

Tides

I sit.

I wait.

I stare.

The world turns an endless gyre, loosening sparrows to the gaping maws of word hawks. You could too, you know. Join me that is. Sit with me. On a bench. By the sea. Counting sand, skipping those marvelously polished stones on the waters of the Pacific, wiping bogeys on driftwood. The smell of dying aquatic creatures colors the air and children scream with delight as sea urchins poke gently back. The tide crawls up the beach, lapping up my skin in gentle mouthfuls, and spits out an enigma of foam. You've seen the gray waves sound against the black gravel, but you've never tasted the salt on your face, hair, body like the shock of an unexpected kiss.

I speak of waters.

-Ryan Meer