

# “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.