

# The Oceans of My Heart

Marcel



As the waves beat upon the rocks,  
so they beat upon my heart.  
When the currents pound on the shore,  
so they pound upon my arteries for a pulse.  
Wild, yet tranquil, my heart has no fear.  
It beats only to the sound of my own drum.

They say I am like “Moana” -- Hawaiian for the Ocean.  
Sympathetic, Compassionate, Forceful, and Unpredictable.  
When love fills my heart my body goes blind.  
When anger seeps out my heart I grow weary and numb.  
The tidal wave of emotion completes my personality.  
And the flood of sheer intelligence and integrity complete my character.

“Do you desire my heart?” I yell to the water.  
“Can it hear me?” “Does it reflect me?”  
Why am I so bonded to its peaceful waters and treacherous waves?  
The ocean reigns free, unlike any other element Mother Nature gives.  
I cast the first stone, but the ocean casts the last.  
Disobedient and Immature, the ocean plays games.  
Do I?

They say “Trial by Fire,” but why not water?  
My heart will not mend from this unceasing pain.  
But the ocean does.  
Why can it possess such beauty and ugliness in one mass?  
They say when the wind speaks—listen.  
But never will I bow to such rubbish.  
My ocean leads you to my center and my being.  
My strongest and my weakest feature.  
The Oceans of My Heart.