

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.