

## cerulean heart

i miss the ocean. *(a list of things i love about you:)*  
i miss her joyous, jumping and spinning,  
tumbling in excitement, throwing her arms  
into the air and splaying her white fingers. *(i love your energy,)*

i miss her angry, hurling her fists onto the  
sandy ground, crashing into rocks and  
beating against cliffs. *(your passion,)*

i miss her sleepy, drifting in and out of wake,  
swaying gently to music that might be there  
or maybe only she can hear. *(your tired eyes. dance with me again.)*

i miss her melancholy, sighing against the  
horizon, flat and heart a steely blue. *(i'm sorry i can't fix everything)*

i miss her dazzling, so bright i have to look  
away, glittering smile and bouncing on her  
feet. *(but if you're here we'll be alright)*

i miss her dark and dangerous, hidden  
depths bringing forth creatures of blue,  
creatures of night, creatures of lack of love and  
light that i will take out into the sun and  
promise the world to. *(stay on the phone tonight, and help me to the day)*

when i woke this morning the world was  
filled with fog *(i cannot see you. are you there?)*  
she heard me, came all the way to my  
window to see me *(not gone, not gone. unseen and missed, but not gone.)*

i miss the ocean; she is mist.