
A person's legs are shown from the knees down, wearing dark, possibly black, pants and brown suede boots with laces. They are standing on a dark rock in the foreground. The background is a beach at night, with a large, bright full moon in a dark, starry sky. The ocean waves are visible in the distance, and the sand is dark with some footprints.

I'm walking
on the beach
in the dark.

Stars beam.
The moon
gleams.

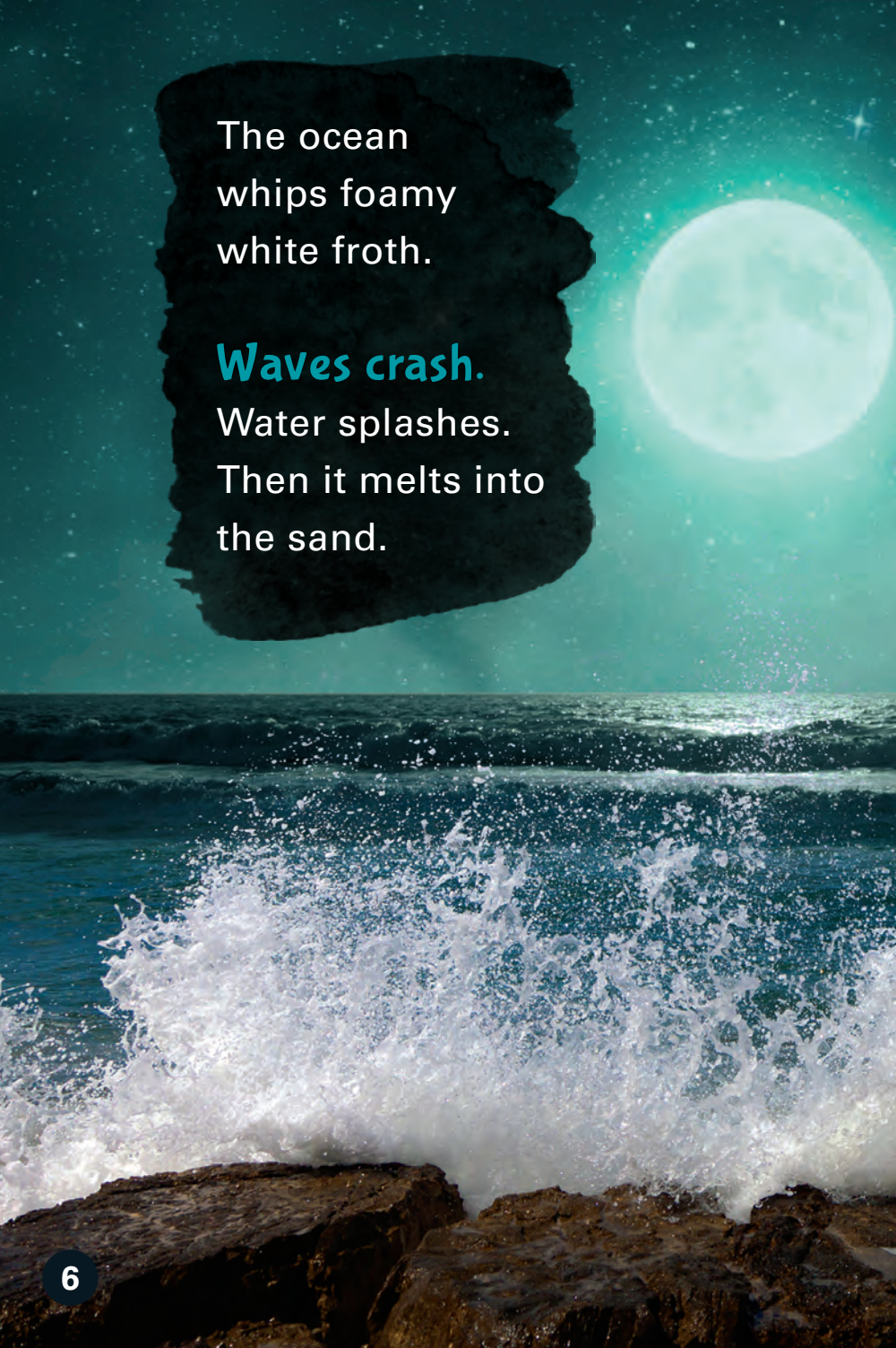


It is June.

We are
on our
annual
**family
trip.**

(A new
place
this year.)




A full moon in a starry night sky above a crashing ocean wave. The moon is bright and circular, set against a dark blue, star-speckled sky. Below the moon, a large, white, foamy wave is crashing over dark, jagged rocks in the foreground. The water is splashing and creating a misty spray. The overall scene is dramatic and captures the power of the ocean at night.

The ocean
whips foamy
white froth.


Waves crash.

Water splashes.

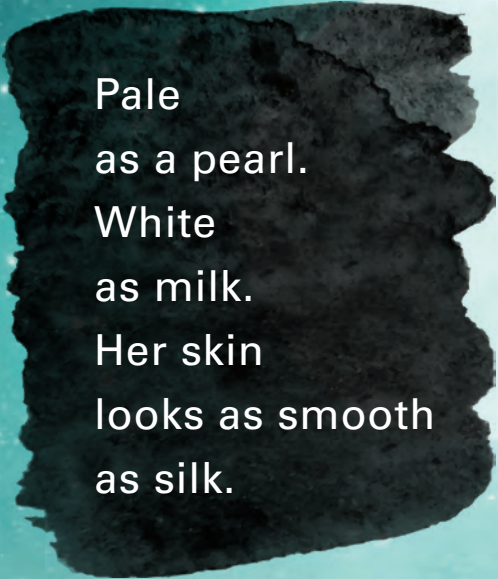
Then it melts into
the sand.

A young man with short dark hair, wearing a bright pink shirt, is shown in profile from the chest up. He has his hand to his chin in a thoughtful pose, looking upwards and to the left. The background is a composite image: the bottom part shows a dark blue ocean with white waves crashing onto a rocky shore, and the top part is a dark teal night sky filled with numerous white stars. The overall mood is contemplative and serene.

The breeze
smells
like salt
and sea.
This is the
best place
to be.



All of a sudden
I see her.
A **ghost**.



Pale
as a pearl.
White
as milk.
Her skin
looks as smooth
as silk.