

Standing at Shore

I was standing at shore,
Viewing streaks of sun,
Peeking through,
Simultaneously,
Announcing,
Break of dawn.

The waves were blue,
Friendly and calling,
Conveying soft strength,
With glowing grace.
Washing me with energy,
Of a new day's promise.

Hours passed,
And pale shades of sun,
Were replaced with mighty brightness,
Razor sharp,
Like blazing fire,
Yet soft,
Like melting clay.

I sat there absorbing,
The luminous shine,
Enveloped with rays,
Of security,
Warmth and tranquility,
As though this is how it will remain,
Forever.

Yet as the day progressed,
The sun curved slightly,
Taking a seat on the hillside.

Its colors were still there,
But its power was gone
And so was the warmth,
Of its secure shade.

Fear crept into my heart,
Yet I held onto the light,
That was still there,
Reflecting on my shadow,
In the sand.

But then the rays faded,
Giving way for darkness,
And night.

The waves turned grey,
Violent and hostile,
Harsh and mocking,
Giving way for a heart,
Full of despair.

I cried.
How can light fade to darkness?
How can day become night?
As though the day has not existed,
Just moments before.

But then I lifted my eyes,
And saw the stars,
Illuminating a black sky,
And I fell into a relaxed sleep.

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