

“As We” Welcome Eight

by Mackenzie Dutton

As

We wake up before the moon has decided to set.
We wake up before the sun makes the first yawn today.
We quickly balance our way down the soft rug covered stairs.
With our bare feet feeling too rushed to grab shoes.
We hit the cool hardwood floor with virtually no noise.
We slide through the sliding green door.
Careful as it closes.

But,

Not without grabbing a few Oreos with extra stuffing
To start our day.
We stumble on to the porch and stub our toes
On those few stairs
Leading to
The green dew covered grass.
As we walk.

Swiftly sweep by the hammock,
And we tumble down the big rock wall with one big leap.
Then,
Run towards the still cool untouched sand.
Tall untamed grass whips at our bare dark tanned legs.
Avoiding every stick and branch in our way we
Somehow find the clear sand
With our feet showing us the way.
As we run.

Follow the intricate tire marks down the beach.
Finding seashells as they pinch at our still becoming tough feet
Search for blues, oranges, pinks and purples.
The sacred colors of the sea.
Rocks and unlucky crabs' claws even find their way
Into
The over used and worn down buckets.
Hear them crush the shells as we run.
As we search.

On the way back we skim the still cool water.
The word freezing doesn't even leave our lips.
We quickly start covering ourselves in the cool dark sand.
As we watch the sky,

And feel the sun starting to greet us,
The first ones of the day.
As we think.
It's as if we were the only ones on this earth,
With
Freedom to do whatever we want
Whenever we want
And then,

Those people who have been on this world a lot longer
Than us say
"Come inside."
But then they see we are way too sandy.
So the warm outdoor shower woke us again.
How many times has this happened before?
I can't keep track
Of this never ending cycle.
We wrap in towels to dry for the day.
Lying on the hammock
And
Pulling on the extremely frayed rope.
Attached to the wooden fence that
Looks as if it could fall any day now
As we laugh
At the sun
For starting a new day.

As we,

Walk,
Run,
Search,
Feel,
Think,
Laugh,
And
It's only 8 o'clock.