

# Sea

*by Scarlet Crystal*

A poem written with the music of the Mediterranean playing in my head.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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It's the sound of a violin bow  
Drawn across the strings,  
Only without the musical note.  
It's the sound of a deep sigh  
Stealing happiness away.  
Melancholy.  
It's the whirl of a thousand pages turning  
Brushing and blowing over  
Millions of inscribed thoughts.  
It's the music of color, white  
Blending and twisting in blue  
And forming peaks.  
It's the sound of emptiness and vastness  
Under the open night sky:  
A plop here, a whistle there.  
It's the rhythm of a living being  
Breathing itself to life

Over and over again.