

To The Young God

You were born as the sea fasted on sand, hastened to land. You were rocked awake in the cradle of tsunamis, formed from seafoam in the womb of storms. You do not remember that now. The crash of waves so great and deafening they brought the skies to earth as you uttered your first cry. The roiling of life brought to surface from the abyss as your limbs stretched into being.

You know only the caress of gentle waves and their trails that gather like silk in your hair. Until the skies clear to reflect the sea, you will have no thought as the waves pass through you. You will not understand why the sea that birthed you will not raise you.

The sea that formed you was an old and tired beast, as ancient as creation, and full of the aged rage of all that had died in it. You do not remember those that have been killed to birth you.

One day you will learn that the hand that lifted your body from sea sprays lays waste to entire lands. One day you will beg me to stop because by then, you will have discovered the seed of your own rage. You will ask me if all sea gods are born violent. If they can love. If they are mortal.

The sea you will create will be young and rebellious, free and flirtatious.

You will be raised by the world though you never belonged to it.

Before the first ships that sail you, you will not know the sound of your own voice.

You will not learn the power of your own limbs until the you know the silence of your self.

You will not fall in love until the first man tries to slaughter you.

You will not be given a name until you are given one by the first men you kill.

You will not know any of this until you learn where the men came from.

You will not love until you love.