

A Walk On The Beach

The sun is low in the west and the skies are cloudy. Through a few breaks in the cloud cover, the red tops are sometimes just visible. The winds blow hard from the north, slightly from off shore, but mostly along the beach. The waves are small, about 4 to 5 feet, constantly rolling in without a break. As each comes crashing in it makes its own distinctive sound. As it begins to break there is an OOOOHHH sound that gradually changes pitch to an EEEHH. By the time the EEEHs begin to fade, the next OOOHH is already starting to overpower it. As each wave lives its life span of OOOEEE, it sounds as though it is speaking into a large hollow can with the echoes gently filling the ear.

As the waves break, they churn into foam at the face. The water is thrown in every direction at once and pounded into a white froth. In that breaking turbulence of each wave is a little piece of the fury of a hurricane. Only a little imagination is required to see the full fury of a force five spread out over thousands of square miles.

The foam comes swirling in around the feet. Uncountable thousands of bubbles, some as large as a quarter, catching the eye, bursting, leaving a hole in the foam, quickly filled in by hundreds of smaller bubbles.

The wind rips off a chunk of foam and hurls it up the beach. Like a white cat fleeing from the waves, loosing half its fur at every bound. Then there is nothing but a clump of fur, buffeted by the wind. Now it's gone.

Clumps of seaweed lay strewn about the beach, blown in from some far away place. What sights might this small branch have seen? Colors vary from a lightly brown tinged green, through a dark brown, and even black. Every so often a small piece of seaweed is broken off and sent cart wheeling down the beach. Like a big spider chased by the wind.

Pressure rings spread out around the foot as it sinks into the sand. The wet surface near the tide's edge is like quicksand, absorbing the energy of every step. A single step requires the energy of four. Just being aware, doubles it again.

We turn around and begin the long walk back. The wind is almost straight ahead, the force of the storm much stronger. My body seems to break through the wind like a ship's bow through the waves. My hair swept back. As I lean into the wind my face seems to break through time into the next minute, hour, or day. If I could just reach out a little further I could grab the future and know it.

After a long walk back and a shower, I lay in bed listening. The curtains inside seem to move in sympathy with the wind outside. It is a strong gusty wind, but not a hostile wind. We walked together and became friends. Now it comforts me. A gentle easy sleep carries me through the night.