

T-Street Beach

by L.Z. Piro

We meet one last time at the place we met the first time.

We sit on the shore

still silent as we stand to bid our final farewell.

Your feet stuck in the sand

consequence requiring you remain in place while

I walk into the sea knowing

the ripples I create will grow harsher as I go further soon

turning into waves that will

Drown you in your place.