

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