I Am The Strait Of Hormuz

Ever think what life is like for me, The Strait Of Hormuz? I've certainly been in the news. You never heard of me before then. 20% of the world's oil and liquified gas pass through my waters. You'd think my life is easy–and you'd be right, could be again. My water flows, never stops, for thousands of years, peace and boats and flowing water from the Persian Gulf to the ocean.

Never minded fish pooping in me. Loved those times. My water flowed so peacefully. Rarely do I have storms, even waves. At one point, warships were not allowed in my waters. I should have realized what that meant. Human politics was coming.

It was abrupt. Suddenly mines poisoned my waters. Warships hovered. Planes dropped explosives into me. Drones and missiles fired back. Few boats now sail my waters. I feel alone, threatened.

My waters had been clean. Now the occasional oil slick coats my surface. Fish remain though many have fled to safer waters. All would be normal–if not for humans. Not to make you humans feel guilty. You are what you are. Humans have fought over water but never involving me. I hear of dams, never involving me. I have flowed freely for eons, very rarely carrying dead bodies.

My waters should be for everyone. It is my destiny and pleasure to help those who flow on and in me. I feed the ocean, cargo crossing through me feeds the world. I have a purpose but now within me are streams, undercurrents, tides I cannot wash clean.

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