

The Sea Politic

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I
I KNOCK at your door,
My hands liquid.
I am out of my leagues.
I see the iced smile and the appearance of welcome.
I know all is pearlescent.
Shark teeth glisten.
I open my mouth and out pours my passion.
Your thoughts on submarine motives,
Sounding sonar on my depths.
I stand as if a lone splash of courage
Amid a churning sea,
Of chum and carnage.
Swimming toward shore I look back
Eyes straining for a ripple,
Along my passage.

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