

Sea of Seven Colors

By Melissa Alvarado Sierra

Blue with a white necklace,
turquoise and lapis lazuli,
gold, silver, and bronze

dance upon the water,
capture the sun's divine gesture,
spill into an eternal rhythm.

Each wave a now,
each tide a song,
all together in prayer.

The fisherman's poem
is the poem of this sea,
of nets and lines,

filling with ancestral treasures—
and here they are,
vivid and unrestrained colors,

The vast canvas of the sea,
so beautiful and mysterious,
shining beneath the gaze of another blue.

A work of creation,
the palette of the great artist,
the seasoned air filled

with celestial laughter,
the splash of joy,
the seven colors of life.

Your Summer Windows

Bougainvilleas spill
over the white-washed wall,
wind lifts the curtains,
a whisper of salt and linen.
The hill slopes toward the sand,
where children chase the tide.

A small sail tilts,
alone in the warmth of noon.
It glides past the reef—
soft wake dissolving
in the secret of blue.

The heavenly disk turns bronze,
as waves hum against the rocks.
And in houses by the shore,
arms entangle,
feet swirl on the cool tile,
the laughter of glass.

By dawn, the sea is quiet,
sky wide, seafoam faint.
You open the windows,
air still fresh with night,
the summer comes in again.