

A Prisoner, The Ocean

Taylor Horvath

I begin to indulge in perdurable peace overcoming my plagued mind,
The air is dense and sultry but I pay no concern I find,
Not when the restive ocean roars in protest, crying to be free,
The waves straining in objection against its shackles, burdened by the sea,
As it lunges away from its captor in a frenzied attempt at escape,
It crashes into the sand in an irate pummel as it continues it's debate,
But this trapped sea, confined by the lines of the shore,
Is never satisfied by it's vast territory, it yearns for more,
Ever vexed by its impediments it harbors a growing obstinacy,
Its voracious struggle against its barriers is in perpetual consonancy,
And when a new day starts, the sun inflames on the unremitting horizon,
The wildfire in the sky gives way to unfurling tendrils of orange as the sky livens,
The prospect altering from the dull glow of the burning coals that illuminate the sky,
To a blazing landscape sending it's vibrant warmth to reflect lustrously as if to defy,
And after the sun floats high above the deep blue sea,
The scene before my eyes becomes an illustration of blue shades encompassing me,
Where the pale, liquid, sky meets the scintillating ocean, both end,
In a flawless line, reaching to the edge of its confines, a small bend,
It disappears into oblivion as it appears to be the border of earth,
A clean line, a cliff leading to nothingness, a force demanding its worth.