

## Discount

# "Cerulean Transience Of All My Imagined Shores"

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All is calm, all is quiescent-the colour magenta,  
The afternoon breeze finds it's way to my soul,  
As I sit there and enhance the tranquillity,  
The solace of sensory magic, Irreplaceable nirvana,  
My body feels the effect of blood-letting,  
The winds brought in from the south coast replace  
Such drainful inhabitation,  
My eyelids voluntarily close as the blue horizon line  
takes shape,  
Stretching out far beyond the sun,  
The sound of the blue, an eternity of complete  
acquiescence,  
I cannot move, nor do I need to, for it is enough to lie  
on the cliff  
And become entrapped in a world of escapism and  
peace,  
Cerulean transience of all my imagined shores,  
A bird of the ocean perches before me  
And lets out a shriek which transcends me back,  
Back to where I write,  
And the calm breeze continues to enter my peripheral

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