

Shennie Yao

Busy, hustling

The smell of overdone hotdogs wafting from the lighted boardwalk

Children laughing and splashing in the salty ocean spray

Their parents running after them telling them they need to get home

Definitely busy

Chaotic, loud

People trying to find people in the dotted maze that is people

Spilled drinks and lost sunglasses littering the little room left to walk

Shouts and complaints traveling farther than intended

Definitely loud

But the darkness of night is a reminder of a lonely house waiting at home

And the setting sun is mark of how much time was lost in the absence of work

And

Just like that

Things are simple

Not busy nor chaotic nor rowdy

Calm, tranquil, serene, simple, the way it's supposed to be

Just the sky the sand and the sea

The endless, forever going, treacherous sea