

# Hidden Below the Surface

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The cotton bundles in the sky,  
the rough grains between my toes.  
Soft sand and open arms  
reach out to my dreams  
an image of the untouched

But hidden below the surface, concealed in the waves  
lies something so ugly of human descent  
In a third of the ocean the turtles are choking,  
the seals are being entangled into their death,  
seabirds skim the surface for their plastic cap lunches,  
fish bring unseen debris through their gills.  
All for the plastic water bottle you used today  
The million plastic bottles used by the world in this minute

Now I look up to the cotton bundles,  
and down at the rough grains.  
I take a step forward towards the blue waves,  
and between my toes I feel a rough touch of a plastic bag.