

back to me

here. I'm free. I can hear the waves crashing against the rocks. them washing on the shore. Seagulls squawking all around. Sand ars, crabs, clams, mussels, jellyfish pieces parts on the beach. ere is comfort here. Constance, permanence. No matter what else appening in the world, I am here. The ocean tells me in its own thing voice that I am o.k. I'm not a failure. Life isn't as dreary as pears. I hear a child squeal in joy, playing tag with the water. Oh e carefree again. Why not. Even if for only a few hours. I am e. The sand feels good on my bare feet. The water is cold, but it s so neat to stand still, to let the water come in and go back out ave the sand sucked out from underneath my heels. I walk wn the beach. See a mother and father with their little boy walking ng the waters edge. I want that someday. But I have time. There's rush. I think I'll go check out the tide pools. I run and jump from k to rock, investigating the waterholes, looking for starfish, sea nomes or a stranded fish. The sea anenomes are beautiful. Like vers in spring. Reaching out waving in the current as the tide es in. I walk further down the beach, thinking of everything and ning. Life and Death. Love and the lack of. It's alright though. ause I am here. It's always the same, it's always here. It'll never e me, it'll always be here for me and will always help me. I look ny watch. It's time to go back. Past time actually. That's ok. It'll t. It doesn't matter if I'm a little late. I guess I'd better head back. ve homework to do and dinner to fix. But it's alright, because I e here today. I got back to me today.

