

Vittoria Molinari

I Am the Sea, and I Remember

People often think of me as merely water—waves that move, salt that stings, and blue that goes on and on. But I am much more than that. I have lived longer than anyone, seeing what others overlook and hearing the unspoken.

I am the sea.
And I remember.

I remember a girl with a long braid who came one evening. The light was fading, carving a golden silhouette. She walked alone, shoes in one hand. Her steps left marks in the sand. She stopped where the land ends and stood still, like a statue made of salt.

She looked out at me. Quiet. Motionless. Like she had something to ask but didn't know how.

I reached forward, touched her feet, then pulled away. I wanted her to know I was there.

"I don't belong anywhere," she murmured.

I have heard that before—from people on boats, from kids who sit alone, from those who forget where home is, and travelers who chase the unknown. I didn't speak. I don't need to. But I sent a breeze to pass over her. I let the waves settle.

She sat on a rock and whispered. Her voice was faint. She told me about school. About people who smiled but didn't see her. About feeling left out, even in a crowd. She said she didn't know who she was—only who others wanted her to be.

Then she stopped. Her shoulders shook. She cried. Not much. A few tears. They fell into me. I have held many tears. I never throw them away. I let them sink, slow and still.

When she was done, she sat quietly. I didn't move. I waited with her.

Before she left, she stepped into the water. Just a little. She reached down and touched me. "Thank you," she whispered.

She thought I wouldn't remember.

But I do.

I remember everyone who comes to the edge—people with full hands and weary eyes; people with questions they cannot name. I remember voices the wind carries and songs hummed under breath. I remember the weight of silence, and wishes dropped like stones.

I do not forget. I take those memories and carry them. Not to hide them, but to hold them—deep down, where they will not be broken.

So if you ever come back—or if someone else comes, feeling lost—I will be here.

Watch the water. Let it move around you. Feel the air shift, even a little.

That is me.

You do not need to explain.

You do not need to be sure.

You do not even have to speak.

I will hear you.

Because I am the sea.

And I remember you.