

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](#)

