

Cold Waters

By Jordyn Costa

Ice-cold sand is tickling my toes, and even looking at the sunrise over the water doesn't feel comforting. Sitting on a blue beach towel, I'm the only one. The water used to be calm and soothing. Though the tides have turned, white caps and rip currents are full of danger and distress. The waves come in roughly, taking everything with them, not even leaving a shell.

When you lose the one who knew you the best, how will people ever find you again? I see a crab digging in the sand trying desperately to make a hole before the shore wipes him away and takes everything he has. How will he survive? How will he beat the water? He owns nothing but the scar where his hole used to be.

Claire and I used to come to this beach and stay here all day talking about anything in the world; we were the best of friends. She left her family and me without a goodbye and gave me this small black wooden box. I dare not open it knowing what it may hold, old hopes and dreams that now are gone.

A small shrimp boat is making its way into the harbor, fighting and trying to make it before the worst of the storm arrives. Striving, the boat is staying above water and not drowning into the deep blue. Sadly, I see myself on those waters trying to fight the grief that has come my way, but I have no harbor, no shelter for protection. Staring out into the cold waters, my hands turn numb holding that wooden box.

Home

By Elizabeth Surratt

Resting on the reclining chair on the deck of our mountain house, I watched a mother bird feed her baby a wiggly worm from the safety of their nest. The steam from my cup of hot tea snaked out in front of me, finally disappearing high in the winter air. Patches of white snow could still be seen scattered along the muddy ground. Soon everything would be green.

Propping my feet on the deck railing, I looked toward the woods and wondered where Sam was. As if he could read my mind, he emerged from the forest on the bank of the stream. He carried two good-sized fish, which looked like bass, on a rope around his neck, his tackle box in his right hand. I could already taste our dinner: fried fish, hush puppies, sweet yellow corn on the cob, and for dessert, crispy apple pie. "Wow that looks great!" I told Sam. He grinned brightly.

"Well, you know, being a pro fisherman and all, it's no big deal," Sam joked.

"Since that was so easy for you, why don't you start cleaning the fish while I go inside and start with the rest of dinner?" With that he disappeared to the side yard, and I went into the house.

The warmth of the kitchen was an extreme contrast to the biting cold of the mountain air. I stopped to look around at the low wooden beams of the ceiling, the crackling fire, and the various nick-knacks picked up throughout our years coming here, knowing that in a few minutes Sam would be coming in to join me. I knew I was home.

I Wish I Could

By Drew Gibson

Based on "This Is Just to Say" by William Carlos Williams

I just took
the money
that was
in your pocket

and which
you most likely
Were going to use
for lunch

sorry
the fried chicken I bought
was darn delightful
and very crunchy