

The Beach

by Glen Binger

The wind blows off the ocean soft and cool. I close my eyes in hopes to strengthen my sense of touch. A bit of sand wriggles through my teeth; crunchy and salty like spoiled oven-roasted peanuts. I imagine the air would smell like low tide if it wasn't constantly stirring with the wind. The sun's silhouette is painted on the inside of my eyelids in a dark red opaque oily paint. Voices float in the thick air from all directions. Mesh of the beach chair marks the flesh of my back. I feel amazing in this very moment; alive in this tiny sliver of existence of everything ever. Alert and awake. And the sea gulls are squawking; telling me they feel alive, too. I feel as if the sun could just open up and pour its vitamin-filled rays all over my exposed body. And then, suddenly, it does in a liquid, gel-like form. I feel it splatter across my chest. At first, I smile thanking Helios. But then I open my eyes to a white pasty substance painted on my chest like a Jackson Pollock. A dripping of lead paint fell from the sky and it smells like bird shit. God dammit.

