

The Thrilling Solitude

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I cruise down the road

In my Mercedes-Benz 280SL

Down the coastal highway

To the isolated cottage

That was my home

You see, I had driven in a long circle

To re-live the thrill

Of going back home

Back to my home on the coast

That came from a past time no more

When I still lived in the city

And I yearned for the ocean

And thus light up in joy

When I saw the coast, oh the glorious coast

Approach on the horizon

Upon which I knew that I was almost home
That I was nearing home at last
It was crisp early December day
And the sky had a magnificent afternoon winter twilight
So thus I cruised
With the pagoda hardtop removed
So I can feel the crisp cold wind
Rush through my hair
And in my face
Oh, how cleansing, how cathartic
The rush felt
Akin to a purifying stream of cold water
That washes away all sadness, and grief in my life
And I savoured every bit of it
I reached my cottage, and drove into the garage
Where I put the hardtop back on the car
And switched to my Mercedes-Benz 500SL
Which I removed the hardtop off as well

But this time I drove

To the water line

And let the wheels tread in the water a bit

Before I drove inland

Got out and sat down

Facing the ocean

Oh how the mysteries of it

Compels me towards it

So that I may be swathed in the beauty

That is the mysteries of the ocean

And I drove back

And put the hardtop back on

As they said it would rain tomorrow,

But that then the rain will become snow

I drove back with the hardtop on

And fished,

Preferably for Winter Flounder

That moved inland when these coastal waters cooled

And offshore when the coastal waters warmed up
I caught some Winter Flounder (what a surprise)
And brought it home for dinner
Later that night, I tucked away cosily
For the impending snowstorm
And the snow did come
Blanketing the beach in a beaming blanket of White
That hid all potential traces of activity there
Telling all who observed the landscape,
“Forget all, forget all of it
The footsteps matter no more now
Nor any sign
Of the things that shaped the sand
Whether by footprint
Or by strong gusts of wind
It’s not important anymore
Let you now focus
On the beauty of winter

And the grey clouds that roll in

And the bright orange sunshine that reflects off the snow

That is all that truly matters now”

And I look out the window

After finishing the last of yesterday’s flounder

And I curled up on top of my bed

Gazing at the noiseless blanket of white

And the waters that rolled beyond it

Pondering the fact that it being a desolate coast

Meant that all the beauty of this shoreline is mine

It was all mine to enjoy

In this solitude, this thrilling solitude

And I focused on the fact that around me

Was this said beautiful coast I dwell in

And the fact that the beauty of it surrounds me

And touches my heart

In the infinite void inside of me

You see, inside of me

Is this beautiful infinite void of the universe

And in the dead center of it is my heart

And I cuddle it firmly with my soul

Gently but firmly

The soul lightly floating in the space

And the truth that is the sheerness

Of the beauty of the coast around me touches my heart

And so thus then does my heart soar