

Daniella Graffeo

Praise for the Past

Sunset Beach

I stood at the shore of the ocean last night,
The sky a fiery canvas painted with lemon yellows, blazing oranges, and
flamingo-feather pinks.
Waves crashed the shore hard, then softly, as if the ocean was attempting to tell
me a message.
Out of nowhere, the tides delivered a green glass bottle at my feet.
Not knowing where it came from or where else it had been, I found a message
curled inside.
I pulled out the cork and dropped the scroll into my hands, it being drenched
from some secret
saltwater that slipped inside, seeping into the secrets of the sea.
I could barely make out the words, but I only found three:

Look around you.

And the letter disintegrated through my fingers, back into the sea.

Granting the letter's wish, my eyes scanned the beach and found wonders all
around me.

The grainy sand making a home between my toes.
The ocean and the land trading shells through the waves; in and out.
Seagull silhouettes dark against the flaming colors of the sky.
The sun slowly slipping into the depths of the sea.
The wind blowing through my thick, wavy, dark hair, touched with a hint of salt.
A huge sandcastle, standing just for a family of snails or crabs.
Scattered tide pools, filled with baby starfish and urchins hugging the sandy
walls for protection.
The clouds providing beds for the incoming stars to rise and dance on,
illuminating the night with their light.

When you get the chance, look around at the wonderful world around you.
You'll never know what you might see or miss in life until you open your eyes.

Daniella Graffeo
Grade 9, Mount Sinai High School