

Fourth Place
Perky Poets Society National Poetry Month Contest

Lost and Found

Lost at sea
Moving at the whims of the waves
Surrounding me. Enveloping
Me in choppy
Unpredictable
Fickle
Waters.

All attempts
at swimming
--freestyle, butterfly, back--
are nothing
against the will
of the ocean.

In a moment
the horizon disappears
everything is blue
and black
deaf and dark.

Limbs are
Tangled. Tossing. Turbulent.
Grasping with broken
fingers and ragdoll
arms and legs.

A thousand pounds
resting on my chest.
My world is blackness.
Pain. Suffocation.
I'm preparing my own
eulogy.

Something grabs me and pulls a battered body onto shore.

Warmth.
The storm is quiet.
The heavy waves now only seafoam.
My lungs, once filled with water,
Now taste the air.
I blink.
Brilliant sunshine.