

A Young Summer Day

Slipped Shorts on, ran to the beach.
Sunday - free parking - the car winked.
Heat waves crisp my skin
Sunscreen protects me like the 14th regiment.
Surrounded by all that I loved, in complete contempt.
I jumped in, cooled, and the regiment drowned.
Salt morphes with my pores exfoliating my skin
My brain can walk on all fours, and I am at a peak.
The sun dries off my dripping back.
As I lie back down;
I witnessed joy, remoteness, and leisure.