

Echoes in the Wind

by Ivy Thorne

The wind carries whispers—
faint traces of laughter
and words we never said.

I walk where footprints fade,
along the edges of what was,
searching for echoes
that refuse to rest.

The sea hums its low refrain,
a song of longing
and the taste of salt.

I gather broken shells,
fragments of stories
washed smooth by time.

The tide pulls them back—
again and again—
as if the past cannot let go.

But the wind is patient.
It dances through the hollows,
weaving songs from silence,
and I listen.

I listen
until the echoes fade
and the world
is still.