The Crash of Surf

By Shannon Anderson

When you were four, I taught you to make drip-drop castles.
I sat beside you on the sugar white beach, waves lapping our feet,

And felt the pull of the tide, the sun warm on our skin.

I watched your tiny hand sink into the watery sand, rising to extend your index finger.
The sand dripped in tiny blobs and rose into sandy towers,
A mirror to the underwater world of coral forests and seaweed.

I watched the sun glint off your blonde hair.
I heard your giggles mingle with the crash of surf.

Delight bubbled up in your, “I did it!”

And as the seagulls swooped and fell on thermal breezes,
I stood with your fingers entwined with mine
And watched the waves receding with the tide.