

2020

Crossing

Peyton Cassel

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Recommended Citation

Cassel, Peyton (2020) "Crossing," *The Peregrine Review*: Vol. 33, Article 30.
Available at: <https://mosaic.messiah.edu/peregrinereview/vol33/iss1/30>

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Crossing

Peyton Cassel

the boy with the cherry-red, popsicle-stained mouth bends to
draw a wobbly line in the sand.

see this line? this side is for boys only.

I blink slowly at him. once. twice. I decide that his cherry-red,
popsicle-stained mouth is ugly.

*walk away, mama says. walk away, walk away,
walk away.*

the ocean folds itself up along the shoreline, fitting neatly over the curves
of the land like a sleeve. it reminds me of mama doing laundry.

come play, it's calling.

wet, squelching sand sucks at my feet. the line doesn't reach over here.
frothing white foam laps at my knees.

carry me. float me. hold me. I wade in.

through tangled hair and sunlight, I see the boy with the cherry-red
popsicle-stained mouth playing, building castles in the sand.

I strain to catch his eye. look at me! look at me!

but he doesn't look over. doesn't see that the ocean has pulled me past his
borderline. water is good for stuff like that, I decide.

*good for folding, frothing, erasing, crossing over
lines drawn in the sand.*