

In The Mercy of Her Golden Gaze
Iliana Booth

I am lost again,
caught in the intricate maze
of hazel in a familiar gaze.
I feel the force of the ocean's tide,
it embraces me, and I am born
once more, a child of the sea
in the intoxicating amber haze,
floating helplessly and
tainted by recklessness.

I have drowned over and over,
my body thrown toward the shore.
I have encountered the depths,
stubborn and stronger than me,
where the sun cannot reach and
the darkness is inevitable as the last breath.

The next breath I take trembles in its wake,
a heart that won't give out just yet.
I am found again,
not by the restless sea but by the courageous light.
Weary eyes open to the flooding of the Sun
as warmth and hope return at once
with the promise of peace.

I make myself at home here
and the scars from the brutal storm will fade
but never leave. In the dimming rosy glow,
I inquire with the Sun,
Why must you leave me at each day's end? I am left
to long for your warmth through the dreary night.

She beams back at me from the horizon,
gracing me with a smile I have seen many times before.
You can trust I will return to you each morning
as constant as the tide and as forgiving as the breeze.

My light cannot always shine, but I am always with you
as you await the return of the crisp morning air.
In the mercy of her golden gaze, I am safe
to close my eyes in the rarest bliss, radiant
as I am immersed in her eternal light.

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