The Sea

the sea holds many secrets

it hides the wails and cries from enemies and allies alike

destruction and regeneration war over the sound of ever-constant waves gently cresting

the glint of the water blinds and distracts from the task at hand

it refuses to be transpicious, even with the guise of limpidity

she can see both the tides of war and peace

bitter rivals and salty comrades come together to face the space in-between

those on each side anticipate the impending end that looms over them

he can hear the sounds of ignorant and innocent laughter sullied by desperation screaming

paths take us to the cliffs of sorrow and the precipice of freedom, overlooking what divides them; don’t look away for fear of slipping and falling into hatred

they provide both security and resources, protecting and defending from the opposing side

the sea can hide your fear

pellucid intentions and tenebrous reasoning cause all mortals involved to become cimmerian

through caliginous storms and translucent skies, a bird will fly into heaven; passing by the tearless and fearless burning

the sea will see the end- will be the end

when all is said and done two thousand years later, society will come to respect all the sea has done to define it