

ONE FINE SUMMER



Written By

Lady Angelica Bordeaux

One Fine Summer

One fine summer afternoon when the beach had marked its day, I sat upon a white silken towel with tips of blue, red and light grey.

The fringe of this towel was satin in its touch and all the while beneath my legs I felt that blue surrounding call out to me.

I watch the waves that gently roll by me, and take a breath of the summer air. The sun's rays were within my strength that day so I looked around for protection.

My glasses, I placed over my eyes together my face and eyes relaxed in the day light. I enjoyed the time spent with the air that surrounds my body entire and the sounds of cool water that came in toward me in and out of the shoreline that day.

The towel during this time spent alone with me upon the lives of many wrapped its self around my leg and pulled gently towards my skin.

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I reached across and over my leg to hold the tip above. And saw the colour blue in my hand and white was to come after that. I placed it gently over the sand and lay down in the summer's day. It was not long before it moved closer to my leg and skin again I hear what is whispered. I was thinking of a way to relax in through my breath.

Through the sun glasses that cover my eyes I opened my eyes to see the beauty of the day. The children playing and adults walking together the warmth of their way they remain.

My costume is all they see I think, and my glasses protect my eyes, the sand which I lay above and over it is a time passed and may be forgotten.

I think to myself will I sit up right to smile in joy and stand as I think about my next move? Will I take this moment to enter into the cool clear water that will cover my skin like a glove? I will gently kneel into the clam ocean were the waves will carry my thoughts across.

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What pleasure there is for me now to feel the cool liquid above and under me. A personal lift in spirit as the waves gently rolls by me.

My glasses still rest over my eyes of silver light and honey, the day had arrived where all that is has faded into the mist a mist of my whispers. It is the now that is all I think in for today. And the day of enjoyment at the beach alone.

For some of life's little gifts are to be shared in thought, in self and in private. The afternoon flew into minutes, my body wet in the water of liquid, and salt and memories of times that have now passed by me long before today.

I lay upon the ground under were I sit above, in finely grained shell and rock I look above up into the sky and ask why? Or do I understand I think?

I pull myself away with my hand stretched out closer to you to hold with your hand together in my hand, an understanding!

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From the memories under me (not beneath), as if a stranger close to my skin scratching with fine feather of downy white fingertips on each leg. A list of time I see and judging I do not, I love all, I am the new, the now.

My body is slim and warm to touch my veins are similar to your veins, and like others my soul holds love in the core and my mind breathes air in and out and down. Oxygen you will taste a sent that will continue on.

The clouds fly and pass by my right the day has become its evening in grace, and in dim light I gather my belongings.

A towel of silken white and blue that wrapped around my right leg and memory of red and time when silver protected my eyes, a time when we were one I think.

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A way into my heart and a way into my soul in through breath. I ask you to share your love in mind, in spirit, in core and with me. Love in honour, faith, a truth, and trust as that is all you may share by the grace of god and hand.

It is only then we all will be as one, together in the here and the now, and no memory will be forgotten then we hold each other's hands. In love for the future above and over beyond.

For here is where I will stand and wait for you with my hand stretched out at my side. "Wait here is one." A lady wrapped in a towel of white and blue, red, and lighter grey.

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This short story is dedicated to “ALL”.

To all who appreciate its spoken words, left to their own interpretation, and to a species that I have no words to explain their beauty and my love and respect for each of them. “By the hand of god’s grace may each continue to carry us all”.

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