

Longing

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I long for the sea on my skin,

It whorls and swirls all around the world only to come to me,

I close my eyes but when they open the sweet sea has escaped me.

Instead of a salty mist I smell smoke,

Instead of the giant rocks to climb about there is a factory riddled with danger signs.

The sea who was a mighty blue has turned to dust,

And my longing only grows as I stand there alone,

To see my little ocean friends jumping up through the water again,

To see the sandy beach,

To see what was supposed to last forever has only caused longing for me.