

## Tamarama Sunset

by ryall *Tuesday, Aug 31 2010, 10:00am*

international / prose/poetry / literature

drawn again  
to the healing coast track;  
limitless sea and sky  
free the heart  
and relieve the mind  
of heavy burdens;  
my soul sets  
quietly with the sun.

gently  
overwhelmed  
by the illusion  
of liquidity in the sky,  
rippling clouds  
moist  
as quiet tears.

O, that i would wail openly in  
my anguish but a Willie Wagtail  
interrupts in song,  
darting along the track  
from bush to bush  
as i walk.

i stop and fix my gaze  
on this energetic bird,  
in response  
it immediately ceases  
its melodious song!

i turn and  
lift my head toward  
the painted sky,  
the tiny bird  
bursts into song again,  
vocalising harmoniously  
with the sea, sky and  
fading light;

heaven sent,  
a perfect companion --  
human company offers little solace

for an abused and neglected heart.

i focus again on my little companion  
it immediately ceases singing,  
wagging its tail nervously  
from side to side.

slowly,  
i turn  
and lift my eyes to the sky,  
awe-struck by the bleeding light  
painting moving masterpieces;  
flaming clouds contrasting brooding tones  
set against multiple hues of cooling blue,

the Wagtail bursts into happy song  
again.

a lesson perhaps --

it may be prudent  
not to engage directly  
but rather allow things to  
join the chorus  
of their own accord;

a man in profound  
solitude,  
a tiny bird  
a melodious song  
a concert of colour, sound  
and wonder.

people smile as they pass,  
the rustle of the sea  
a bird  
a man  
the sky  
singing  
a perfect  
harmony;

another Tamarama  
sunset.

🔊 [Clannad -- Harry's Game](#)

