

The Oceanview (Prelude)

In the morning, she wakes up

She goes outside, where she can't see anything

She goes down to the ocean

He wants to see her enjoy it

While she lasts

A single look

Means such a memory on a life

If only the giver knew

If only the giver could imagine

If only a life knew....

If only a life could imagine....

The Oceanview (Sight of Beauty)

Down at the shore, she sees her world unfold.

He watches from afar, his feet on the sand,
Peeking from behind rocks to see her,
He spots her, cupping water and splashing it
On her pretty face
Approaching, he is hesitant on how she may react to him
He stops when he sees her crying
Her large eyes, full with tears
Drip in the ocean
She lifts her chin up,
Wanting herself to view the ocean despite her tears
Feeling her pain, unsure what to make of it,
He feels a gut feeling of sadness

“Please stop crying, miss....”

Her large eyes are too filled with tears for her to see.
Her view of the ocean is blurred.

A hand on her shoulder.

“Oh-!”

He pulls her to face him

Her surprise to see him.

“Oh, it’s you!”

“It’s me. Do you remember me?”

She looks to the ocean, her vision blurry with tears.

“I have many memories....”

The visions of her life splash in the air over the waves.

“I looked at you once.”

The vision of when she looked at him is re-playing in the air.

“That was so long ago.... I barely remember.”

His eyes sparkle at who he is looking at.

The only time they ever did.

“But I remember you.”

His face is frozen in his amazement. He can't look away.

Her mouth open and her eyes showing what she thinks,
She looks at him, confused.

“Is there something wrong?”

“I-I'm sorry. I can't look away.”

“You can't look away?”

He shakes his head, feeling tears begin to well up in his eyes.

“I can’t look away from you....”

“You’re making me cry, miss. I can’t look away from you.”

“You can see me....”

“No, miss. I can’t see you.”

“You can’t see me?”

She looks to the sky over the ocean.

The vision of her looking at him is playing.

“That was so long ago in my life....”

“Why was it so long ago, miss?”

His tears blur his vision. The ocean is a blur. Her vision is a blur.

“I can’t see it.... It’s all blurry....”

“I can hardly remember you, too.” She looks sadly at her memory, splashing quietly in the sky.

“It’s like how I see you now, miss.”

“How you see me now?”

“You’re blurry, my miss.”

She says nothing.

She looks down. Her eyelashes show.

He gasps at their beauty.

“Truly beautiful...”

She smiles, as she feels admiration from his life. She smiles and laughs.

“You can stop looking at me, now.”

“But I don’t want to. I can’t look away.”

She continues to laugh.

“How about my laugh?”

“I remember it sounding like that.”

“I’ll let you admire me for as long as you want.”

She keeps her head down, her eyelashes sticking out. She is smiling a small smile of pleasure.

She is so amused by his infatuation with her.

She feels his true amazement admire her life. His mouth, his eyes. They have surrendered to her.

Her smile of amusement grows bigger. She can hardly contain her laughter.

Her visions splash quietly in the air. They drip water into the ocean. An illusion of light rain.

“You truly find me special?”. She has her head down and an amused smile on her face.

Blinking her eyes, her eyelashes flutter.

“Yes. You are truly special. My miss. I dream of you.”

His tears are dropping on her. They soak her forehead, and soak her eyebrows.

Her amused smile remains. Tears soak her soft, pink lips. She continues to look down.

“I love being a dream.”

“But it’s been so long. You’re blurry, miss. I couldn’t find you.”

“I’ll fall from your dream.”

“You will.”

She shook her head. The same amused smile.

She didn’t look at him.

“How sad.”

“But I don’t want a sad dream....”

“I wasn’t meant for your life.”

“You were, my miss.”

She said nothing. Her amused smile faded.

A few remaining tears dropped on her soft lips.

She looked at him in the eyes. A powerful look.

His eyes locked back. Her eyes locked on him.

