Creature of the Season

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The beach air fills my lungs. Almost hyperventilating, I am desperate
to take it all in, for it to inflate me.
So I hold my breath as long as I can, twirling and dancing, a cloud of
sand surrounding and enshrouding
and the chill water straightens my spine and opens my eyes and I
bathe in the light
and the sounds of crashing waves block the cruel words swirling in
my head
and I feel myself filling up and up and up...

But the harbor never lasts,
the tide always recedes,
taking my sanctuary and sanity with it.
The dreaded exhale comes suffocating and bringing an end to me.

As the color of my skin fades from my body,
so do I.
A creature of the season,
slinking softly away as the leaves fall.
I wait for my dawn again,
ever knowing if it will come then.
I bide my time,
pained and pale,
hoping to feel the soothing sun set upon my face once again.