

Lobster Clouds
and
Pieces of People

words by
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fifteen

Flash up to white.

I don't remember hitting the ground.

It's just—

It's just the shore, in my head, as far as I can even think.

The beach shifting with every lap of every wave.

Warm sand covering all of the crevasses and folds in my toes.

An impossibly high cerulean blue dome so far above me, you'd think I'd never touch it. But I can, because this is my place. It exists because I do.

Here.

And nowhere else, because this is all there is.

I'm what you might call happy, but it's not so much happiness as it is released and content.

All of the dreams and all of the commotion are gone, and there's a sunset now, starting just over the curve of the ocean on the horizon.

Purple and indigo bleeding into the fast-fading cerulean.

And that's all there is.

