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Seaweed

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There are no tides as unpredictable
as the ones that tug my self-confidence away from me.
The oceans have the courtesy to mold themselves to the will of the moon.
So that everybody knows
    when the water’s going to go rushing out,
or rushing in,
and can figure out where the fuck to build the sandcastle.

But not my tides.

There I am, sunning myself with life
when all of the sudden I’m spitting out saltwater
    and I can’t keep my head clear.
Or worse, when everything pulls away,
leaving me with the bare brown sand and my fear
    that I will never accomplish the things I think  
I ought to have done by now.

I want to be more like the moon.
I want to have her will,
    and her light,
    and her calm, clear face.
I want the ebb and flow to answer to me.