

If only storms could be gentle

by Gemma Guiomard

Gods fight like men.
Poseidon's muscles ripple like the waves he creates.
Sea foam spurts and the war rushes on.

But you.
You would sit on a hill
Smelling the flowers and earth deeper than most could.
You hear laughter in the wind.
Your eyes make music.

Come Away.
Come Away.

Hear my voice in the wind-
Feel me reaching out
And turn to me.

Follow the rush.

But would I bring you to war?
You are a peacemaker,
Always content and generous.
I am a tempest.
Would I crash your world
On my sea broken rocks?

Does the tempest belong to Poseidon?
His cruel, crashing power sustains me.
I make houses shake and cloud the skies
But I make you feel alive.

She is the sun in a meadow.
You could live together in peace.
The sun will drive back my clouds.
I long to live in peace with you
To hear your songs
And roll in the breeze.

But I am condemned to the storm.
I am a siren
I'm a destroyer.
No matter how hard I strain
My nature does not exist in meadows.

Poseidon drives me into a fray.
You will live on beautiful and at peace.

