

TWENTY EIGHTH PARALLEL

It makes me dream away,
Each melody, each touch of the keys,
Leaves me breathless, gasping,
For nothing can match this music of the spheres
Guiding my overworked mind's eye,
Across sands, sun-bleached and untrodden.

The palms sway to the sea breeze,
Like a harp strummed fully across its frame
Gulls whimper, holding flight, await to swoop,
Waves hold court with shore wrestling with the bounty
Seaweed, pebbles, shale,
The Sun shines down on simplistic offering,
A life so calm, inspiring my writing.

My cove of shipwrecks
Washed away on the Island's tide and returned again
Days are blue, azure and pure
Nights clear with their starlight beacons,
Is there no end to this paradise, this longing?
This Twenty Eighth Parallel.

Rain pelts on the windowpane,
The shadows grow long as the day falls to night,
My music grows forever dim,
As I sit in my armchair, huddled under a blanket,
Fire burning and wood splintering, crying in pain,
Miserable. Alone. I want to leave. I am ready.