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The Red Tide

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The Red Tide

Ross Karp

The reef is alive.

Each polyp bleeds like an open wound Spitting a font of crimson seeds That take to the tide And ride With deadly speed To the gills of the fish in the ocean!

The red cloud passes over
Like the shadow of a shark swimming at the apex
Leaving behind a wave
Like a grave
Filled with choking fish lying
Ruby and white
Their poisoned fins supplicating the scarlet sunset!

Alive! The tide is alive!

It is filled with veins, filled rushing with the color of death.

Russet marguders blooming like a burning firework.

Russet marauders blooming like a burning firework, Each spark joining the school of pestilence Spreading Farther and deeper, a net of sinew Sickness, expanding towards the water.

It bursts and blurts, spreading against the shore!