Every Morning I Behold

Every morning I behold
The breaking waves of the sea
They tell the story of deep affection
To meet the shore with ecstasy
They inspire me to be
Spontaneous, fragile willingly
Being fragile is not a curse
It can sometimes work amazingly
A wave whispered in my ear
While I was beholding the sea
"I am foamy and fragile yet
I can sculpt the rocks easily."
I figured out and realized
The weakness of mankind sadly
Nature is the best teacher ever
Just comprehend its wisdom thoughtfully

Maysa'a Adnan