

Guardian

by Hannah Ostini

I stand, alone, at the verge of a cliff
Below me is the golden sea, illuminated by sun's dying efforts
A breeze plucks fruitlessly at clothes
Raises hairs on my arms and the back of my neck
Deep breaths bring the taste of salt and crisp winter air
Ocean slowly turns deep, inky black
And still, I stand
Breathing, living.
Pinpricks of stars scatter the sky
Paintings of something we will never understand
A full moon rises, memory of a forgotten sun
The wind urges me forward
The crashing of waves fades into the background
Stars glint invitingly, full of promises
What would happen if I just...let go?
The wind whispers encouragement
'Shusha shush...join us...shusha shush'
Waves form an inviting blanket
I lean in
The wind pushes me in encouragement
The world stands still
A blaze of light, a falling star
I fall backwards
Tumble down the hill
The waves roar in disappointment
Stars glisten like malevolent eyes
Wind howls in fury
And by my side
Is a single
perfect
feather.