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## A Woman's Heart and Its Oceans

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# A Woman's Heart and Its Oceans

Grace Campbell

Oceans are inky black, swirling masses of violence. Rage.  
They are deep, slow, and ever moving.  
They cannot comprehend the meaning of "stop."  
The meaning of "please, slow down."  
The meaning of "you're hurting me."  
They know not how to love, nor the concept of a soul. I don't think they have souls.  
Some would disagree. Some would argue that you could never ask an ocean to love.  
You could never ask it to be anything but an ocean. You cannot look to the sea and say "do not"  
—  
turn with green light. Sing your crashing songs.

But it's not really a song, is it? There's no lullaby, or other sweet tune.  
There is no kindness in its hushes. It does not look at me and smile gently,  
nor kiss my hand and face. It's just water doing what water does. Moving and changing forever  
and ever with no concern for the creatures that live inside of it.

Oceans. They are enigmas.  
My mother's voice comes to my mind as I stand at the edge of a wake.  
She's warning me of sharks, sea urchins, riptides, and most importantly strangers. The kind that  
would pick me up and run away or hold me  
underneath the surf.

What she does not know is that I have already seen what is underneath the surf.  
I have looked eyes with it, and it has been known. It has always been known.  
How could one love without a soul? How could an ocean wrap me in warm embrace?  
It is because it is angry.  
It has always been angry.  
She holds her anger back with love.