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My Serenity

J.M. Romig

I find my serenity
On the beach
Swinging alone
Nearly hypnotized
By the rhythmic squeaking
Of the metal chains
That keep me floating in the sky
Of my mind's eye
I try and listen past it
For the sounds of the lake
Although I cannot hear them
Over the machines
Tearing down a nearby building
That used to be my school
I find the racket soothing
Interesting
The way the sounds clash
With the chain's music

I open my eyes
It's not a sunny day
Dark clouds are rolling in
Over the horizon
It's going to rain
I don't mind too much
As long as it's a warm rain
I'd like that
If it's not
I won't complain
This moment
Won't be any less perfect