



Eyeing the Sea

We circle the sun with false certainty, plant roots
with expectation of surety. The sea colorless as shattered
glass speckled by light teaches an elemental lesson
to do its best to keep us more honest. Forever changeable,
capricious, explosive as a geyser is what I found spying
through a knothole in a rock at Montana de Oro. These days
there's no calm ebb and flow like a cradle for the earth,
it stirred to rage by winds that writhe like hunted Leviathans.
Its head spins and gasps for air, belly wrenches with toxins
and sewage. Skies overdose on fuel and wildfires. Water and air
transform into a vengeful eye with eyewalls to strike terror,
drown human pride, wash clean our world of human wreckage.

—Jim McCord

Carol McCord, *Eyeing the Storm*