

# Nature Writing

*You are Nature, Writing.*



## Gull, Beach, Sun, Ocean

A seagull circled the beach. A wave rose. A runner left a footprint in the sand. As the gull crossed the shore, a baby struggled in his clothes, wailing. Two boys dove head first into the sea. The gull heard the waves below him.

Spume burst against a black cliff by the shore. The water sent a rope of seaweed high onto the beach. A thousand bars of light flared in the ocean. The gull cried aloud.

A man studied the waves from his sailboat. An old woman breathed the sweet, sea air. A lover sought for a gold ring in the sand. The gull buoyed high on the air.

A woman browned in the strong sun. A man drank from a cold bottle of water. The sea foam raked long and white on the sand. The gull winged to stay aloft.

A swimmer splashed in the waves. The sun beat on an old man walking. The wind shook a leafy shrub near the rocks. A child laughed and fled his mother down the beach. The gull saw a sailboat pass the horizon.

A cloud blocked the sun. A stone crumbled from the cliff into the sea. A man sat exhausted atop a beach dune. Wet sand cracked in the sun. The wind blew the gull to a side.

Flecks of brine stung an old swimmer's eyes. A man scowled, hearing children cry. A woman lay stomach down under the sun. A husband yelled at his wife. The gull hit the wind face on.

Sailors found seabirds shrieking around their boat. A woman donned sunglasses against the blazing beach. A man watched his child run towards broken rock. The gull tilted from the sun.

The cold ocean braced a woman floating on her back. Mud caked a girl's hands as she picked up tiny shells. The wind swept quietly over the hot sand. The gull slowed in his flight.

The wind faded and the waves fell quiet. A woman stopped arranging her hair and let it fall loose. A man who was hungry took in the ocean view. The gull felt the warm air under him.

A sailor smiled, walking the deck of his sunlit boat. A boy fingered the twigs on a leafy shrub in the sand. A girl wiped grit from a sea star. The gull tipped into the breeze.

The sea rippled over submerged rock. A little girl imagined the ocean must go far past the horizon. A man repeated a word in his long, roaming tale. The gull floated on a gust of wind.

A mother watched her boy swim far from the shore. A man turned toward a flash on the ocean. A woman heard a forgotten voice call out behind her. A mariner who saw the water sparkle decided he would go sailing. The gull circled the shore.

By Norbert Kovacs



Norbert Kovacs lives and writes in Hartford, Connecticut. His stories have appeared or soon will appear in *Thrice Fiction*, *Westview*, *Gravel*, *STORGY*, and *Ginosko Literary Journal*. Norbert's website is [www.norbertkovacs.net](http://www.norbertkovacs.net).