



A Scene

by Patricia Wheeler

The sky is a leaden grey. It is as if now is but a brief moment between storms. The seemingly endless sea is a heavy dark-green, almost black. A cold wind is blowing towards the shore. It furls the water into whitecaps, and then dashes them against the wall on which I am standing.

The wall is composed of dirty, grey-brown stones that appear to have known the sea for a long time. Scraps of paper and cigarette butts attest that the wall has also known man. The ocean, too, is littered with man's trash, but it hardly seems to care.

After all, the sea is forever. I look to the west, and I see no end, only the liquid horizon battling with the sky. There are seagulls riding in that sky and dipping in the cold wind. Their harsh cries speak of loneliness; whether theirs, the sea's, the sky's or even mine, I do not know. The seagull's cawing seems to counterpoint the swooshing of the waves as they futilely batter at the stone wall. With each new attack I am sprayed with the salt water the wind throws at me.

The wind also carries the smells of the sea: the tang of salt water, the death of seaweed, the decay of long-dead jellyfish. The wind is cold and sharp, and smells of death. Soon the sun will also die as it goes down, unseen behind the clouds. All that will remain is the wind, the sea, the seagulls and myself.