

THE SEA POEM

By Frances Roberts

I get a new seascape every day.
Walking to the cliff, I pass the fake Disneyesque McMansion,
And come in sight of the genuine glittering, dazzling ocean.
It is forever breathtaking, this vast expanse,
Always old and ever new, remade tumultuously each instant,
In every seaweed sway and embattled wave-beaten rock.
The silent pelicans glide over me in graceful shifting groups of “V”.
Catalina Island looms or shrinks,
Obeying arcane laws of physics about space and light.
The sea is cobalt, turquoise, or, in turbulence or storm, liquid steel.
Sometimes at sunset all the sky is flame,
With edges of encroaching purple, harbinger of night.
In the fading light, a twinkling cruise ship
Sashays by on its way to Ensenada,
Or to the few remaining parts of Mexico
Where it is safe to park a ship awhile and go ashore.
Politics and people interfere, even here, as I
Stand ruminating on the blessed sea around us,
Which should be above all earthly petty pains,
But is, itself, in its vast inner deeps,
Disintegrating, eating at coral beds and old sea life
That cannot fight off the heat from human error
That penetrates, engulfs it, now.

The endless sea will still appear magnificent as it acidifies,
But, sooner than we ever thought—we learn from crashing glaciers—
There may be left on land no human eyes to be enthralled,
No human ears to hear waves pounding on the rocky shore.

(Recent News Item: As the Arctic ice melts, it exposes the permafrost, which melts in turn, releasing tons of methane gas which may eventually poison our entire atmosphere.)

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