

Walking in circles, chasing sunsets

I walk in circles, up and down,
repeatedly
in the morning, afternoon and evening.
From one room to the other
chasing the best connection,
a glass of water in hand,
earphones dangling from the laptop
chasing me around.

I walk in circles, up and down,
repeatedly
clouds waving through the window.
From my room to the terrace,
chasing my footsteps,
I go out,
I greet them back
feeling their warmth.

I walk in circles, but not for long.
I feel the need,
tasting the salty spray.
I hear the waves,
crashing on the rocks.
I sit down and treasure the colour palette.

Yellows, oranges, reds,
pinks, mauves, violets,
walk through
the mysterious fantasy world,
in-between and beyond
the distant horizon.

The sun sets over the horizon.
It's quiet.
I listen to its stillness.
It's dark.
But not for long.

I go back and walk in circles.