



A Memory

By Danielle Beazer Dubrasky

I and my brother
 would run from
 the waves
At high tide.
And we loved being scared
 by the big ones,
Dodging the creamy-lace foam,
 laughing
 and falling in the sand
 to dig clams
That were so much faster than us,
But we never stopped.
Colors of the sun touched my
 brother's hair
And made it look gold
 on that day at the beach
 when I was five.