

The Swimmer

She tends to walk slowly, this girl I know. Always thinking about everything; that is what slows her down. You may think she is carrying weights on her shoulders, but it is just her worries that weigh so much. Her eyes are bluer than the water she drowns in. Every night after her delicate hands braid her own long brown hair, she closes her eyes to say a quick prayer. She doesn't pray to a god; she just prays that the waves do not hit her too hard, and she knows the little strength she has left will not get her much further. All she asks is that a greater being will send her a boat with someone who cares. After she says her prayers at night, she goes to bed and turns off the light. This girl that I know likes it when it is dark. She cannot see herself; she only feels the faint beat of her heart. She cannot see her pale skin, her light coat of freckles or her smile that makes sad people chuckle. She sees only in herself what she thinks is wrong, and she tends to believe that she does not belong. There is twist to this story: the girl could never have drowned when she was standing with both feet on the ground.

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Class of 2018