

Was It Only But a Dream?

Katie Nelson

The Ocean slipped in a sound sleep,
Where She dreamt of floating flounder and colorful coral.
As She dove deeper into her trance,
The Ocean felt an unfamiliar presence
Lurking.

Stirring in the substrate was a suffering spirit.
This unsettled body budged past the bivalves and brittle stars,
Hastening his pace from Defiance to The Base.
Harboring the inner secrets of The Sound and those who walk above it.

This creature was called Apathy.
Like a whisper, His presence made the Ocean uneasy.
“If you call out to those above, they won’t hear you,” He taunted.
She brushed him off, “Then I will call louder.”
“Don’t you get it?”, He sneered.
“Even the ones who do hear will not listen.”
A sea of doubt began to flood.

The next morning, She first called out quietly,
Which then became louder and louder.
But with each empty echo,
She felt Her hope slip away like sand.
The Ocean began to see how they treated Her.
Just like the trash they throw on Her shores.

Her wrath rippled like waves.
She grew hot with rage, Her fury melting the ice.
She became bitter, Her acid making the sea uninhabitable.
She felt so betrayed, Her salty tears flooded the shores.

Those above were left to count the grains of sand and silt left
And ponder the consequences of Her absence.

But alas, the Ocean breathed a sigh of relief.
As it was only but a dream.