

A Sea Monster Tells His Story

For Alexa

I have been hated and hunted my whole life
the sea's buoyancy holding my skeleton aloft
holding this ocean enclosed by skin
in this sea that no longer has anything for me.

You are on the beach
and you say do not give me things unbroken
and being a creature of the sea I have no possessions
I can only give you everything
so at high tide I come ashore and lie beside you.

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

You say low tide is coming.
I say I know but I don't want to go.
You say you don't want me to go but low tide is coming.
I say let it come.

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

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

They are pouring water on me.
They have started a bucket brigade.
They are trying to save me.

And I tell them with my eyes I don't want to be saved
but they are not listening
the sun is baking my skin
I feel weak I can't think strait.

When it is clear there is nothing to be done
you look into my eyes and ask why I didn't leave before low tide
why I couldn't be happy visiting for a few hours each night.

I tell you I have been hated and hunted 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 beach 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 wanted to be.