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Titanic

Renee' Drummond-Brown

Tired is as tired does. She floats on
carless streams; who knows no love. She floats on river-banks
giving her all to the poor. She floats on oceanic "blues"
of a dark history's past
"SEEs shores" + "SEEs shells" - white beaches = black quicksand. She's
not built to last. Duracell, ALKALINE and Energizer
keeps her going and going and going. CHARGE-she's gone!

Can't you "sea?" The saltwater pressures her blood
greater than the strength of them waterfalling hearts. She boils!
She boils!! She boils!!! And can't hide!
But why?
Ain't no pearls clamed inside. Can't you "sea?"
Her lake's shallow and parliament knee deep. They can't
swim like she
and never did they learn. Can't you "sea?"
Her army, her navy, her coastguard are the few, were the proud,
but in no way can withstand alone without THE marine!

Walking by faith
gets momma utterly exhausted for which she terminates
the struggle for them quote-un-quote
un-grates.
Forevermore, can she no longer float on
sureSEEs and/or SEEs shores; whichever!

BUT
when them momma's give up; WATCH IT NOW
EVERYONE DROWNS
and i mean everyone; FOR "SHORE!"
"Their" life jackets will forever work
no-more.

Sending out an' SOS

can't help the raging of an angry battered sea.
Nothin' like a shipwreck
that gets tossed
AND
turns.