

DETACHED

If the city is a sea
The sidewalks are its beaches
The people are the water
And cars a rushing storm.

If the city is a sea
Its highway is the music
The joggers fly like seagulls
and parks are steadfast islands.

If the city is a sea
lonely homes float the current
children sit the helm
as they direct a sail of dreams.

If the city is a sea
I sit apart, on the shore
admiring the ebb and flow of tide
but fearing the grip of wetness.

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