

Scars of the Rock

In a place far away on an island of bliss,
Exists one piece of rock braving the Pacific.
Mere minutes away from the electric blue pools,
The palms and syrupy sun oozing into glowing reefs,
Cracking waves collide with the crumbling cliff,
Beating and breaking the old ocean wall.
It's marred and scarred and worn to the bone,
Its craggy face dripping with sizzling froth.
This gruesome sight stirred something in me,
A tidal wave of awe crashed over my own marred skin,
And I smiled as I bathed in the violent magnificence
Of our Mother Earth.