

Tides of Time | Max Laska-Sandleman

A beautifully somber town
that sits on the coast,
Where the fresh, salty smell
Of the crystal blue ocean embodies the air,
Harsh waves that end softly kissing the shore,
Whispers of the sea, crisp and clean.
The ocean breeze fights the harsh summer heat,
Its cool embrace like a gentle hug,
Carrying the stories of distant lands.

A town where time moves still,
Where people come to rest, to retire,
And the days stretch like the ebbing tide,
Slow and unhurried, as if they too are waiting.
The mile-long pier reaching out,
Over the ocean
A quiet path over violent, crashing waves,
Its planks worn smooth by years of footsteps,
Each one leaving behind a memory.

Here, you can stand and gaze,
Watch the horizon blur into the sky,
And let the rhythm of the waves
Speak to your soul,
The crash of the ocean,
The soft murmur of time passing.

This may be the place,
The place to talk about the past,
The present,
And the future
A whisper on the wind,
A promise not yet made.
Here, we hold dear what we can,
The fleeting moments, the quiet conversations,
The love that lingers like salt in the air.
But we must remember:
What we hold dear may not last forever,
For even the waves must eventually recede,
And the pier, like all things, will one day fade.