Creature of the Season
Lara Rudman

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, never 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.