

The Age of Aquarium

By Mark Edgemon

I fell into a watery grave, in my life's boat sailing home
Sinking ever lower beyond the reach of humanity
My view distorted by the current rushing by me
With no further hope of sanity.

An underwater cave is where I would reside
But for a brief time, while awaiting the next life
With the sea for my walls and fish in my bloody hands
Who's gills cut like a knife.

They will not find me, how could they reach me in time
Why would they want to when their own life was not mine?
I am alone in a watery grave and no one cares
They only HOPE I am fine!

The End