

Another Night At The Beach

Jess Waldbillig

Tonight while I was at the beach, I imagined what it would feel like to leave this place. I have wanted to get out of here for years; the bone-chilling winters are too much for my skeleton and there are people here who have polluted the soil my skin lays on in the summers. I have never felt at home at my home, so I've searched for it elsewhere, grasping for whatever was in reach. And I actually found it here, at this beach and on this lake. The lulling waves and rocky shores have comforted me more than almost any human has. I'm not leaving yet, but I know I eventually will—I have to. But I have grown to love this place, this makeshift home, so much. I imagine what homesickness for this beach will feel like. I suspect it might be worse than Minnesota winters.

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