

A Day at the Beach

By Eric Englund

I saw Lake Michigan for the first time today.

Not as an adult who overlooks their surroundings,
but through the eyes of a child who sees splendor and joy in all things.

A day that is still looked back on and remembered fondly.
Where the crashing of waves provided endless games,
running out with each crest only to race back,
trying to beat the water up the shore.

Building sandcastles with the imaginative grandeur
only capable of a mind not yet confined to the laws of physics.
The sun warmed sand contrasted
with the cool waters only adding to the experience.

Driftwood supplying the necessary materials for
walking sticks, sword fights, writing messages on the ground
and so much more.

Sitting near the edges of the dunes while
listening to the breeze move through the grasses and sedges,
while enjoying the flowers dotting the hillside.
Our own botanical garden.

Experiencing all of this, as if it were for the first time,
Where waves are no longer just a function of energy
and each piece of driftwood tells a story from a far-off forest.

It was there I was reminded
that these fleeting moments,
where we are allowed to experience
everything around us with the same
excitement of a child's first day at the beach,
are the true measurements of our life's achievements.