

Newfoundland

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Water splashing over the cold bluish rocks,
the sun sparkling on the water,
waves crashing over your cold feet as you walk in deeper and deeper,
then finally you forget about the cold and dive in.
You start to swim,
your head as cold as an ice cube,
your arms covered in goose bumps but you love it,
the water rushing through your hair as you lie back and float.

Worrying about nothing,
you close your eyes and don't think at all,
your worries withering away to nothing.

Your heart sinks into a drift as you float out farther and farther.

Finally,
you stop floating,
clear your throat,
and swim back,
only thinking about sinking your feet in that hot sand,
to feel that warm heat burst into your face,
to lie down on your towel and fall into a deep sleep while the water splashes,
the sun shines
and the rocks glisten.

It's a dream, it's Newfoundland.