

November 2015

*Found at Sea*

People talk and people listen, but even when their ears are tended towards the subject's moving mouth, all they can think about is themselves. As bustling social scenes come to life before my eyes, numbers being exchanged and names being forgotten amidst the chaos, I want to pull the curtain on this superficial world we've accustomed ourselves to. This picture perfect projection is not real. Yet, here I am attached to a scene I loathe because despite all this, I'm unwilling to move. I'm afraid to stray too far from a land where I know right from wrong, good from bad. Amongst these people, I'm not drowning; I'm forced to stay upright.

Have you ever been somewhere, whether it's a languid library or congested street corner, and thought: *I could scream right now*. Imagine that. In an instant you would disrupt the facade and go against the laws of social order, all the while freeing yourself of the restraints of mannerism. Sometimes I catch myself on the brink of falling over the edge into the territories of the carefree and untamed; luckily there's always someone there to interrupt my pondering. Times like these when my thoughts go too deep, I breathe in and imagine myself floating back to shore. Serving the purpose of a sedative, my hyperactive train of thought is drugged by the sound of crashing waves, my mind at peace.

Jump to right now, where I find myself here, faced with a vast expanse so far reaching that my understanding of the world has collapsed and rebuilt a fortress. Believe it or not, I'd never gone to the beach until today; never been witness to crystal waves and bottomless blues until now. I regret not having made the trip sooner, but I wasn't mentally prepared for a long time, still in a place where I would rather be blinded by my idealism than disappointed by an inadequate reality.

I wrinkle my nose as my feet sink beneath the sand and the water embraces my ankles. The entirety of the experience giving me chills that jolt me into reality. My hair stands in matted peaks as the sea spits salty tears into my face. The breeze whips my front and my nose is cold to the touch, the presence of loneliness washing upon me. Beneath the open sky, a nonsensical thought reemerges. The more I try to resist the spontaneity of the urge, the more prominent the suggestion becomes. *I could scream right now.* And I do, the note clawing its way out of my system. Ignoring my routine procedure of questioning and self-doubt, I think about that very instant and no more. This time, I don't conceal my smile. This time, I let myself take control as a grin engulfs my disconnection and presses upon the apples of my cheeks.