

# Empty Sea

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If the sea was empty  
Could we pick daisies off the ocean floor?  
Would the fish sprout legs  
And stroll across the non-existent shore?

Would we be left instead  
To swim across the skies?  
And how would a poor poet describe  
His affection to blue eyes?

We'd all be left  
To drown in oxygen  
Tell the children stories  
Of way back when

The sea she roared  
Ripping apart the shore  
But now the sea  
She is no more