



Selected Value: Filial Piety

Seahorse Bonds

Your tiny tail curls around my own.
A mirror of the life I've grown.
My pouch once held your fragile frame –
Now we dance where currents flow.

I teach you how to grip the reed,
To sway with tides, to sense the need.
Your eyes, so wide, drink in the sea –
A father's pride blooms silently.

One day you pouch will cradle light,
And my old bones will fade from sight.
But love, my child, outlives the waves –
Two hearts entwined in ocean graves.