Wave

For long I carried the weight of boats back bent,

I am an old man in the sea.

I carry the water and run,

Like an athlete in a marathon,

But my age can no longer stop a young wind,

From robbing my breath back to the starting line.

It is as if I am a chair standing still,

With legs, still, unable to run.

My life is spinning,

Like the arms of a clock does.

I wait alone through three seasons,

Until the summer brings my children to me.

But my waves can lift my children!

My labour trained my strength,

To lift my children!

With it I am able to

Watch them smile.

My waves hug my children!

With the water’s soft embrace,

I watch them laugh.

Because I am standing here,

Forfeiting my dreams,

I don’t miss a single moment,

Watching them grow.