I Close my Eyes and Imagine Myself on a Beach

The sparkling waves crashed on the sandy shores and left ocean debris on the sandy shore. The sand was bronze and golden. The sunlight heated up the sand and burnt peoples’ feet. A gentle breeze brushed against my face filtering my hair by blowing the grains of sand stuck in my hair. The children thrust their arms against the strong force of water gushing onto the shore. They fell back every time and spin in the water helplessly.

My mouth and neck were prickled by the flowing of the fizzy ade. My tastebud were sore but addicted to the taste that leaves you wanting more. The fragrant sweet smell of the mint and lemon create a delightful smell. My neck was frozen in its tracks with nothing to do. It was left there by the subzero temprature of the iced ade. The vase in front of me was intricately designed so perfect that no master could ever copy it. The party of vibrant colour and the mixed odour of the flowers lit up my day brighter than the sun.

The beach is like a plaza for people. They crowd the area like a swarm of bees chasing a person who interrupted the beehive. They go in all directions like a traffic jam. There are arid environments that give you an arduous journey and peaceful ones with not much toil. There is so much of a variety of everything here. The shimmering water, the loud sound of the crashing waves, the gooey cold texture of seaweed, the taste of the salty aquatic air and the blend of all odours make this beach the perfect place in the corrupted world. People betray other for success. It is a toxic battle field where everybody tries to survive. But this beach is different. Tranquility has possessed the beach.