

Because We Have To

Low Roar

A calm sea awaits, blue skies and sun
Inviting and smiling and dancing around

The wind pushes north, through the straits, towards the clouds
The sun rests her head on the water around
By morning, our voices will sink with their shells

Her belly exposed, up towards the sun
Lays hindered and splintered and makes not a sound

Ahead of her bow, a doll chain takes form
Of women and children that someone adored
In a last dance, hand in hand, they float all around