

The Sea Did Not Speak

The sea did not speak
It shouted!

With all of its glee and gluttony
Gathering together in glamor and glory,
Pulling up in prodigious pomp,
Laughing against its preordained stomping,
Gasping itself upon the Earth
In thundering rings and giggling pings

An involuntary volley
A ceaseless trolley
Of deposit.
The ineffable Cataclysm.

While behind it—Miles out
And fathoms deep—
Sting murmurs warning
Of its sweet destination.