

One With The Water

by DONOVAN RUSSO

The sand is smooth. It comforts my feet. I haven't felt this sort of comfort in a long time. The air is fresh, could make any man feel safe. I want to be one with the water, but I'd drown. Is it worth it? It disturbs me that I can't answer that question with ease.

I see two brothers walking along the water, both can't be above ten. The one takes the littler one's hand and guides him as if this place is a war zone. But it's not. To be honest, it's far from it. So why does he take his hand? The waves aren't wild. There aint' no sand storm either. Well sometimes I guess, the touch of another human just makes you feel relevant again.

I pull out a cigar. There's a sign that says "no smoking". I say *fuck it*. I don't have anybody to keep me company. I don't have anyone to watch the dolphins with, to watch that old fart with the ugly mole on his back fish for nothing. I don't have anyone to watch those kids build some stupid sand castles with. I mean, the tide will just will just wash the castles away anyways. So let me smoke. Let the shit that I breathe in be my company and then maybe, I'll go be one with the water.