

When Waves Fear

At six,
I watched the waves fold and curl,
Elegance tangled in a restless tango.

Yet their touch frightened me,
Cold whispers in each ripple,
Kept my fingers away.

How could beauty feel so intimidating?
I wondered.

In the silent hum of the breeze,
The oceans responded:

It wasn't intimidating,
But scared;
Of plastic skeletons hidden beneath its dance,
Of life fading under a perfect surface.

A reminder,
Earth isn't what she once was.

The air?
Bitter. Choking.
Clean breath, lost in fumes.

The trees?
Felled for roads, for 'progress,'
By hands she once nourished.

Where did our love go?
Mother Nature weeps,
Not just for herself,
But for our breath, our future.

Enough!
Of this slow suicide,
These plastic prisons choking our seas.

In our hands lies hope.
Let our waste be reborn,
Not to haunt, but serve.
Let progress build with roots, not smoke.

And one day,
Our footprints will no longer make her flinch.
In her quiet healing,
She'll dare to smile again.