

ESCAPE

MADISON WILLIAMS

The weather here has
A mind of its very own
Almost human like

At times it can be
An aquamarine beauty
A warm stillness calm

But at other times
The weather can change very quickly
Complete opposite

The colorless sky
The sharp cold against my face
Brings new adventure.

On bright sunny days
On a quest for sand dollars
Toes in the calm tides

On the gray sky days
Huddled together laughing
Around a beach fire

No matter the day
No matter the type of tides
Furious or clam

As I sit in peace
In harsh cold or a warm clam
It is my escape