



"In ocean hush..."

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Citation Information

Morrison, Toni. 1931-

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1 folder (partial)

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Date Rendered: 2019-09-05 12:57:38 PM UTC

Available Online at: <http://arks.princeton.edu/ark:/88435/jd473205q>

In ocean hush a woman black as firewood is singing. Next to her is a younger woman whose head rests on the singing woman's lap.

Fingers troll the tea brown hair. All the colors of seashells--roses, wheat, pearl--fuse in the younger woman face. Her eyes pleasure the black face framed in Cyrillean blue. Around them on the beach sea trash gleams.

There is nothing to beat this solace which is what Pleidade's song is about although the words evoke memories neither one has ever had: of reaching age in the companay of the other; of speech shared and divided bread hot from the oven; the unambivalent miracle of coming home to be at home--its easy, ordinary bliss.

When the ocean heaves sending rhythms of water ashore, Pleidade looks to see what has come. A ship, perhaps, heading to port, crew and passengers, lost and saved, a-tremble for they have been dis-consolate for some time. Now they will rest before shouldering the endless work they were created to do down here in Paradise.