

Home

By Ashley Aleda Jordan Macneir

The ocean calls me;

it's an unspoken beckoning

Warm saltwater on my skin;

the waves sway back and forth with a sort of reckoning

No matter how far I go she pulls me back and whispers:

“You belong to me”

Roots in my heart.

I think back to the days of her warm embrace,

a child with sun bleached blonde hair and sea-green eyes

Floating face-up like seaweed, the warm sun on her face,

perhaps the most content she had ever felt in her life

Still, to this day, can't explain the feeling just right;

she would lift up the water in the palm of her hand

Hold it like treasure, maybe a pirate's contraband;

spread her fingers and watch it return

Back to the endless home where she belongs,

held for a few moments, a dear friend she will always be,

But still, she let her go because no one, not even she, can hold the sea...

The sea speaks to her soul, it still does today;

miles from home, yet she can hardly keep her siren's call at bay

A language only she and I can understand;

all of her baffling beauty and mystery,

Hidden away, never to reappear:

The keeper of secrets

Maybe even of life and most definitely death,

but still, she gently rocked me to bed

Calmed me but warns that I should still fear;

the sea is a dangerous beauty, even here

She will always be a part of me,

And one day I know I will return to the sea!