

the legend of the seaweaver

the seaweaver is beautiful
the seaweaver is temperamental
the seaweaver takes people into the sea and
doesn't give them back

deep under the sapphire waves
lives the seaweaver
who weaves the vast, everlasting blanket of blue
that snakes around her in dizzying circles

unpredictable
no man can control the water
my father told me when I was very young
the seaweaver is no man

her crashing waves are hungry and relentless
and yet, she sends us fish every morning
when ships sail past, they feel her rage from the bottom of the ocean
even the great sharks of the old fear her wrath

one day, a hermit crab floats into her cavern
disturbing her concentration
she sends waves of anger and intimidation towards
the tiniest creature in all of the seas

then, she softens
as she sees the sea olive branch
tied to the crab's leg
an offering of peace

the seaweaver leaves her loom
in the first time in centuries
and gently picks up the hermit crab