

**ON QUIET-  
ING MY INNER  
MONOLOGUE**

*Brittany Violet Long*

SOMETIMES, I TRAVEL UPON THE WATERS TO ESCAPE my mundane life. The wind tousles my hair and fills my nostrils with its briny scents. Adventure awaits me. An aura of transcendence captures my being when my feet pass from the rickety, wooden dock to my home upon the water; where serenity floats like the clouds in the open sky; where the slumbering sun sets against rays of raspberry sorbet. Can you feel the movement of the breeze? Let it move you like swift, fleeting emotions dancing on the wind. Silence your inner monologue and listen to the whispering howl of the undulating waves that crash against the old boat, cradling it in its foamy fingertips.