It is only when I find myself in high pressure social situations that I discover my own consciousness.
by Brittany Haley

The plates on the ocean floor collide like china,
and the midnight waves start to crash in.
I am like a child lost in the supermarket
with wide, bloodshot eyes
in the vast emptiness of the open water.
The more I fight the current the farther I get lost in sea.
My lungs burn like ice water
while the rest of my body is numb.
I have become numb to almost anything that is good.

But it is only when I bathe in tsunamis
do I truly realize how much I crave the sun.

It is only when my blood turns to ice
do I realize how much I take advantage of the warmth.

It is only when I feel the sun
that the waves turn to ripples in a puddle.