

Ice Cold Ink  
By Olivia Hobson

By starlight, we walk together along the beach.

The water rushes up to kiss our feet,  
with its foamy lips.

Those feet sink into the sand,

In perfect peace.

All that's bad in the world is still there,

But it's dusty.

It's threats are empty.

As my ponytail whips in the wind, I see,

By the lamp of the stars,

A gas station, there... out in the distance.

Wait, that's no gas station.

It's a Soda shop. Ice, crisp, dripping cold soda.

The nickels in his pockets have already been there.

They brought us back 2 chilled Soda's in chilled glass bottled.

I wish the perfect soda would spill out,

And become ink.

A most precious, ice cold ink,

To trap this perfect moment,

And set it free again.