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**My old sea.**

I have been drowning in an old sea  
so old the kelp has grown wild  
and the sunlight is nowhere near  
it has taken a not a few hours but seven years

I have never seen the surface  
or heard the thunder of waves  
i was left in a still life painting  
dragged down by the currence,  
my body clings to one thin string of kelp  
trying with all my might to climb upwards  
i will die here eventually  
and then my time will end  
in this cold black hell

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