

Thera

Giant Squid

Listen closely when mountains speak
And skies turn gray like elders
Thera quakes to clear her slate
We will itch her skin longer

Our island spits in disgust, not enough ships for us
If only we had gills, we may have escaped

Thera will be felt still thousands of years from now
We have her ash in our pores still to this day

Flocks of fire nested upon these homes
Like the hooks we bait, Akrotiri was swallowed

Millennia have passed and we still trip over her ash

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