

Empty Sea

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If the sea was empty
Could we pick daisies off the ocean floor?
Would the fish sprout legs
And stroll across the non-existent shore?

Would we be left instead
To swim across the skies?
And how would a poor poet describe
His affection to blue eyes?

We'd all be left
To drown in oxygen
Tell the children stories
Of way back when

The sea she roared
Ripping apart the shore
But now the sea
She is no more