

Words from the Coast: A Small Collection of Poems

Elicia Welch

Coastal Walks

Soft waves

Lap over toes

Chilling veins

Till footbones ache to ankles.

But the sea gives me peace:

A never-ending water source

That carries people to a new place.

Its biggest threat stares me in the face:

Waves roar with the power to drown;

Yet they crash as if with second thoughts.

The salt teases my hair and

Softens my skin:

It reminds me not to hate the world so much.

Cliffs

I walk barefoot at dusk:

Near the corroding edge

My family footsteps behind,

But I'm in a world of my own.

It's *nice*, as they say:

A warm sun cradles me in its arms

While my back is cooled

By the rising moon.

I'm *lucky*, as they say.

I wish everyone could experience

This feeling of complete and utter peace.

But the earth can be cruel:

Cliffs give way for some,

Crumbling beneath their feet,

Guided by some monster that thinks it knows best...

That some people don't deserve the cliffs.

Why can I have them when they can't?

Saltwater

Clear enough to drink safely,

You take a sip,

But it bites back,

Sickening your stomach.

You're submerged in the thing that could equally save or kill:

—a strange resemblance to your mind.

Sunrise (and Sleepless Nights)

They say that fears come flooding to you at 3 a.m, when it's neither morning nor night, and the frost creeping up the windows leaks into your heart and mind, freezing it all.

5 a.m the sun apologizes, rushing in with all its glory. And everything thaws. Sunrays drip down the sky like honey. 'Sorry', the sun says, burning with guilt, 'sorry I took so long'.

But the days are brief and soon the night is howling back. It's 3 a.m again. You're awake: the night attacks like a snake. You're the prey: eyelids prised open with paranoia.

But no apology from the night. Nothing.

Sandbuilt Houses

So many homes were constructed by sand

With imaginary folk to dwell inside,

Leaving so many memories behind.

Each layer carries a million years;

Each layer is carrying footprints of time;

Each layer is a page that lies in a book:

A book titled *Childhood* by so many.

Hardship

Do you always leave the beach when the tide comes in?

—or do you stay nearby to watch the sunset?

Words from the Coast

Part 1: Anger

To you

I seem

To be nothing more than a wave

Spilling on to the beach,

Or a shudder from the depths of the sea.

But this is to tell you that
I am a current; no, a riptide
Capable of reducing your boat to driftwood.

Part 2: Sadness

Sometimes I wish to jump into a current,
My body to be tossed between waves,
To be torn apart and dissolved into deepest azure,
To be washed up on shore,
To start again.

On other days
I want to tie my wrists
To the clouds themselves, and be lifted up high...
...till I forget how far I have to fall.

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