

Sitting On A Barren Shore

By xXNeonVirulenceXx

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*Small work of prose I wrote whilst listening to 'Wish You Were Here' by Incubus.
Enjoy.*

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Sitting on a barren oceanic shore

Watching, waiting.

The breeze sweeps by,

Yearning to play.

I refuse, and it goes away.

The trees sway energetically,

Casting their bright colours upon my face

A clouded, mindless void with two black holes for eyes

A wind-up chatterbox for a mouth,

And two hollow bamboo sticks for ears.

The rustling fades away.

Laying back, the sky looks to me

Like a greenscreen, painted blue.

Various effects dot the canvas- its all an illusion.

The vibrant chrysanthemums sway in the breeze,

That has moved on, but still in view,

Taunting me by playing with the yellow petalled characters.

Watching, waiting...

Contemplating.

The flowers dance en' masse, swaying with each other,

Never losing step.

But of course they can't lose step,

For they're rooted to their places.

Or are they?

Instantly a cover of silky, soft yellow satin befuddles my vision.

And, In this very instant,

I am happy.