

Two Sides of the Same Coin

I in my first glimpse of the ocean not really believing the vastness of the sea, and the smallness of me. I found myself hypnotized in the way that the tide flirted with the shore. Looking as if it was holding on, doing its all to cling forever more. Only relinquishing when its ebb could stand the pull of gravity no more. That was before I awoke. Man, I was dreaming. Here I find myself, in a slough of despond, adrift in seas that never calm, but from time to time, at just the right angle, at a glance, it offers up a glimpse of Heaven, every now and then, dry land – freedom, sanity. It is as if, I am a man with no boat trapped in seas with no hope. Thinking my dreams of tomorrow will get me through the dilemma of today. Immediately returning to the matter at hand, the rolling of the ocean that has reduced my grandest motion to ripples that will get nowhere near shore. Man! This cannot be me. A leaf blown so far astray. What happened to the promise of, “you will always be able to return?”

Yes, I remember the many comforts of home, notwithstanding outside influences, or the allure that my family sought to shield me from being or becoming victim of.... Not knowing where I was headed, or why! Just knowing I needed to get out with the utmost urgency. Abandoning the only comfort and security I had ever known or could depend on when all else failed. Home. Now, I am wishing this were those first days at the beach, when I was on the other side of the sand. Only looking to wet my feet, and was pulled in. Now I am listening! I am not that adolescent that could not wait to get through the sand, and show all that I am. For this time, my view is not what it once was, for I have set myself so far adrift to weather the roughest of seas. My kick remaining strong, as I tread the waters, not meant for drinking, and the bottom, I do not think I will ever see. As I continue to look for shores, that once was all that these seas have come to be. Now, I understand none of this had to be. Realizing I had forsaken my own humanity in all I sought to be. The answer lied in simply being. Like many, I had grown accustomed to living in opposition of my very own nature. In life, I found myself tilting the hand of death at the expense of my obsession with the material, overriding their right to life. As if, life was not interesting enough in its own right. As in time of war, everyone short of the victor wishes for peace. Yet, in times of peace, the cry of the tom-tom is heard the land over, with the mantra of, I DECLARE WAR, for the most minute of reasoning. Let us say on the fly, to win a race that we need not say which. As taxpayers have no say in how their taxes are spent. Who would ever agree to their money spent on the dying while so many desperately need it to simply live? Imagine that! Never has peace announced its presence without a little bloodshed or the threat of, how else are we going to achieve “democracy”? Ask your president. It is the order of the day. Especially in waters too deep to swim, and not thirsty enough to drink it all.

It boils down to the choices one makes. Be sure you can live with it. Because too many find themselves swamped in hindsight, of what should have or could have been. In the aftermath of what has happened. Some to the point of passing from this existence, giving up on life before ever giving yourself the chance to live. Our dependency is not born out of our utility. As the root never gives up on the leaves, no matter how far they stray or are blown. They are all that the tree is from the deepest root, to the highest branch stretching toward the sun. That light never to leave one lost especially as one is adrift in waters that reach to nowhere. However, our compass is very much intact, peering into the darkest of corners, one tends to see the dawning of his reason and where and when did one abandon self in search of all that was so far removed from what he was to begin with. Next time, I will find out how deep it is, before I venture any further, but until then I continue to tread these old waters until I find dry land.

