

# Letter to the Fragments of Shells by the Sea

A groan  
A moan  
A sigh  
No relief

The sloshing  
And swimming  
Floating  
In air

The beatings  
And meetings  
The dance of feet  
That dance that beat

The cry it was silent  
The scream unheard  
The tears unnoticed  
The fears unrelieved

Ripped from the womb  
Was not to be the tomb  
Off from the shore  
To be evermore

Painful the journey  
Pain upon pain  
People upon people  
Too many to name

Fast forward the journey  
When my savior came down  
And met me in glory  
To hope to abound

My Beauty my Splendor  
My Glory my God  
My Savior forever  
My Lord and my God

—*Victoria Bell*