

The Ocean, Stenian

At this time of the year
The skies are mostly grey and overcast
A steady wind blows relentlessly
and time is passing by so fast
Let the rain purge the land
Wash it all away
The days are getting shorter
A long white foamy band: my solitary vessel plows through the turbid green water
Looming large, in the distance: snow topped mountains are drifting by
The whole scenery immersed
In a surreal yellow late-afternoon light
I've been here before
I know this scene
There are jellyfish in the foam
And then it all came back to me... How the wind played his gentle game
Nebulized and beguiled me
With your wisps sweet with lemon
And the bruisers on your chin
Spoke the truth
About our everything
And spared you a sermon... I've been here before
I know this scene
And the waning northern summer light
Reflecting in the freckle of your right eye
The setting sun's last desperate rays
Illuminating this tragic story's grade