

POETRY

Elnaz Shahnnavazi

Dear Sea

Dear Sea,
How is your coral bed?
How is the blurry harbor?
Has the monstrous growth spread?

Dear Sea,
Was my letter carried
By a crow?
I'm afraid seabirds stole the note.

Do people swarm your cliff edge,
And you cringe
As they wring their clothes
Onto your blue shirt?

I wish I could have freed you
As I freed myself.
If I had learned to swim,
I would have searched the depths.

Sea, I know there are others
Trapped as I was.
Do you watch them drift each day,
Or only meet them too late —
The way you met me?

I fear you're not making waves.
I fear you will make waves.

My dear Sea,
There's hope —
Not for them,
But for you.

From the sand
New ones will rise,
People you will recognize.

I realized too late
Your presence there was a mistake.

My glance toward you
Was curiosity for the land beyond,
Like the rest, I know
I failed you.

But you felt my pain,
Heard my woe,
You carried the most sorrowful rain,
You recorded the lowest wave.

We were ringed by them —
Seabirds, Sun, Moon, Wind, Sky.

And Sky —
Works as a spy.
You thought it was your comrade,
Your mirror,
Yet you feed through the year
It's starved clouds.

O Sea,
When you split,
I crossed your bed.
You set a maze for them
I won't forget
Blue twin flame.

Author's Note

Elnaz Shahnnavazi is a 29-year-old young woman from Iran, where she studied English Literature. Since she began writing poetry, she has been inspired by nature and often uses natural events to represent human experiences. Elnaz loves exploring themes of darkness and fantasy. She focuses on storytelling, monologue, and dialogue in poetic form to reveal lessons that resonate with the human experience.