

BEACH

by Adam Sifre

It's just me.

An October afternoon.

Ocean and Ocean and Ocean.

if you keep looking, down the coast
there is fog.

Only fog and me and sea.

I imagine him before I see him.

Slow walk just above the water line,
the fog catching up behind him,
fantastical cape.

The rational me, the me that is willing to sacrifice everything -
even my breath - for the illusion of normalcy,

tells me he will walk by, acknowledge me with a half wave, and
continue down the shoreline.

The darker part of me, the part I trust and ignore,
assures me the stranger is coming for me.

I am the destination.

The finish line.

I can see him now. A small stick figure,
growing a bit with each step.

He's smiling, I imagine.

He's hungry, I know.

After there will be only fog.

I will be less than mist.

So I sit here, on this October day,
waiting for the stranger and the friendly half wave
that will never come.

