

The Jewel of the Sea

An Advice to a Young Girl

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In the midst of life's tempestuous seas,
Do not sell thyself short, dear girl.
Though the winds may howl and the waves may crash,
Act as though the world is thy pearl.
On days when thou art weary and worn,
Let not thine enemies witness thy pain.
For thou art a jewel, precious and rare,
Let none treat thee with disdain.
When thou art shattered and broken,
Gather thyself and mend thy wounds.
For within thee lies a fiery spirit,
A force that cannot be consumed.
In matters of love, oh how fierce thou art,
Thou canst conquer any foe.
Yet remember, it is those who stay,
Who are worthy to be called thy beau.
Love's labor is a fruitless quest,
So love thyself above all else.
For what thou feelest is thy truth,
And it doth matter more than anyone else's.
Leave those who cannot love thee truly,
With fervor and strength, bid them adieu.
For they cannot see thy true worth,
And they do not deserve to be in thy view.
Thou shalt fight many battles in thy life,
Mostly with thyself, this is true.
But if thou lose everything but thyself,
Know that thou hast still won, it's not new.
Dear girl, thou art worth fighting for?
A million battles and even more,
Do not surrender, do not yield,
Keep fighting, keep striving, and soar.