

## Deliverance

In the clearing oceans, blues of deep waters are disappearing from the wastes of the red tide. All the wonderful memories gone, or sharing those moments in the sunny sky view with your loved ones are shattered when all good things come to an end.

Water is a representation in human life, a symbol that make citizens respect the all-knowing beings who created the life source for good use. It creates a divine sincerity evolving a serene environment to whoever comes for a visit. Once the fresh air of undersea scents are venturing through your nose, a relaxing feel comes into skin. It is the wondrous scenery of the sun rising and giving his shine to colorize the salty waters' waves, splashing as its resonance echoes inside your ears.

Now there are noxious conditions that can wound the water. This toxic waste endangers creatures, harming not only the species but also their wonders, an influence to most people that can admire their brilliant beauty. The watered Animalia who once was protected and lived in peaceful balance, is drowning.

The clearing drops are covered and hidden from its vivid ripples against the inky, dark blooms. Distasteful liquid surrounds and savors the coast, a local set for swimmers to feel out their toes in soft sands. Wasting time by capering through the beach, dipping inside the shore seas, and building castles for silly, imaginative storytelling—their excitement blinds them, their realities gone while they play. They hardly notice that the fun can end soon for them.

Imagine someone just enjoying his swim, as his sight is caught by a stream of red fog. His curiosity gets the best of him, he goes forward. He feels it, a touch he never can identify. His belief was that this “red fog” is supposed to be nice. A wonder like everything he heard about the ocean. His intentions are wrong. He escapes out of the water, running as his skin is red and rashed. His lungs tighten, he coughs the drops in his mouth. As he watches, he now knew he

wasn't the only one. Everybody who unknowingly knew of the red tide flowed their tears, others who couldn't speak words for their aid.

The ocean's tranquility has turned into a quiet rage of violent waters, others not noticing the invisible pain of a betrayed sea. The people of land are aware of this conflicted side of the sea. I hear it weep, I sense its isolation floating away. I may not breath underwater, nor may I see agony in you, but I detect the emotions inside your deep waters. You have been described by many others, but what defines you is your dear nature-given powers that has helped us survive these hardship years. And in return, we give this redemption to you.