

The Ocean

Mary Carolonza '18

The air smells salty,
Sand covers the ground
The ocean inhales and exhales as
The waves roll by

From sea foam to sea floor,
This is the realm of Neptune
Aphrodite rose from foam,
While Atlantis sank to deep depths

The ocean is a source of intrigue and a place of discovery
A region on earth of both fantasy and reality
An abode of aquatic life

The ocean is so salty because it
Cries for all those tragic vessels caught between Scylla and Charybdis,
Sweats from the exhausting task of delivering countless messages-in-a-bottle,
And preserves the hopes of thousands lost at sea

Sailors embark on a voyage,
Fishermen cast their nets upon a school of fish
Divers plunge beneath deep depths,
And scientists explore the dark abysses of the unknown

When the waves gently undulate,
The foam floating atop them is fragile and enchanting,
Like a marshmallow dissolving in a cup of hot chocolate
But when the dark blue waves furiously crash into each other,
The foam their activity creates is intimidating and terrifying;
It causes the choppy waters to resemble rabid animals

The ocean is a work of art:
From afar a monochromatic stripe of blue,
Stretching across the horizon
Up close a mosaic in motion,
A kaleidoscope of colors

Like a movie scene on repeat,
The waves touch the shore and retreat,
Just as a timid child would rush to pet a dog
Before swiftly returning to its mother's arms

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Teamwork
Support each other
Strong as our weakest link
We work together

Crying
From two blue-green seas
Flow hot streams of salt water
My cheeks are dampened

Creativity
Imagination
Three black dots on white paper
Polar bear in snow

Fallen Cup
Flow of sepia
White tea is spilled from the cup
Honey-lemon stains

Clouds
Silent shape-shifters
They're abstract motifs of fluff
Pillows stuffing

The fox
Bushy paint brush tail
His coat hues of hot sunset
Sneaky and stealthy