

The Lonely Sea

Valkyrie Bradford

She sat close on the edge,
Toes tapping soft the top
Of azure water brush the ledge,
Those sandy shores, never to stop.

She stared at sky of ruby red,
Mourning in her azure eyes,
For it would never be her stead
To be a shade apart from the skies.

She longed to be a midnight blue,
Like her sister's velvet cloak of night.
But she couldn't shed her lapis hue
Anymore than the sky could go white.

Oh, to be emerald like rolling hills,
To gleam of her mother's jade skin—
Alas, instead of verdant frills,
She was cyan, as she'd always been.

She loved her father but could hardly see
Through the yellow rays he bore.
The pain of her heart from jealousy
Of longing for the gold he wore.

But she was not the sun or shore,
Or her sister, with envious skill;
For life or light, she couldn't pour,
Nor shift her shade at will.

No, she was roiling depths and seas,
With endless trenches, sunless streets,
No grass or trees, fog or breeze,
Just her below her rumpled sheets.

Their gaze was love she couldn't face,
Just aching shame, to see her kin.
For they didn't shun her in disgrace,
But they were kinder than they should've been.

It wasn't her purpose or her place,
Sitting below the surface bright,
Longing, crying for her own space
Where swirling colors were alight.

The Sea sank deep below herself,
Back to lament her plight at home,
To cry upon a coastal shelf,
Tears of brine and salt and foam.

For never could she be the same,
Couldn't create as her family did.
She'd never earn the "god" name
So here below, forever, she hid.

Where cousins and siblings succeed,
Life didn't flow from her as them.
No springs or flowers, bird or seed,
Beast and man, none to come.

She'd reached before, for that life,
To admire those above and around.
But all she'd brought to them was strife,
All her loves, in her, did drown.

In her lonely state underseas,
She tried to mold life of her own.
Simple beasts for company,
And reaped the life she had sown.

And life, she made, indeed that day,
Endless swarms of teeming beasts.
Her love flooded in swirling grey,
Welcomed them to gleaming feasts.

Yet even this couldn't still her pain,
Not in the depths, far deep in the dark.
She'd doomed them here, in black vein,
Never to be seen in daylight stark.

And even had they been pulled to air,
The surface recoiled from her spawn.
Insults and fear flung at her heir,
So below they remain, and she is gone.

Fled yet again, to desperately try,
Endeavor near sky to form a friend.
Sleek, clever swimmers, some even fly!
Yet their elegance wasn't seen, in the end.

No, her open fields of cool aqua blue
Were called deadly, forbidden to roam.
Condemned by men on land who grew,
She sank below, to her hollow home.

Sorrow held her heart that day,
Among fins and tails and eyeless stares,
To see even her children swim away.
Let this barren sea be theirs.

She could not comprehend,
That her children of the foam
Shared her need for a friend,
And sought to bring one home.

So far below the surface gleam,
The Sea hid far from her kin;
Far from gods, men, sunbeam,
To wallow alone, deep within.

Storms raged, no more careful reins,
No longer to hold herself at bay.
Let them fear her hurricanes,
Give them reason to shiver away.

No one calls out to the sea—
Why, for the salt that stings,
Landlocked for many a century,
Crowding about their fresh springs.

Of forlorn tragedy below,
The Sea mourns all alone.

Valkyrie Bradford is a second-year English graduate student, passionate about cheesy literature, bad humor, and her dog and cat that constantly distract her from actually writing.