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One Spring Day

Ashley Yarchin
NSU University School

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One Spring Day

Ashley Jeanne Yarchin

As I glanced across the field, beyond the rocky path.
I noticed he was sitting against the trees whose branches and limbs
we used to swing from.
He was just sitting there...not reading a book...not writing...
But simply pondering the past 17 years of his life.
Without even a thought, I began to walk towards him.
I felt the sun in the crystal clear blue sky beating down on me, heating the body;
However, I was not hot, for the spring breeze cooled my skin.
I walked through the knee-high blades of grass without a care in the world
Every burden I had ever had was lifted from my shoulders
My heart was beating at a steady pace.
I was watching him as I took each step closer.
He looked up
Our eyes met.
He realized my intended destination and, in excitement,
changed his position against that tree
Which we had played on so many years before.
I crossed the path, continued through the overgrown grass,
And I was soon standing at his feet.
I gazed at him for a few moments,
For what seemed like an eternity. I examined his face, his flowing brown hair, his
dark skin, his muscular body, his slightly wrinkled clothing.
I bent down and, without a doubt in my mind, sat in his lap.
My shoulders and back were pressed against his chest and stomach.
His arms wrapped around me. I felt the warmth of his embrace.
I felt and heard his every breath, his every heart beat.
I had never in my life felt so comfortable.
I wanted to sit there forever in his arms. In his presence.
I felt safe and secure.
He was my security blanket.
For a long while we sat there in silence.
Listening to the wind blow, the birds sing, our hearts beat.
He held me tighter...closer...
And then it occurred to me.
He had taught me the Power of Touch.