dancing from the north to the south.
Streaks of mist like tendrils of a jellyfish swirl high above, as if
 choreographed with the raging sea.
Brilliant red is splashed against the horizon;
 A temper tantrum of the gods.
Clouds metamorphose into vertical shards as if the heavens
 are crying tears of blood.
When will we listen to her plea?

Rebirth

Once upon a time the sea was oozing with darkness.

Benzene permeated every pore of my skin;

my eyes burned as black tears streaked my cheeks.

Black, slimy mounds grew from the stink of the beach, unmoving, as if multiplying
from beach to beach.

Lifeless forms of murre. No longer chattering. No longer buoyant. No longer warm,
as greed flowed from the guts of hell.

It was the silence that chilled my heart.

No cacophony of squawks and squeaks. Not even the screeching of an eagle.

The silence of death.

And yet, she fights back with

vibrant purple and blue and green on a sun kissed sea.

The air smells of salt and ripened bull kelp;

the smell of the sea.

One of life's sweet mystery.

A world without color is reborn.

Like a rainbow after a storm.

At least, for now.