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Ocean Eyes  
Sarah Murrell

All the continents were once an island, she says.  
One giant island all touching and pushing,  
the volcanoes scalding the plains,  
the mountains pricking the delicate wetlands.  
The arctic tears rained on tanned cheeks of the southern trees.  
The oceans stirred and grasped at the island's feet  
and as it danced and kicked it away, its guts rattled, cracks formed.  
The earth hugged itself together as tight as it could  
for one fleeting moment, everything squashed into a hot, wet chaos.  
When it could no longer fight the roar of the sea,  
it let go a moaning sigh, savoring the remaining moments  
of evanescent unity, and broke into seven mournful pieces.  
Each extended an arm of broken islands, desperate to hang on,  
trying to wave a ponderous goodbye as  
they floated away from one another.