

Tomorrow's Oceans Will Be Purple

Ellen Wayman

Has anyone ever asked you a question
you never wanted to answer?
A question so tortured, so beautifully crafted,
that it effortlessly sliced through the thickest layers of your soul?

A question mined from the purest of ores,
shipped from the mountains to the smelters,
who purified the ore into the cleanest of bar.

The question then carefully boxed up
transported to the local blacksmith
who proceeded to hammer out all
imperfections and impurities
until finally the only thing that existed
was the most beautiful of swords.
A handle was added,
dressed up nicely in the
sadistic leather fitting
that cloaks all weapons of sorrow.

Who then should happen upon the shop
and see such a beautiful tool?

Why, none other than
the most charming and cunning of fools.

Who then proceeded to slice
your pretty face away until
it revealed the hideous interior
all humans indeed have.

With blood gushing from
every second that question was
left exposed to your sensitive ears,
you look into the fool's eyes and wonder
Why?

You knew such an answer
would not be possible.
You knew the answer
sought wouldn't be found.
And yet you asked.

No apologies offered
for the ruining of my innocence,
no justification for the torment
I must now put myself through.

Such is the delicious way we must deal with things.