The Beach

As my dainty feet brushed against the silky sand, I felt the warmth of the sun like a blanket, tenderly wrapped around my serene body. I felt the cold water paint a serene landscape on the canvas of my petite feet and a gentle zephyr skim across my face like a graceful ballerina, hastily sliding her feet across the glazed tiles. I could feel the sun rays pour on my face, wrapping it with heat and eagerly trying to seek through my colossal hat.

I made my way in, my heart frantically thumping against my chest like a dormant volcano about to erupt. The shrieks and hollers of euphoric children reverberated through the chilly breeze like echos–a myriad of them. I tranquilly listened to the tumultuous calls of the pigeons and the seagulls which made music to my ears. The hushed melody of the waves relentlessly crashing against the shore ecstatically struck my ears like a plethora of cymbals frantically crashing together.

The taste of the cold but salty air married with the stupendous taste of ice cream which laid sedately on my tongue leisurely melted in my mouth. The repetition of this phase caused a content smile to erupt across my once stern face faster than the blink of an eye. I yearned to devour every bite of the moment like a hungry beast.

As I spread my towel down onto the sand wearily, I found myself being lured into pure heaven. The cobalt blue water shone in the sun like a plethora of starns on a dreamy night. I admired the sophisticated way of people’s doing whether they were asking politely for a ball or moving so I could take a picture. Innumerable heartfelt smiles took over the sweltering room, leaving barely any space to breathe. I felt eased here-at the beach.