



2021

For the Seas

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Recommended Citation

Henrey, Charles (2021) "For the Seas," *Floodwall Magazine*: Vol. 2 : Iss. 2 , Article 28.
Available at: <https://commons.und.edu/floodwall-magazine/vol2/iss2/28>

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For the Seas

Her:

She's fun, she's happy, and she shines.

Others fall in love with her all the time,
but to me she's a friend of mine.

Me:

I'm quiet, I'm enduring, and I don't quit.

I balance her energy when she needs a lift,
but it might seem a strange relationship.

-No, that isn't how to say it.

My friend:

She moves. She sings. She is the fire
that inadvertently warms other's hearts,
which often are burnt by the sparks.

Her friend:

I stand. I listen. I'm the grate
that lets the ash fall, but not the flame.
I get to feel the warmth without the pain.

– *No, it's still too obvious.*

The Seaside Sparrow flies alone without the idea of needing the ground,
because she doesn't need it, at least not that she knows.

Her songs echo through the marshy forest, bringing sorrowful joy to listening
ears.

Ears which the songbird can't try to see.

The wind, and the sun, and salty air are all that the singing bird needs,
except maybe a place to sit when she tires.

The Willow stands at the edge of the water watching the world for what it is,
because he thinks often on his journey from floating seed to rooted tree.

Indeed, the wind broke against bark long before the sparrow was in the nest,
and sincere branches had grown from his trunk by the time she learned to fly.

The wind to the willow is just the wind and he had not grown for the bird;
and yet, he happily bears the sparrow from the brine.

About Charles Henry

Charles is a first year graduate student in English Studies at UND and is from Richmond, Ohio. His undergraduate degree is in English Literature and Education from West Liberty University. Charles's poetry is primarily concerned with exploring the intentionality and perspective of authorship.