When Seashells Don’t Come

When seashells don’t come to the shore anymore

When blue whales don’t crest

over the young horizon anymore,

Gleaming white on the seafoam like a waxing moon.

When the coral reef lays barren,

drained of its life,

spray-painted white

Decalcified. Bone-barren

When the ocean dies, finally

With a last, deep, shuddering breath

An eternal sigh, an eternal death

Don’t tell me you didn’t hear

her last heartbeats.

Because I’ll tell you

You didn’t listen.