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Mother Said You Would Be This Way

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Mother Said You Would Be This Way

Bree Parsons

Day 1:

is soft hyme

low tide

open skyline

pebble glances at tip of wave

watch as it reaches for the surface if only for a glimpse of its reflection.

there is serenity here

quiver is underbelly of sea,

quake between the cracks of salt and sandstorm

awashed in clenched fist moonlight

There is enough room for you tongue tied shadow

so dance in the current

find melody in the way rain blends with body

You are retelling history of how we were once molded in dry land

There is so much moon to see here

You

Poseidon's reckless daughter

how your lined palms mimic the sea

veins stretched into cave

all curve of earth and moon

You are tsunami washed temple in wave of blue

all chaos and cosmos

You are torrential rain

lightning echoes across earthquake jaw unhinged

how you will make the sky lock

And Seakeeper

Don't they know you would rather sleep with the fishes then float with the sun?

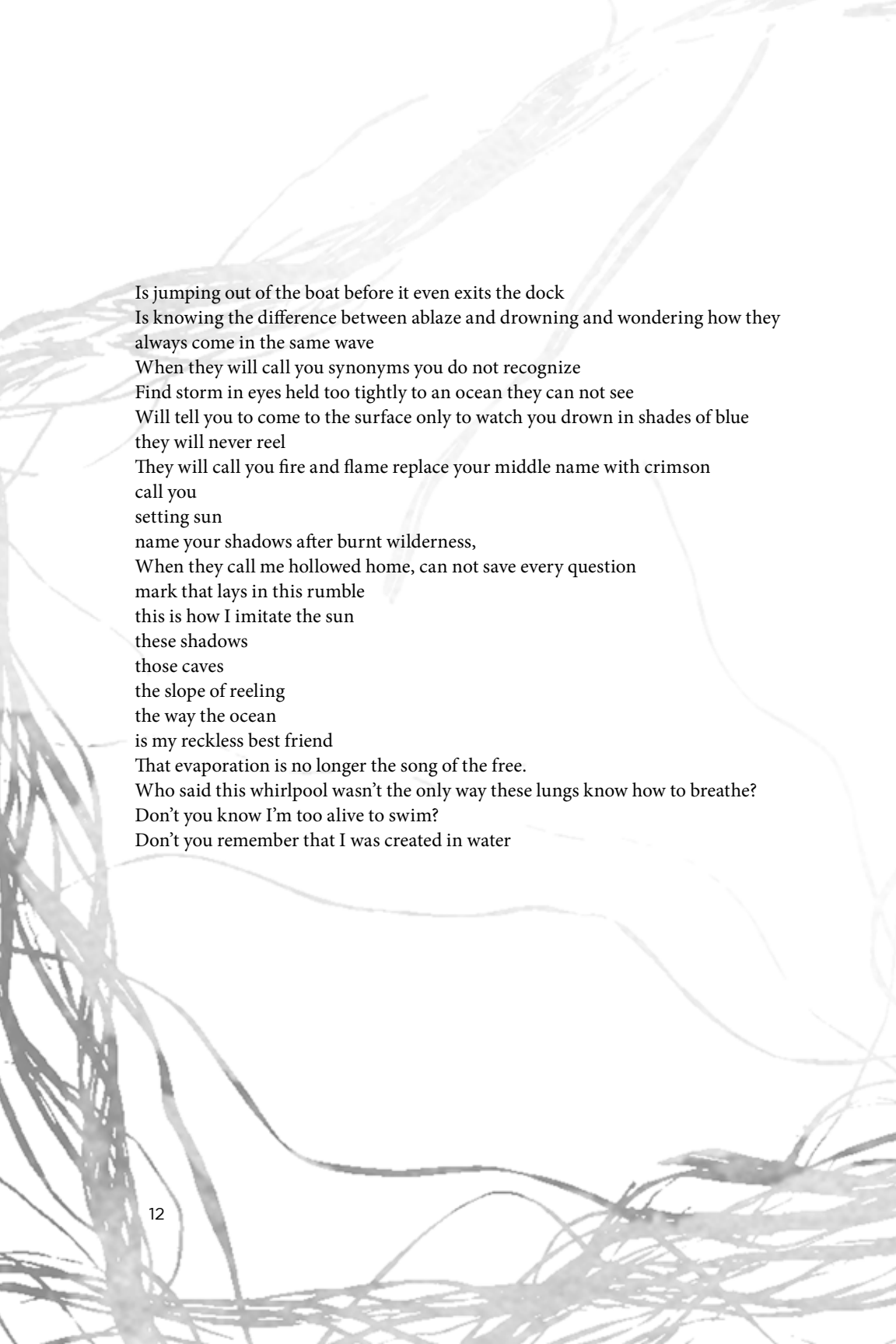
At least then this hide and seek waterfall would have an edge in which to jump from

At least jumping would be the last disappearing act of an evaporating sea

and this is not to mean the end of Pangea.

When we are all eye of hurricane

This is head screaming in 10 separate octaves



Is jumping out of the boat before it even exits the dock
Is knowing the difference between ablaze and drowning and wondering how they
always come in the same wave
When they will call you synonyms you do not recognize
Find storm in eyes held too tightly to an ocean they can not see
Will tell you to come to the surface only to watch you drown in shades of blue
they will never reel
They will call you fire and flame replace your middle name with crimson
call you
setting sun
name your shadows after burnt wilderness,
When they call me hollowed home, can not save every question
mark that lays in this rumble
this is how I imitate the sun
these shadows
those caves
the slope of reeling
the way the ocean
is my reckless best friend
That evaporation is no longer the song of the free.
Who said this whirlpool wasn't the only way these lungs know how to breathe?
Don't you know I'm too alive to swim?
Don't you remember that I was created in water