

Up the hill

Up the hill, I get off the bus.

I follow the road, the delicate curves, towards the ocean.

I can smell it.

I can taste the salt in the air,

I can hear the whistle of pine trees.

They tell a story.

Slowly, I move over the hot concrete.

I feel the delicate cracks in the ground.

Unnoticed, I watch children in their play.

Exhausted from labor, workers rest in their cars.

They tell a story.

The breeze takes on a more definite shape.

The flag moves along with the wind.

Children play at the beach.

They tell a story.

My eyes are focused on the point where the horizon meets the ocean.

I can sense the presence of the lifeguard.

He is focused on the play of waves.

He can sense the slightest loss of human strength.

Waiting, he listens to the ocean.

It tells a story.

I watch the fight of waves and rocks.

I watch their power.

I watch their gentle caress of the sand.

Ocean and earth tell each other a story.

In the distance, smoke imitates the soft shape of the clouds.

Clouds move over the ocean.

They play with the sun.

As light breaks through, I can hear all of their stories.

They tell of freedom.

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