

A sea monster tells his story

For Alexa

I have been hatd and huntd my hole life
the seas boyancy holdin my skeletun aloft
holdin this oshun enclosd by skin
in this sea that no longer has anythin for me.

You are on the beech
and you say do not give me things unbrokun
and being a creeture of the sea I have no possessiuns
I can only give you everythin
so at hi tide I come ashore and lie beside you.

The moon has come out.
The wind brings natures fragrance
trees and blossoms
the salt of the sea.

You say lo tide is comin.
I say I know but I dont want to go.
You say you dont want me to go but lo tide is comin.
I say let it come.

In the mornin the water is gone. I can hear
the ancient creek of my bones
my skin gettin crispy.

People from all around are comin to help.
But I tell them with my eyes
that I don't need there help
but they come anyways.

They are pourin water on me.
They have startd a bucket brigade.
They are tryin to save me.

And I tell them with my eyes I dont want to be savd
but they are not listnin
the sun is bakin my skin
I feel week I cant think strait.

When it is clear there is nothin to be dun
you look into my eyes and ask why I didn't leave befour lo tide
why I couldnt be happy visiting for a few hours each nite.

I tell you I have been hatd and huntnd my whole life
and the sea held me until I found you
and I will not return to the sea.

I can see it from the beech and I can taste it in the air
along with the scent of flowers and you
but the sea has nothing for me.

My eyes tell you
I am where I have always wantd to be.