

Tow

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When I close my eyes, it's winter again on the beach, and the dark grey waves are calling us home. The sand is whipping through the air, getting into my eyes. There was one brave child trying to sculpt a wall to surround the body of a dead sea bird, but the wind kept toppling his piles onto the scattered feathers so he left in frustration.

Now, there is no one on the beach except us, and you are standing ankle-deep and naked in the writhing surf.

"The undertow is sucking at my feet," you say, windmilling your arms to keep upright. "Here goes nothing," you say, and you drop.

When I open my eyes, you are no longer naked and in front of me, and winter has melted away. There is still sand in my shoes and the wind still carries your breath across the water.