The Lonely Son

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THE LONELY SON

The turbulent waves surge with great fury as they roll onward and onward toward the deserted beach. The foam floats on top as the waves crash against the jagged, rocky shoreline.

The bright ball in the distance casts shadows across the beach and casts colors of the spectrum which only the Almighty can create. The small sea inhabitants scatter about the pearly white beaches as the daylight begins to fade. Slowly the sun sinks down into the fathoms, turning the sea a mysterious, eerie color.

The gulls flying overhead soar to the heavens; then they swoop down to the sea again. They glide effortlessly with the lazy winds against the painted sky. They seem to put on a show for some unseen audience.

There is an old fisherman walking along the beach. He walks on, never looking back, never ahead, only down at the sand, oblivious of his surroundings.

His appearance suggests a handsome man of great bearing, in his younger days. Now his skin is as rough as the turbulent sea from the wind and the salt and is deeply tanned by the sun. His eyes are as dark as a winter midnight and have the look of a deeply hurt man.

The water rushes around his tired, bare feet. His khaki pants, old and tattered, are rolled to his knees. He wears a wrinkled, soiled blue workshirt with a sea oat boutonniere and a bright yellow slicker. From his tightly drawn mouth protrudes an unlit pipe.

In one hand he is carrying a fishing rod that shows its many years of use. In the other hand is a netted bag to hold the daily catch, but the bag is empty.

The fierce salty winds whip around his antediluvian, weather-beaten face. He stops walking, looks out into the endless sea, and shakes his head. A wrinkled old hand brushes away a tear, and he continues on his long lonesome journey.

No one knows the old fisherman’s name or where he comes from. He only fishes and walks the beaches alone.

Now the waves are gentle and halcyon, and the tide is ebbing. The only sound is the roar of the pebbles as the waves draw them back into the sea. The rising sun reflects across the peaceful landscape. The old fisherman has reached his destination.