

A Moment In Life

There's a look to the sea, when the sky is swathed with infinite shades of pastel gray that reminds one of liquid steel, flexing and twisting in a gentle torment. It captures the eye and holds it, a happy prisoner.

The peaceful, gentle sound of soft waves lapping a shore, touching everywhere, a caressing, rhythmic melody; another prisoner.

Warm sand between the toes, cool breeze on the skin, salt air, the scent of trees, plants, flowers, all enticing, mesmerizing.

Nature holds one enthralled. All senses are prisoners. There is no escape until the prisoner becomes captor.

And that moment remains in you for all your life, held there until quietus; then is released back to nature.

Where it will be lost forever, never to come again.

