

## A TALE OF THE OCEAN

At the oceanside.

Watching the waves hiss forward and clap against the land, leaving its mark behind.

I hear the sound of waters, like a cry for something deep yet unknown.

For something it just couldn't let out of its soul, but desperately needed the world to know.

The ocean has no mouth to speak like me.

Yet, it speaks in a language that it knows,

A language that it hopes I would someday understand.

The ocean speaks, with words displayed in every action it takes.

With every wave, it bids me listen.

On listening I heard the voice of the ocean.

It told me of everything that man ever did, for indeed it dwells within it.

It told me of life that it carries, and the death within it too.

It showed me the beauty and ugliness that lies beneath it.

And in it I saw a picture of the world.

How that man has been put in it, presented with the opportunities that it brings

The world like the ocean bears all things good and bad.

And silently, it pleads that we choose the good.

That we take care of it, in order to enjoy the fruit it brings.

Our world like the ocean, bids us listen.

But listen to preserve it now.

That it may better preserve us for years to come.