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The Shell

Megha Jain College of DuPage

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Jain: The Shell

On a Summer's Day

Shiann Everett

Sun-kissed like a summer's day, the hot air blows against my skin, sweat drops line down my nose in a perfect formation.

The ocean sounds bring in waves, bursts of true bliss and agony crashing through my blood and veins as I take it all in.

Creating a false reality, to make sense of what I see wanting the images in my head to be the life I long for.

To be as warm as the sand I lay upon, as calm as the sound of tides rushing in. To breathe without the shake, to feel without the pain.



The Shell Megha Jain