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Untitled

Emma Parella
NSU University School

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It's a look of blank expression that washes over your face.
It's just like a white water wave whose foam fizzes over the seashells,
So deeply engraved in the powder-white sand.

I call your name twice, but receive no answer.
You are standing there at the edge of the shore,
All laced in white and caressing the breeze
That's calling to carry you home.
Meanwhile, I'm nothing more than a whisper
With my fingers resting against your wrist
Trying to feel for your pulse for a minute
Before you sink into the endless abyss.
On the surface, the waters are violent,
And wild,

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But I'm just a child; I'm losing my grip;
I can't help my crying, I can't help but panic
As my mother slips into the sea.
By releasing the wheel, by surrendering hope
By quietly drifting away,
You give up your heart and your head to the ocean
As the neurons fire away in your brain.
But mother, I can't be left here without you,
And mother, I beg you to stay.
And mother, I'd miss you too much if you left me,

by **Daniella
Moshe-Romano**

Photography by:
Emma Parella

The ocean can wait, but I can't.