

“Tide”

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**Tide**

Change comes **like the tide**,  
pulling away all I once knew,  
leaving footprints where certainty stood,  
washing away the past with quiet hands.

It rises **like the sun**,  
slow at first, then suddenly bright,  
warming the places I feared were frozen,  
turning endings into light.

It shakes **like the wind**,  
knocking down walls I built too high,  
whispering, "Let go, let grow,"  
as I learn to stand in the unknown.

Change is not a thief—  
it does not take without giving.  
It is a door left open,  
waiting for me to walk through.