

To the Reefs

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You grew up influenced by the constant movement of water.
Overtime, 7,000 species came to call you home
You watched the ripples along the surface
And mapped out constellations in the fallen stars.
You imagined that you would spend eternity
In your forest of swaying anemone.

But, as time moved forward, the anemone
Turned inside out, and the water
Grew murky and hot and suddenly eternity
Became something of the past as your home
Broke and as people ripped up the stars,
And suddenly vanished through the thin surface

It's hot now, you can almost see the surface
Boiling and bubbling, you worry for the anemones
And, for yourself, you have become bleached, you lost your stars,
You lost your sparkle, people would travel to your waters
To gaze upon your technicolored home
There isn't much left now, and to think you believed in eternity

5,000 years, witnessing decay all around. You longed for an end to eternity.
You have no idea what they have been doing above the surface
But the poison bleeds into the ocean, changing your home,
Even the smallest pore on the tentacle of the anemone
Even you, your color being drained until all that is left is bone, and the water
Began to melt everything in its path, you think of the stars

The stars are cracked now, somewhere above the surface
Hanging in the home of some unknowing person, they don't know they cost eternity.
Now only some anemones remain, silently dancing through heated waters