



WRITING

When People Come to See Me

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TYPE

Poetry

When people come to see me, they photograph the sparkling waters and white sand beaches.
They choose to remember the looming palm trees and beautiful sunrises.
In their eyes, I am a place of serene beauty and calm.

But what about the things they don't see?
What hides beneath the endless waters.
They know it's there, they choose to ignore it all.
They fear darkness and uncertainty.
They fear the creatures they can't understand and the riptides that will pull them in.
They choose ignorance rather than acknowledge the storms that rage overhead.
Hiding behind their walls as the clouds roll in, and those who live below the waters begin to stir.
The people cower in fear of its fury.

For they know, when the darkness settles, there is no stopping the storm of pain and anger that is to come.

And when the dark passes.
The waters calm once again and laps back at the land.
Trying to clean up the broken pieces its anger created.