

Southern Strand of Time

by Aurlie Asseo

Waves faded away
They left savour of salt and its memories,
Triggering my soul again
The innocent days and the bougainvillea smile,
The wild warming sun which never seems to die

Well, I am here again, in this southern strand of time
The earliest prints vanished with the tide.
But magic found a new breathe,
Words and ink, softly sore,
Like lemons and bitter wine.

Pine trees embrace the sea,
I hear music in the twilight
Tales of boats and sailors
Of this enamoured maid cheated by the night.
Music which never seems to die
Like this southern strand of time.

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