

Our Rough Feet

by Alexandra Gaspar

We walked down the sandy hill in our flip-flops,
complaining about how hard it was to walk in the sand.
Hand in hand, our bags and a large rainbow umbrella.
The bright yellow sun shining down, kissing our cheeks.

We reached the bottom of the hill and took in a breath,
swallowing the salty air that told us where we were,
and listening to the water tumble up the sand.

You and I ran ahead, and found the perfect spot.
Lying down our towels and dropping all the bags,
then, heading toward the water that called to us in a soft voice.
You were first in; I watched the water swallow you,
and waited for it to spit you back out.

Eventually, I saw your head break through the sheet of glass,
and I jumped in after you, screaming and laughing
We floated on our backs and let the waves hold us as they carried us to shore.
And then it was time for the part we loved most about this sacred place.

We ran for the line of rocks that went far out into the ocean.
I climbed up first, and then hoisted you up next to me.
I yelled, "Ready, Set, GO!"
And we ran off, jumping the rocks with skill,
our feet had done this many times before this summer

Our callused feet knew every little bump and point in all the rocks.
We ran so far out, that my father's worried voice was drowned out by the ocean.
And finally, we reached our spot

That big rock at the end, the one that the others had trouble reaching.
Our rock.
We jumped over to it and landed on the very top.
Lying down under the hot sun
I swear I heard it swallow you

We are so different, you and me.
Two unique people.
But there is one thing that ties us together so tightly, making us unbreakable.
And that, is our rough feet,
That hold so many memories.