

The waves once whispered stories of home,
where the sun bends low to kiss the shore,
where coral gardens bloomed beneath the tide,
and fish shimmered like scattered stars beneath the moonlight.
At night, the water glowed,
soft blue light swirling in the wake of passing boats,
a silent song woven into the waves.

But now, she chokes.
The once-pristine coastlines, lush with life,
have become the dumping grounds of greed.
She swallows barrels of poison,
the weight of a world that does not know her name.

The fish no longer shimmer.
The tide no longer sings.

Then the rain grew fickle, the rivers brittle,
until the land cracked beneath the sun's weight.
What was green turned to dust,
what was plenty turned to want.
Hunger crept in, slow and merciless,
settling in the ribs of children,
their bones pressed sharp against the skin.

The land begged for rain.
The sky stayed silent.

The fathers walked farther,
chasing water that never came.
Hunger lingered where harvests once stood,
and thirst carved deep lines into the earth.

Desperation bloomed in the heat,
the kind that turns empty hands into weapons.
Men gathered where wells had dried,
where rivers had vanished.

The old disputes, once tamed by the tides,
rose again in the hollow of drought.
Even the sea could not hold back the storm.

What was sacred was taken.
What was protected was stripped bare.

The coastline waits.
The riverbed listens.
Somalia was never silent.
But now, the ocean cries in our tongue.
And the world must listen.