

TSUNAMI AFTERMATH

by Oscar Treadwell

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Tide returns unconcerned
and gently laps the shore,

Sea foam gurgles on the sand
as always and before,

Unaware its mass and power
had crippled life and limbs,

Neutralizing all defenses,
ennobling hope, then dims.

As bodies torn, lie bloating
in the rubble of despair,

Mother screaming for her baby
searches everywhere,

Insane confusion, eyes are wild,
tsunami claims another child.