

Watermark

Sleeping at Last

You were carved out of the sea,
watermarked by our ancestry.
In a tug of war
between the tide and me,
what felt like loss was a victory,
as you were swept ashore
like bottles holding prayers.

Where you were carved out of the earth,
safe and sound in your second birth,
gravity has tied your anchor to the shore,
as a lighthouse tames the endless ocean roar.

Against the calming light,
our silhouettes are changing shape.
The stories you've been told
have made you brave.

Such inheritance
was formed within the sand,
like the shells you gather
in the safety of your hands.

Dive in, with your eyes closed,
for the life you were born to claim.
The water will be paralyzed
by the courage you contain.
The flutter of your earnest heart,
it will fill the silent seas
and all will be restored in your melody.