

A day at the beach essay examples

[Environment](#), [Water](#)



As I step on the granular surface of the mildly sun-drenched beach, I feel the refreshing gush of ocean air, caressing my nostrils. The water is glistening in pearly evanescence, its serenity humbly interrupted by a thunderous squeaking of the children, valiantly rushing towards the water, only to huddle even faster back, to the safety of terra firma. The circular, luminous ball in the sky is not acknowledging the arrival of noon yet, and the lack of people, sunbathing on the beach feels more than good. As I am walking, I can feel the little grains of sand protruding through my fingers, giving my sore feet a pleasant, tickling sensation. Ever since I was little, I loved walking barefoot, especially on grassy and sandy surfaces. Grass always possessed an earthly cloud-like essence in its gentle plasticity, while sand, coarse and rough at times, felt almost like an always welcome massage.

On finally having found a secluded little patch of terrain, adjusted for solitary basking in the auriferous landscape of aquamarine and honey, I seat myself on my hippie-inspired towel, and continue to observe the vastness before me. My introverted meditation is again interrupted by the shrill sounds of children, squeaking in delight. One little girl is particularly loud, yet not in an annoying way, rather in a way that makes one go green with jealousy at seeing someone enjoy something so simple such as running through the shallow part of the ocean, making sure to make as big of a splash as possible. She appears to be four, maybe five years old, with a wetted hair, sticking to her gently tanned face. Her hair is shimmering in the sun, tied with two cherry-colored little bows. On her nose, traces of suntan lotion are still visible, white, urging the skin to soak them up. It was gently and very carefully smeared on by who I assume is her mother, the lady who is lying on

a hammock merely a meter away, keeping her little treasure under her hawk gaze constantly.

Behind the girl in the little crimson bathing suit, two white dots appear on the horizon; hopeful fishing boats and its crewmen, out for the day. I imagine their sun burnt faces, how their fingers must have soaked up the smell of the ocean, of the fish they take out, like the butcher who, no matter how often and thorough he washes his hands, the faint scent of meat perpetually remains underneath the fingernails, revealing the secret of his profession. The boats swing rhythmically, like a cradle, lulling a baby to sleep. The water is tranquil and sempiternal.

Above it, the cerulean image of the sky lies prostrate as far as the eye could see, with little dabs of puffy whiteness smeared over the clear blueness. The sun is beginning to pierce the blue serenity above and below, but nobody seems to mind. More and more people are starting to gather at the beach, forming a miniature ant society, scattered throughout the cinnamon surface greeting the water. They do not mind the smell of decomposing water life forms, which float carelessly along the glass façade of water. It is the smell of saltwater, floating on a breeze and they welcome it for one, heavenly afternoon. When the time comes, they will return to their concrete jungle of car mufflers, busy streets, trash and smog. But now, the moment consumes us all, we are one with nature that spreads its marine perpetuity in front of us and embraces us as her children. She caresses us with her dripping fingers, clings to our bodies in grains of arenaceous particles, brushes past our faces in buoyant wafts of Neptunian air, and lulls our minds in the clement glow of aubade warmth.

All of a sudden, I hear music, which is utterly out of tune with the tranquility that this magical place offers. One of the café places on the beach has started playing some modern music, the one that appeals to younger people. For me, it completely disrupts the meditative qualities of the beach. I close my eyes, and endeavor to deafen the sounds of the music, giving emphasis to the squawking of the seagulls and the playful squealing of little children. I open my eyes, and the light is bewildering, yet enchanting at the same time. The people are all black dots on the auburn covering of the beach, like rare black pearls found in only some shells. This reminds me of the uniqueness that we all possess within ourselves, yet which is so easy to forget. The people are scattering around, looking for a place to settle down for the day, and put down their towels in rainbow colors. In a blink of an eye, the beach becomes an anthill of activity, the voices growing louder and louder, as faces grow by the numbers, finally transforming into one big human face that decided to inhabit the beach for the day.

This is not the beach I enjoy anymore. The serenity of the place is gone; its meditative abilities have been stripped down to a commercialized noise of reckless polluters. I close my eyes and try to go back to the flapping of the seagulls' wings and their talking to Mother Nature. The waves of music coming from the cafes and human clamor overwhelm me, and I cannot hear the gentle swaying of the ocean waves anymore. I bury my hands in the sand. It is warm and comforting to know of a constant in life. We will all dissolve, become granular, become one with the universe around us. We will all be given immortality, if only we know to appreciate it. With my eyes still closed, I smile enigmatically at the vast watery panorama in front of me, the

soothing sounds of waves crashing against the rocks far away tickle my eardrums. I take the sand in my palm and let it slip through my fingers in waterfalls of sand, joining the granular plethora around me. I smile, because I hear nothing but the water anymore.