Naiad

Monto

She hears the distant soft caress
there in the gloom.
Colors surround with tenderness
guiding her through.In the forgotten sweet abyss
another sound
twilight floating memories
always without.Gloaming
there above the surface
an illusion
reaching down for me.What lies beneath
beyond the ocean s door
tranquil is the kiss
of the azure rising deep
sleeping ever more
Naiad s mystery
what lies beneath.Guarding their immorality
saints in the sand.
Stranger than beautiful eerie
an ancient landCircle of sixteen turned to stone
and still they keep
shimmering crystal promises
one space between.Breathing the newborn waves.
Kneeling for the sea she became.

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