

Hurricane Child

You are the reason hurricanes are named after people,
Forever gasping in the eye of the storm.
A rippled sky above a calm blue sea,
With every breath, a new star is born.

To the horizon we grapple for answers,
To the ceiling we trace our regrets.
But the horizon is endless, the ceiling is dark
And an ocean never forgets.

Together we are a constellation,
Bound by ancient stories so wild.
I am the shores of your quivering sea,
You are my hurricane child.