

ON THE BEACH WITH YOU

TONI SCORSESE

I followed you to the beach; minutes away.
Our paces timed, synching on the boardwalk.
Thumping, thumping.
I never liked the beach; the sand. Could be messy.

I followed you anyway.

I followed you over the dunes; seconds away.
Our eyes met, squinting against the sun on the hot shore.
Smiling, smiling.

I followed you to the coast; feet away.
Our toes chilled, splashing against the cold surf.
Strolling, strolling.

I followed you to the blanket; inches away.
Our bodies nestled, digging into the hard earth.
Basking, basking.

I followed you back to the road; not far away.
Our shadows trailed, tracing the jaunt behind us.
Musing, musing.

We walked to the beach; vast, beautiful, frightening; awesome.
I never liked the beach. How silly.
I want to be on the beach with you again soon.

10/26/2022
(You Know Who You Are)