

My Island – Workshop Piece #2 by Julia Kaemingh

Here, on my island, the sun feels warmer, and the families buzz with excitement after their many months and miles of distance.

The sisters watch the sun sink into the sky every twilight.

A bottle of white wine is shared within their glasses. The bottle will be empty by nine and thrown with the pile of empty bottles in the cabin basement.

The waves slow, peacefully washing against the sand. The dock is quiet, and all the kids have returned to their rooms.

Here, on my island, we listen to the rain for long hours and when it grows dark, we count the stars.

On my island, you rest on the porch with a warm cup of coffee as the world just slowly begins to wake up. The dogs begin to bark, and the bacon has begun to cook.

Once you have lived on my island, you will never be quite the same. You will hear the boats whistle and roar, and the tide will beat all throughout your sleep like a soft lullaby.

You may never know why or how but there has been such a change since you came. After you have lived on my island, you won't ever be quite the same.

The dock attracts the playing children. A salty breeze blew across. Voices call across the water.

Yet, here by the window, all we see are Luna moths tapping their wings while fireflies etch melodies and June bugs rap rhythmic tunes. All of this, illuminated by the peaceful water we are safely surrounded by.

I know summer will expire as it has done before. We roll up the rugs, put away the dishes, and strip down the beds. I trade my swimsuit for a warm sweater because the summer sun is dwindling down one last time.

I hear the lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore. Once you have lived on my island, you truly will never be the same.