

## The Ocean

### Against Me!

If I could have chosen where God would hide his heaven,  
I would wish for it to be in the salt and swell of the ocean.  
Carried by the currents to all continents' shores.  
Reaching into depths where the sun's light has never shown.  
Mixed with algae and coral.  
Breathed in by sharks and dolphins.  
Sailed by tanker ships, private yachts, swam in by tourists.  
Working its way up through inlets, lakes, and rivers, swamps, and estuaries.  
Down through limestone into the aquifer.  
Purified by the county, pumped through pipes and out faucets.  
Filled into a glass to meet the thirst of our children.

If I could have chosen, I would have been born a woman.  
My mother once told me she would have named me Laura.  
I would grow up to be strong and beautiful like her.  
One day I'd find an honest man to make my husband.  
We would have two children, build our home on the Gulf of Mexico.  
Our family would spend hot summer days at the beach together.  
The sun would kiss our skin as we played in the sand and water.

We would know we loved each other without having to say it.  
At night we would sleep with the windows of our house left open.  
Letting the cool ocean air soothe the sunburned shoulders of our children.

There is an Ocean in my soul where the waters do not curve.