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Seaside

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Seaside

The taste of the salty air was familiar.

Not comfortable, but familiar.

You see, this was the place she had gone for solace, peace,
and the hope of understanding what her life was really about.

People confused her. They rejected her. They neglected her.

But the ocean was a constant companion.

The sand between her toes was familiar.

Not comfortable, but familiar.

Every break up, every fight, every meltdown
had started differently but they all ended the same.

A lonely walk along the shoreline. Sometimes she allowed the
dying waves to wash over her bare feet, other times she
walked inches away from the oceans reach.

The sun shining in her eyes was familiar.

Not comfortable, but familiar.

The sounds of waves crashing in the distance were
just loud enough that they silenced the doubts
and the tragedies in her mind. And the silence
was beautiful.

Her whole life she felt alone but now she knew,
That was never true.