

## Blue-Grey Hope

by Luke Richardson

His blue-grey eyes watch the sea.

He knows the morning breaks like a secret and splashes the sky with scarlet. He feels the light rippling across the surface and maturing into the sky.

There is nothing quite like sunrise by the sea. The gulls know this as they wheel and cry on currents of air. Their dashing shapes sing with the breeze as they watch the human world stir into life.

This morning they are not alone as he joins them, gripping the railing on the harbour side.

His pale skin is alight with the fresh colours of hope. That is why sunrise is so special . Hope is both as old as the sea lying in the half-light and as young as the morning approaching from the horizon. A knowledge that maybe, in another time or another place things could be better.

A young girl watches the same sunrise from a boat approaching the Harbour. The time is different, but the place is the same. She is on a crowded, dirty ship usually used for fishing. She carries very little; the sight of this sunrise, on this morning gives her hope.

A train steams across the viaduct and into the harbour station. Hundreds of uniformed men pile off into the smoke of the platform. Waiting in the harbour is a ship to take them away and from which many will not return. Some notice the sun pulling itself reluctantly into the day. They hope they will see that sun again.

They hope if they don't, their sacrifice will lead to a better world.

Blind hands trace the railing along the harbour side, blue-grey eyes see nothing, but hope.

Bio:

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