

The beautiful sunset at an Indonesian beach

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The beautiful Ora beach in Maluku in Indonesia was truly a spectacular sight. Sunlight was being reflected from the crystal clear, frothy blue green water. The beach is gentle beneath my bare feet. Tips of shells peek from holes, made by little creatures, seeking shelter in the soft sand. Mini dunes of beige dust soon to be soaked by the sea, gradually creeping its way further onto shore. The setting sun's rays peacefully float, resting on the cool waters. Timid clouds are rarely exposed, leaving the sky to beam blue. Few trees give me a touch of shade to sit beneath. A white ribbon of cliffs and rocks surround me and the bay, guarding us from what lies beyond. My ears invite in the quiet whisper of waves, sharing the ocean's secrets. A graceful song, when birds calm calls break the silence in the settled scene. The fresh air's salty smell tickles my nose. Light kisses from the occasional ocean breeze send tingling sensations in me. The frothy, blue-green salt water crashes into the setting sun reflected shoreline in waves, then gently rolls up to the increasingly rising tide line. The wave stops as it reaches the tide line and slowly rolls back into the churning ocean water. The waves rolled in long and white fringed. The beach was such a shallow incline that even a child could wade out five hundred yards of more and still the water would be below their knees. This relaxing rhythm of continuous lapping waves is music to my ears. Ocean breezes gently sway the palm leaves as another day on the beach comes to a close. The waves were wild horses, rearing up before crashing down onto the beach, pounding the sand with their white foam hooves.

I picked up a seashell, it was nothing like the semi-clam types of the beach back home with a colour range of beige to beige. It was bigger than a starfish and shaped like a snail shell only one that had been crafted by an

artist. It had regular projections at intervals that made it spiny and the whorl was elongated and elegant. The inside was a soft pink, glossy and smooth to touch, the outside rough and rustic with chestnut brown on white. Inside the seashells were lustrous, shining with the colors of the ocean. Blues mixed with greens shone prettily in the late evening sun.

The Sun peeking through the heavy, white clouds illuminates the sky in a dazzling orange glow, causing the fluffy, white sand to appear golden in color as well. The golden sand covers the floor as far as your eyes can see. Never have I seen a sunset as breath-taking as this. God's painted masterpiece is a glorious sight to witness. The yellow ball of fire changed to hues of orange. It merged with the sky, like juice-mix dissolving in a glass of water. The clouds were cotton-candy, as though they blushed at the warm touch of the sun. Silhouettes of birds flew home across a sky that was now tangerine and the sun was half into the water, but its reflection in the sea made it look complete. In no time, the biggest star had set, giving way to a thousand others. As the sun disappears, nightfall arrives. The day is drawing to a close. The gloomy shadow of dusk descends over the sea. Feeble light from the thousands of stars in the heavens above appear to dim as the night clouds roll in.

Living in the heart of a city, I had grown used to having the warming, orange glow of streetlamps outside my window, their light filtering in through the gaps in the curtains. This was a blackness that I couldn't recall seeing before - one that was almost absolute. When I tilted my head skyward I could see clearly thousands of shining bright stars dotted on the black canvas of night

for one last time. Birds have vanished to take rest in their homes until the start of a new day. Sandcastles are washed away with the seawater by the changing direction of the tide. Any last remaining footsteps disappear, and are buried beneath the sand. It was once again a perfect end to a perfect day. I walk away from the beach looking at it as if for the last time.