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## My Ocean

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# My Ocean

*Zeke Fetrow*

Deep and tranquil.  
The waves soothing and caressing me to sleep.  
My eyes grow heavy as the water glides across my skin.  
Between my fingers and through my hair.  
I lay in the sand, the tide washing over me.  
Liquid beauty that runs through streams and creeks.  
Even in the muck and grime,  
Water shines iridescently glorious and pure.  
But it's only my surface that sparkles.  
For below my glimmering smiles and laughter,  
The steady creeks and streams of my earth,  
Lies an emptiness paralyzed in the fear of never realizing my  
potential.  
My own magnificence that the water so cleverly shows me.  
For I am only a pond.  
One day I will make waves as stunning as the ocean.  
I will become as rich, deep and tranquil as the seas.  
I will be teeming with life and energy,  
Unrestrained by the comforts of my puddle.  
I will rain down on the earth with a love that heals and soothes.  
I will be a part of each and every being,  
Protecting, surrounding, and providing.  
Someday.  
But until then I remain a pond.  
Shallow and chaotic like a tiny sea in a storm.