

Dancing with the Brine

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You know those coming of age tales where she finds her strength? Fights the dragon herself, or, breaks her own chains? I'd love to ask how they did it. How you lift the weight of them off you? How do you leap from a tower and know the grass will still be beneath you and ready to softly catch you? The ground cannot be loyal. It certainly has never shown me loyalty. With my clumsy knees, bulk hips, and dueling feet, the ground could even be considered a villain in parts of my story. I want to break down the walls trapping me. I want to walk into the ocean and swim fast and harder and further than my lungs can carry me— leaving my lungs behind like salt in the waves. I want to tread water and look back at the tiny faint sandy shoeprints, turn and see glitter in the waves, the sun dancing with the brine. I am not sure how to tell what is fear or just adrenaline. I just want so badly to not be afraid to die. I'm so determined to live and "carry on". So eager to over complicate and barricade my life. So resistant to swim and leave my lungs behind.