

THE BREEZE THAT WOULD NOT CEASE

I walk down a moonlight beach, my steps in the pattern of a waltz. I grip the sea breeze and imagine its my lover. That the grains of sand brushing me were kisses and the cold nipping at my exposed skin was a tender touch.

The waves brush over my feet and I kick it as I flow simply to hear something in endless silence. I wish to grasp the moon and hold it just to have my own pocket of light.

On this beach there is nothing. In the end nothing is always something but today nothing is everything and everything is nothing.

My steps are slow and weary as my body grows tired. I walk towards the ever flowing sea. I brush the tips on my fingers along it to say hello.

I fall to my knees with a smile as the waves crash over almost all of me. I stare at the beautiful growing dawn and understand an important something as I sink. Gentle moonlight will never be loved. Only boisterous loud sunlight will be.

A large wave finally crashes over me and i am overcome. I breathe in the salt and relish the stinging burn.

I would rather burn than fade away.

All i can do is smile because this is what i was supposed to be.

Nothing all over again.

For nothing is something and something is everything.

THE SAND THAT FOLLOWED ME HOME

It started in the house, I felt safe and warm in there, however, I eventually felt a chill. the door was open. I go to close it only to be captured by the sand on the beach, it's chilly and I'm not prepared but I feel drawn to it. I am afraid of the ocean but it seems oh so far away checking out the sand wouldn't hurt me right? I walk down the steps and feel the sand on my bare feet. Despite the cold nipping at me, I feel alive. I wish I could stay forever but the cold is getting too much to take. I slowly walk back into my house leaving a small crack in the door.

The next day im still in my summer clothes and its still freezing but who cares I lay in the sand and soak in the feelings. I lean into the discomfort as the sand seeps into everything i own. When i return the sand has fallen in my room i do not bother to sweep.

The day after that i go farther than i meant too straying far from the house. Getting too close to the sharp rocks that would surely cut my bare feet. I stay where i am but i am titering closer to the danger.

Each day i grow closer to the rocks and by proxy the sea, the sand has piled in my house its becoming apart of me even when i am not at the beach. And my doors never close anymore letting the chilly air breeze through

One day i walked to far and cut myself on the rocks upon closer inspection they seemed to be pretty. My own blood painting the rock and my wound covered in sand. I take the sharp rock home and put it on my night stand. I do not bandage my wound

The days blur as i play along the sharp rocks and shells cutting into my flesh and painting a pretty picture on them. The cold numbs any dull ache i couldve felt was gone. I am closer to the ocean but thats alright theres still room

The next day I feel myself on the wet sand, the ocean has touched this. It fills me with worry makes me want to go back to my house where the sand and rocks would surely meet me, when a small wave comes to close i return home.

The days after are spent near the sharp rocks and shells and the wet sand though one day i stand too close and the waves washes over me, i expect fear but I feel serin. the cold is both familiar and not. I run along the shore not worrying about the waves touching me.

In the days to follow I feel closer to the ocean. I am no longer afraid. I wish for it to hold me in its embrace, plunge me into the cold and make me feel alive. It goes up to my calves today.

Each day the water grows in height till one day I sink under. I taste the salt in my mouth, the cold burns me seeps into my wounds, it tries to pull me down but for once I fight back. I walk home i feel alone and cold the sand sticks to me and longer makes me happy.

I do not return the next day

I do not return the following

Even the next day I am still afraid and without the cold to numb my wounds I feel them buring.

I do not return for a long time, maybe even years when I do I wear longer sleeves and slightly warmer pants. The cold still finds me but it's less now. I slowly walk towards the ocean again in a way that could have been days. When I get there I brush my fingertips across its salty surface,

I am unfazed by the chill. I whisper a goodbye to the sea and press a tender kiss to the rocks painted in me.

Each day I remember the ocean and sometimes I miss it. I yearn for it but for now I'm safe in my house. With the sand on the deck. To this day I wonder who opened the door.

The end.