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The Red Tide

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The Red Tide

Ross Karp

The reef is alive.

Each polyp bleeds like an open wound
Spitting a font of crimson seeds
That take to the tide
And ride
With deadly speed
To the gills of the fish in the ocean!

The red cloud passes over
Like the shadow of a shark swimming at the apex
Leaving behind a wave
Like a grave
Filled with choking fish lying
Ruby and white
Their poisoned fins supplicating the scarlet sunset!

Alive! The tide is alive!
It is filled with veins, filled rushing with the color
of death.
Russet marauders blooming like a burning firework,
Each spark joining the school of pestilence
Spreading
Farther and deeper, a net of sinew
Sickness, expanding towards the water.

It bursts and blurts, spreading against the shore!