

Miami Beach

Descriptive Essay by Jessica Turner

It is spring break, in the middle of March, my sophomore year. The salty, floating breeze of Miami's coast is enough to make my knees go weak. I look into the cloudless, cerulean blue sky and see the perfection of life; in the distance, rolling clear-blue waves crash into each other with such force as that of football players. I squint in the distance of the progressing whitecaps and come upon a floating yacht.

Focusing my attention to the beach, I observe middle-aged people resting on beach towels, children creating sandcastles or frolicking in the ocean, and young couples holding hands while walking along the shoreline. I close my eyes and take in all of my surroundings and run my fingers slowly and care freely through my shoulder-length, brown hair as I take in the smell of the salty, evening air that tingles my nostrils. I feel like a seagull, drifting endlessly in the wind without a care in the world, comforted by the resonance of the rolling waves, distant voices, and laughter of people nearby.

"Let's go in the ocean," a young girl says.

"It's so hot out!" an old woman yells.

Feeling the left-over warmth of the mid-afternoon day, I let myself absorb the blistering rays of the sun, while opening my mouth to the bitterness of the sticky evening air. I am taken in by the soothing, relaxing, peaceful atmosphere. I stroll along, and the grainy, slick, brown sugar sand pulls my bare feet under and leaves a perfect imprint. Comforted by the sounds of the ocean, the rhythmic pounding of the waves represses all of my worries; I become enveloped by everything around me.

Taking a seat down on the warm and uneven dry sand, I run my hand delicately over the smooth surface, leaving a trail from my fingertips. I pick up a handful and sift it from my palm slowly, feeling the grittiness of sand with each finger.

Then deciding to be adventurous, I stand and begin to brave the rumbling waves that are inches away. Charging into the ocean with vigorous splendor and utter excitement, I insert my bare feet into the sea and am taken aback by the shocking coolness of the water; I almost hyperventilate. Bringing myself to a halt at mid-calf, I then trudge through the soft currents that splash upon my legs. An abundance of symbiotic, vibrantly colored, and variously sized fish swarm around my feet. Their bodies brush my leg with negligence as they strive to get from one place to another.

I wish to stay here forever and realize, at this point, this is where I need to come for serenity and peace, where all things seem perfect and care free. There is nowhere in the world quite like this, so peaceful and serene.