“Wave”

Literature

Ava Passarelli

8th - Sandburg Middle School

Elmhurst Council

Sorrow is a wave.
When it is present, it is omnipotent and powerful,
Forceful and obvious,
All-consuming and overwhelming.
Depression replaces the hydrogen of water,
Filling any space with its undeniable pain.
Fear is oxygen.
We breathe it in and out,
It fills both our desperate lungs and the remnants of the wave that is sorrow.
Sorrow, wave.
All-consuming, forceful.
Waves rush,
Flow over, swallow everything in its path,
Increase in power and size then…
Then…
Then…
Falls away.
The tsunami, though powerful, is transient.
It will leave,
You will be relieved.
The power of sorrow is extreme and horrific, though inpermanent.
It ends,
The debris behind it will be restored.
Of course, this must be done with effort.
The ruins of cities cannot be mended unless the citizens and residents are willing to put their very essence on the line.
The wave will wash away, though our fears and despair do not flow with it.
They remain, unless we remove them.
Happiness is a wave.
It is a man-made wave.
It is a wave that we pour ourselves into and must put faith forth to hold onto.
Hope is hydrogen, faith is oxygen.
We must turn on the faucet to keep the stream flowing.
We must hold the knob tightly,
Maintain it.
Our grip loosens,
Deteriorates,
But can be restored.
We hold tightly, but by letting go,
Our grip may become tighter,
Stronger.
Sorrow is a wave…
….but never forget that waves pass.