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## Broken Beer Bottles Lost at Sea

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### Cover Page Footnote

This piece was written and workshopped in 18X. This piece was presented as a branch piece.

## Broken Beer Bottles Lost at Sea

Memories are like grains of sand

*I know that's been said before, I know*

They bend in the breeze, wind-whipped into soft peaks,

They all look the same as you stand in the distance, fixed on the place where sand meets sky

There you are

The sand is angry that you think it's just brown; can't you see it's a thousand colors, shells and glass and plastic, can't you see, if you would just look

Your entire life is there on the horizon, millions of pieces of glass moving as one body, as millions of individual moments. When you leave the beach, a few come with you,

Sand between your toes, glued to the sides of your ankles from seawater and then

Baked by sunshine

Memories in your hair, memories between your fingertips

A few memories are harder to shake

If something had to get trapped underneath my fingernails, I'd love for it to be the way it felt when you looked at me for the first time and I learned that brown eyes are warm like chocolate

I'd love for it to be the way it felt when I crossed the finish line at the hardest race I'd ever run—you know the one—and I'm bright red and panting, sucking in deep breaths that smell like October and grass

I'd love for it to be the shape laughter made in the night sky, that night we walked and walked for six miles and didn't even realize time had passed

But the memories that get stuck in your hair, the ones that get brushed off of your legs—It's never the way it felt when you looked at me for the first time,

It's the way it felt when I fell at the start of that race, and my chin bit into the grass and everything tasted like metal, and when I realized there would be no more walks at midnight It's flecks of chipped glass off of broken beer bottles lost at sea.

Memories are like grains of sand

Soft and supple, blowing into graceful dunes, never expecting to be revisited

Warm and welcoming, until the glass cuts your feet,

And you wish you hadn't looked twice,

*I wish you hadn't looked twice*

I suppose there's a reason we keep going back to the sand