

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.