



My Guilty Pleasure.

by Rosalind May

Beyond the rooftops just out of sight is the ocean.

I cannot see it, but I know it's there.

I sit watching, hoping it will come into view.

I inhale deeply and pull the salty air across the miles into my lungs.

Imagining the cool water cuffing my ankles.

The gentle sea breezes lifting wisps of hair.

Gulls cackle at my folly.

It's a joke to them.

In the stillness of my room I think I hear the waves calling to me;

The distant drag of stones as they tumble back and forth.

I surrender to the sounds,

And relax into the blue.