

The Ocean's Secret

By Bailey Black



The ocean has a secret.
Listen, and you'll hear it.

The **waves giggle** over the rocks
like they just know you couldn't guess.
Seagulls shriek and **swirl** overhead,
always the gossipers.
Branches contain **the wind** as it screams
towards the ocean, wanting to be told

The ocean has a secret.
Watch, and you'll see it.

The rocks pull little **crabs** under their shadows,
hushing the little busybodies.
The sand draws the water over itself,
covering the prints of things that have passed by.
Seals are drawn back under the water,
their curiosity overcome by their protection of the secret.

The ocean has a secret.
Wait, and you'll feel it.

There's fear beneath the surface.
Fear that these **sparkling**,
mysterious waters and creatures
will take their secret to the grave.
That the world will silence them
with toxins and disease,
never caring enough for the secret
that might come if the world will only wait.

The tides know the secret.
You could ask them,
but they won't tell you.

They flow **back and forth**
in an **endless rhythm**,
unconcerned and wise.
The tides have seen
hundreds of lives pass,
and they know
that hundreds more will,
long before the ocean's secret
is revealed to the world.
The ocean is constant,
even as everything
else changes.
The tides are **unafraid**.
The secret of the ocean remains.