His heartbeat stopped. He could only think of the way she was looking at him.

What she was saying with her locked, goddess eyes.

“Robert, do you want me to show you what my life was like?”

The Oceanview (The Waves)

“My life in the sky.... I’ll let you see it.”

“Take my hand, Robert.”

“Yes, miss.”

Intertwining her fingers with him, she lifts his hand to the sky surrounding the ocean.

The memory of when she locked eyes with him became blurry and faded from the sky. The few drops of water left from the memory fell into the ocean.

“Look, Robert.”

In the sky, her visions opened up before him. Splashing waves, each a vision she remembered from her life.

He looked in surprise at the waves.

She looked with him.

“These.... They’re all you?”

Her life was presented before him, making their mark on life with her own will.

Memories of when she was born.... they splashed in the sky.

Memories of her parents.... Splashing in the sky.

Memories of her growing up.... Splashing.

Memories of her when she was younger.... Splashing.

As a teenager, as a youth.... Splashing.

Every time she had an argument with her parents.... Every time she met a friend.... Every time she went away with her family.... Every event, every special moment in her life.... the music she listened to when she was younger, back in the day.... Everywhere she had ever been.... Every time she had laughed, been happy, enjoyed herself.... Every time she had ever loved someone.... How she changed when she grew

up, when she grew older.... How she became who she was when she grew up.... Every moment of time that had gone by in her life.... Lost in a past, but shown to him....

It was too much to take in. He was speechless.

“Huhhh-!”

He gasped.

She turned to him.

Holding his hand to her memory of birth.

“That’s when I was a baby. Do you want to see?”

“I don’t recognize you....”

She giggled. A deep giggle.

“That’s cause I was a baby, silly.”

A voice that was forever a little deep, womanly, and strong, that would always belong to her.

....

So, a journey to see her life began.

Throughout the waves of this spot of ocean, somewhere hidden from the rest of the world....

They shared in her memories, the waves of the ocean a memory for every point in her life.

The adult girl Yoko's remembrance, splashed in the ocean for Robert to see....

Somewhere far.... From society. A boy.... young man....and a young woman he once saw, alone to spend as much time as they wanted with each other.

A day to be alone with each other.

A day to not worry about the troubles that concerned them.

A day to be so passionate with the other, letting the young man and young woman of unimportant names splash their visions.... Under the waves....

Of this oceanview, isolated from this day.

From birth, to youth, to adulthood, to death.

From her life, to her death.

The young, goddess-like Yoko would see her visions of life....

.... With Robert.

She would not be alone.

Her such desirable visions of life.

The Oceanview (Birth)

Her memory of birth fell at his feet, on the shore.

The wave splashed on the sand.

The vision came to life.

He looked at it.

“It’s truly so beautiful....”

She hugged him.

“You’re going to see it.”

The wave formed her memory for them to see.

Splashing around, water dropped on the sand until her vision took full shape.

Her parents, playing with her as a child, was shown before him, on the shore.

“That’s my parents playing with me in my crib not that long after I was born. Surprisingly, I remember that.”

“You look nothing like how you do now. But even as a baby, you look beautiful.”

She giggles.

“My parents always told me I was an attractive baby. Looking back on it now, however many years ago that was, I think I agree with them.”

“You are a lovely baby, miss.”

She smiled her coy smile again, her eyes widening a little.

“Thank you. My parents loved me.”

She thought for a moment.

“I remember myself a bit older, as well. A baby, still, but a bit older.”

She looked up at the sky, as another wave appeared in it. It splashed on the shore to replace her earlier baby vision, dripping water on the sand, until it was fully living in front of them.

“You are out of your crib now, miss.”, he said, looking at the vision of her.

“Ya. This was when I was a bit older. I had a stumble-like walk.”

He laughed.

“Well, that certainly changed. You walk so differently now.”

She laughed back at this.

“Ya, I sometimes wonder if this baby is me because of how different the walk is. Hard to believe I used to walk like that at one time, so many years ago.”

