

Drowning Monsters

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I wanted to go everywhere.

The land defied me so I fought him with rivers and lakes.

The sky defied me so I defied them with rain and storm.

In this way, I travelled the world until I became it -

A vast, unblinking eye, staring back at my own reflection.

I learned to alter reflection, distorting your images and sweeping those who tested me away within my currents.

I was free and I had a temper.

This temper served me well, until those who feared it got too clever.

My waves were met with walls and soon this anger grew.

What had been a playful rivalry became a truer rage with every batch of chemicals poured tenderly into my depths.

With every breath of smoke and grime I took, I exhaled with the very fire I pride myself on extinguishing.

Pride.

Pride is what is killing me but they don't know their graves have been plotted from the moment they chastised my waters.

I am flooding those graves now, and with the weight of every body in the world, I scream.

I was the world and we were the same.

We were killing each other, trading blows with the tides.

I was the world and the world was drowning.