

The Presence of the Sea

Do you think ice is ever jealous of water?
Frozen on banks around the grass and each tree,
It grows thicker by the day, petrifying all it swallows.
Trapped and numb; Do you think it wallows?

The ocean below flows wild and free,
Stretching past the endless dusk and into the yawning dawn,
A new moon, a new tide, yesterday forgotten and gone.
What once was, still is, and will always be,
but not here, not now, not in the presence of the sea.

Born to be flowing, doomed to be fleeting,
Unimportant, irrelevant, its impact retreating.
With each wave of the sea, comes another of grief,
Yearning and yearning, cursing the cold as a thief,
For it's the frigid colds fault,
the ice can't dance with sea salt,
It's the cruel cold to blame,
why their existence isn't the same.
To exist in this world should not be a duelist game,
For a loss to one doesn't equal another's gain.
Molded alike in structure, molecules astray from being twins,
But it's because of that difference, one must watch as the other wins.

Upon the sloping cliffs, gazing from afar,
The ice is still there, melting, though slow as tar,
Frozen in time, a new dream for each star,
Still, yet restless, each moment a new scar
Its fate is certain now, no longer 'how?' but 'when?'
Do you think it mourns what it once could've been?