

## The Remains of My Storm

Halcyon waters  
A sentinel to my innermost dread  
A rippling  
Shape-shifting  
Crippling shield

Whirlpools  
Windstorms  
Wicked castings of the sea witch within  
Retching as my fortress turns to salt  
And the clear waters turn putrid  
Yet a word from his lips  
A moment of breath  
A malevolent serenity  
Slowing the swelling over my vision  
Inducing me into the eye of the conjurer  
Yet is not Aphrodite more potent than Hecate?  
I prove it so  
As the foam rises from the enclosing storm  
I undermine my own barriers  
Shattering through the surface  
His lips  
Pushed aside by my unchained passion  
No longer needing his words  
The storm silenced by my own

The pure, revived water  
Cascades from my shoulders  
Eradicates my fears  
The once blurred image now clear  
As Iris colors her approval  
Over the remains of my storm