

Neil Scott
10 Carthew Terrace
St Ives
Cornwall
TR26 1EB
UK

29:V:25

I write this letter to you, the sea, from the sea. The same sea. Glistening, silvered, golden sea. Unknowable sea. Even after swimming in you daily for near ten years now, you remain unknowable. You, sea of my heart, sea of my dreams. Your blueness, your winter coldness, your spring heatwaveness. Your emptiness. Yet still you deliver secrets, surprises. Seals and humpback whales. Dolphins and porpoise. Even a pair of lock-down otters. Jellyfish. Ahh, the jellyfish. Erotic and exotic in your undulations. Yet some days, nothing. Empty, barren, desolate - Fished empty. Over heated. Bloomed. On these days, when no birds do fly or sing, you are tears - the earth's tears. And you break my heart.

And yet, and yet, each day you allow me in, even on the days when you try to keep me out, keep me dry. Submerged. Dissolved. Held. Nourished and rinsed. I feel your heart.

your silent howl. I channel Poseidon to rage
against your shores as you reclaim the
land. And then you still. Borderless between
the tides. Hush - I hear your silence.
Momentarily.

Hold these words, this letter to you, inked
on paper that was floated on your lapping
tideline and then dried in the sun earlier
today.

Be free to dissolve these words as you
do me with your grace, your unknowable
oceanic grace.

Yours,
Val