

Her Name Was Music

There is something about her that is so eccentric,
but there is beauty in it.

As she dug her silky-smooth feet into the sand, I couldn't help but wonder that within every movement she made, every laughter; it appeared to be melodious.

She is the embodiment of a song.

Her smile was the composer, and I am her spectator.

When she laughed, rhythmic notes danced around upon her cheek and into her perpetual, alluring hazel eyes.

It was a tale reserved for the few who truly saw beyond mere appearances.

What a foolish thing to think.

Yet,

I want to live inside her mind and free her from the lacer against the turbulent storm that are her thoughts.

I want to free her from the burden of the ball and chain that is her past.

But it is not for me to decide.

She sluggishly walked towards the water, venturing farther into the unknown depths.

Sinking lower and lower until she was able to see the sun's rays piercing through the crystal blue expanse above her.

As if to drown her sorrows away.

She stays there for just a moment

and listened to the sound of the light crashing of waves that quickly grew into a crescendo.

The motion of the sea lulled her to tranquility.

It was the only time she felt unbound.

Safe.

Suddenly, she resurfaces, grasping for air.

Her flowing chestnut hair billowing behind her.

An imperfectly perfect painted picture stood before me.

If only it were so.

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