“I can’t believe this was you at one time, miss.”

She giggled.

“Ya. I can’t believe this was me either. But I remember it all too well.”

“I’m surprised you do, miss.”

“I am, too. My parents always said that I had an amazing memory.”

“Had?” He looked at her with his face scrunched up in grief for her.

“Ya. Had. They did in the past. What’s wrong, Robert?”

His face was overcome with grief.

She felt his pain, even though she didn’t understand why he was feeling so sad.

“You make it sound like you’re already dead, miss.”

She gasped.

“Huhh-! Oh, I’m sorry! I didn’t mean it like that! I meant they said it in my past!”

His grief slowly, quietly went away.

“I’m sorry, Robert.”

“I want to see more of your birth, miss. Please, show me.”

She smiled at him.

“Ok, Robert. You have nothing to show grief over.”

“I’m still here.”

He smiled at her.

The memory of her stumbling around out of her crib receded. In the sky that showed, another wave dropped down, again splashing water drops on the shore.

The oceanview had started to become brighter, as afternoon approached and morning left.

The memory formed, a later moment in her toddler life.

“Miss, I don’t want to forget you.”

She smiled at him.

“Don’t worry. We’re looking at my life right now, remember?”

The vision of her life showed her, as a toddler, playing with her parents.

It was near Christmas time. A Christmas tree with many ornaments was visible.

“Oh. You’re playing under that tree.”

“Yes, I am. Those are my parents.”

He thought a little, looking at the man and woman who were her parents.

“I see you in both your mom and dad. You have physical traits of both of them. And the way you talk kind of reminds me of how your dad is here, but with more femininity, like with what your mom has.”

She laughed.

“Ya.... Funny story, they sai-say the same thing about me. I’m like both of them. My dad thinks I’m like him. My mom thinks I’m like her. They can’t make their mind up who I’m more like.”

“Who do you think you’re more like, miss?”

“Honestly? I think I’m my own person. I don’t feel like I’m more like either.”

“Oh. Interesting.”

“Ya. And my walk-.”

She stopped herself.

“Your walk what, miss?”

She shook her head. “Never mind. I can tell you later in my life.”

“Oh. Ok, miss.”

They turned back to the memory.

She, as a toddler, had a gift in her hand.

“What did you get for Christmas when you were a baby, miss?”

She thought. “I think for this Christmas, I got a teddy bear and some socks.”

The toddler her began to open her gift.

“Oh-I was right. It was a teddy bear.”

She looked to the far-left corner of the room, of the vision.

“And there are the socks I got that year.” A few pairs of socks were spilling out of the gift box in the corner.

“You had such a nice house back then, miss. Your parents really seemed to like dressing up their home with Christmas decorations. It’s so fancy and well-done.”

He said this, looking around at her family’s house.

She smiled at this.

“Ya. I helped decorate my house back in those days. When I got older, too, but at that age as well.”

Her house was bright and colourful, filled with Christmas decorations that glowed, lit-up and shined.

A mistletoe lay above the room her and her family were in. It hung over their heads, as they were closely grouped together.

“Ya, back then were different times....” She muttered, looking down at the floor of her house.

He looked at her, curious.

“Are you thinking of something, miss?”

She looked back up at him.

“Oh. No, It’s nothing.”

She looked at her vision with him for a few seconds longer, according to the clock on the wall, in which audible ticks of time passing could be heard.

Time passing in her life.

“Did you want to move on, Robert?” She faced him.

He was still looking at the scene. Her words broke him out of his trance.

“Oh, yes, miss. We can move on if you want. I would like to see more of you.”

“Ok.”

The memory receded again, vanishing a little as the sky appeared. It was a bit brighter and warmer outside.

A wave in the sky. Splashing down to replace a past vision. More water drops on the shore.

The memory took shape.

“Here, I’m playing at a playground.” She said.

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