

The Bottle

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I travel by the ocean current, bobbing up and down in the waves.
The sea empty but for me and plastic slowly churning.
It's a sad thought the sea empty of fish and only garbage swimming in its midst.
I soon wash up on rocky beach filled with old piers with barnacles climbing
up their old wooden sides.
I hear a set of footsteps on the rocks, quicky coming towards me.
A girl picks me up, a simple glass bottle, covered by sand and seaweed
I wonder why she picks me up, why am I important?
I am nothing to what's out there floating out in the magnificent sea.
The girl holds me up to the sun, slightly concealed by clouds.
She brushes off the sand while she smiles up at me.
She run across the rocks, up a path, through a gate.
Up through doors and stairs.
I am filled with water yet again.
She stares at a classic bluebell, tears forming in her eyes.
As quicky as they were there they were gone