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Creative Blog Post 02/06
ENGL 162 Tu Th 8am

Along a sunny coast, with high cliffs. A small sandy beach can be found with a dark wooden pier that jets out into the middle of the water. An old rope hag from the pier lazily bobbing in the waves, waiting for purpose again. If you follow the pier back to the shore you will find there a small village of fifty or so homes. Each home is built the same simple style. Smooth plaster walls, dark wooden doors flanked by round windows. Some are only one floor others have two. But what set each apart from the next the bright colors each is painted. Lapis blue, sunflower yellow, or crimson red. Against the deep green of the hills and the brown cliffs. The bright colored town with its small sandy beach beckons you to stop and stay. In the past before the smoke from the far hills began to endlessly billow in to the air. Many a passing ships would stop, but over time fewer and fewer ships would tie themselves to that old pier and have its inhabitants spill out into the colorful village. Until one day that final ship threw off that old rope. Where it was left behind to lazily drift in the waves still tied to that pier.