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Life in Drowning

Bree Parsons

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Life In Drowning

Bree Parsons

Belongs to ocean, tide, edge we are all living on, how we begin and end in the same current.
How currently we wish we didn’t.
How the sky is an unknown majesty and to be dry is to be dead so we get soaked in sunlight, afraid of how many shades of blue it takes to bend the tide, to avoid hook and sinker, the baggage that comes with it.
Reminds us of home, of crowded waterways, smell of thrill and fight. How we are the torrential rain, never noticing what hangs on the tree line, how it drowned in our kingdom.
We fish of blue have dwelled in waves of conquest, colonies of coral.
Kings,
Ready to reap the turning wheels of tides born into parentheses.
Don’t you know the difference between bubble and break?
That this body of salt and reef is red in motion.
We are circle on Poseidon’s palm.
So in love with the water that we are willing to drown in the breaks,
So in blue, that we forgot
Waves were never meant to last till moonlight.