Ocean Eyes

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Ocean Eyes
By Rebekah Sherman

a still December day,
clear and cold
opened wide
dark clouds gather on the horizon
the only warning
but the moisture builds
soon, there will be rain
and when it falls, it will shatter the water’s calm
with years of pent-up thoughts
and discontent
they are condemned
but they do not yet see
they are sundresses and smirks,
taunting the inevitable

I blink

the tide swells,
threatening to burst through

never again, God swore

but I am my own Almighty
and the doves,
caged in their roost,
cannot take flight

I am terrified of what I know will come

we are all damned,
doomed to drown in the flood

there will be no olive branch
not this time.