

## **The Journey**

*by Evie*

Inky beasts below us  
Clawing,  
Gripping,  
Seizing,

My mousy dinghy  
Barely afloat,  
Getting wrenched down  
Into the writhing abyss

My feet are raw,  
And my eyes burning,  
And my skin ice,  
And my hands tumefied,

The tempest seething  
Its colossal talons  
Stalking by my shoulder  
Searching for unease

But if I try, I can  
Seal away the noise,  
Seal away my senses  
And whisk myself

Beneath salmon skies,  
And caviar clouds,  
And seaweed trees,  
And cerulean seas,

But when we are swallowed,  
We only await,  
Crimson fields  
and ashen faces.