rooted

makili matty

Traip Academy

age 15

no one wishes for their home to crumble
nor to shift with the swelling tides
you might lie, “if only
the water wasn't so numbing”
but you don't will it
because the cold is a part of you
it is buried in your knees
and clenched around your jaw
and no matter the whispers you mutter
it is the cold that keeps you rooted in the sand

the bitterness burns your skin
it pulls you under
even when only your toes are submerged
it grounds you
even when only your soles are buried in the sand
it forces you to breathe
not with your lungs
but with your trembling shoulders
with your stomach and with your hands
it bends your broken neck
and straightens your crooked spine
so you're a little taller
if only for a single gasp

no matter how numb and cold your feet
no matter how violently you shake
you still wander back
because it engulfs you
it catches you
it holds you
and when it wraps itself
raw around your ankles
you know you're home