

“Faceless”

By Henri Mossiat

Faceless, I wander the gray.
Ice and ash decorate my walls, as the fog, omnipresent, engulfs the Oregon dunes.
The sand is neither warm nor cold, yet the pulsing spray of billow kisses like fresh mint and frost.
It stings.
Nestled under my arm a surfboard pockmarked from the unbridled sea.
My feet rock and hair rime
I saunter behind four others who echo my likeness.
Their laughs boom, yet in the fog they are consumed.
My friends, walk leash and strap, board and hood in hand.
A brother, a rider, a liar, and man.
A soft glow protrudes from their amber suits.
a warmth calling me like a scent I can't refuse.
Yet I choose, yes I choose, to be alone.
They don't slow their pace and I don't speed mine.
They continue onward, but I don't mind.
I become the thin white air affixed with the nature around me.
Like a single blade from the swaying dune's brush dancing to the wind's rhythm.
I am lost in its beauty, for a moment is all one can live in life, so let the moment feel alive.
Ahead the four men continue.
Occasionally one looks back at me, their eyes spy to see if I follow.
As if I were but a wounded dog given the last bone, the maw of a wild dog I am, tears it to shreds. Yet the
scent on their fingers lingers, so I follow behind, alone I am.
I look lost, faceless, as I tread.
Yet I am far from forgettable, even as the fog cloaks me.
I am faceless, but I am present.
I am faceless but I am nature.
The winds touch, the birds cry,
As I, the world, carries its merit in heart and eye.
I breathe sucking all the life around like a spore.
I cry.
I am alive.
Faceless not am I,
For the world has shown me that life is mine.
For the world has shown me a moment of real time.