

The beach, the place
i come to when i
finish the day



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The beach, the place I come to when I finish the day.... It's the perfect place to relax after the pressure of working at a Caribbean bar. Everyday I come to the beach and sit around, it allows me to cool off from work and think about how bad or good my day has been. The beach is always empty at this time and is perfectly located, right outside my house. Stretching a mile in either direction there is plenty of room for people to go who want to be alone, who want time to gather their thoughts and work out what has actually happened to day nd what hasn't. It's also the time when you usually realise you forgot to do something, that's basically why I come here. As I look off down the beach I see the island as night approaches, in the distance the lights of hotels come on, the occasional car lights, the boats in the harbour turn their lights on and the lone cruise ship coming in lit up like a Christmas tree.

The sunsets in the distance falling slowly behind the vast spread of water and already high in the sky the moon begins it's over watch. The beach, now cast in a reddish old light begins to cool off from the hot day and the sea, sparkling in the fading light rolls quietly in. The palm trees behind, mostly in shadows sway in the gentle breeze. The occasional bird fly's in to roost and the night creatures come out. On the beach a small crab dashes from hole to hole in search offoodand like an opaque blob a jellyfish patiently waits for the sea to return. By now the beach is quiet, only the relaxing sounds remain, the sea as it sloshes up the beach the breeze as it gently blows through the alms, the birds calling their night calls and the nocturnal animals announcing that they are awake.

I feel much more relaxed and cooled off now, it like someone has lifted all the weight of the days work off my shoulders allowing me to slouch here and

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do nothing. I start to play with the sand as a sit and stare out to see, I feel the grains running though my fingers like dry water, the coolness of the sand also helps to relax me. Also the cool breeze coming in from the sea seems to refresh me from the typical Caribbean heat.

As I look around and consider going in another crag sidesteps in front of me, its legs sounding like small pebbles as the hit the sand, I smile as it randomly changes direction as though it were lost on to him is a vast desert like beach. Sitting here, alone makes me feel like nothing matters, that however bad things can get there is peace you just need to know where to find it and I have, here. Sighing I get up and plod back into my house, thinking of the horror awaiting me at the bar tomorrow.