

Floodland

Elena Saorrano

This is the way it was
Night reflecting up from the shimmering asphalt
Firing glints of embers back into crystal clear windows
In the passenger's eyes, all was calm
Driving through the terror was a different story

“No harm will come your way”
No harm does not make the driver any calmer
White knuckles gripping the wheel,
Steering the two into the dreary, drenched oblivion
With no qualms other than why

“Any time, just raise your arms above the flood”
In reference to the raging storm? Who knew
Perhaps she sensed the desperation brewing beside her
The road, her road, moves like a drunkard's hallway
Like the sea

The ocean before them brings on its waves
It echoes with a million voices calling their names
One distorted, one clearer than yesterday's skies
Driving on through the floodland, into the sea
Off the great white pier standing amidst oblivion

This is the way it was
Never to wake up from this land
This fragmented, endless dream on loop

This is the way it is
Driving through the floodland
Comatose for however long

Too much, but never enough
Having everything within one's reach
Just to tear it up and watch it fall

And let Death will you away