This Beach

Amanda Wengert

College of DuPage
Triathlon Man
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When the aching body quivers with emotion
As the heart races on despite fatigue
The brain cries out "I cannot go on"
But the soul screams back "I say bleed!"

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Wet sand packed down hard
by the incessant lap of cold white waves,
remind the wind to blow against my cheek
as I turn back to remember the footprints left behind.
I am not perfect.
the beach left its salty aromatic imprint on me
like dimples on an age old seashell.
tall rocky cliffs cast a shadow
dropping the temperature like rapid fire.
a long ray of orange sunshine peeks through
a sky filled with gray and lonely clouds.
what a beautifully somber day to be here
among the seagulls and the horseshoe crabs,
to forget the shipwrecks from the past
and reflect off the water, the fact that
I am so small.