

# Namaya | *The Jazz Poet*

## Room

### **Prelude:**

Curious.

Then

...curiosity pauses and  
finds itself alone staring into  
the mirror and sea.

### **Adagio:**

The room, flamingo pink,  
overlooks the sea. At sunrise  
the colours ignite and  
the black wall of memory erased.

I rock in the chair with  
views of the tide and the wall.  
How odd and perfect, they should  
converge.

### **Incubus:**

One night past full  
moon, the sea-- melodic  
supple surges  
to the shore...in a slithering  
trickle of foam.

You sleep so well, a  
slight drool on your cheek and  
I kiss it.

One wave folds to another,  
each in turns swallows the other.

When does an ocean  
become a sea?