

# Epiphany of a Stormy Day at Sea

by, Carol D'Aleo, September 2009

Another beautiful day in paradise!

Gliding through turquoise waters,  
mesmerized by the dazzling seascape,  
I am lulled into a state  
of blissful oblivion.  
Life is good.

But suddenly  
my world changes.  
Rounding the next rugged headland.  
I find myself thrust  
into the jaws  
of a ferocious wind.  
My senses sharpen.

Staunchly I begin to battle  
the howling blasts of wind  
that seek to devour me  
with their cold, baited breath.

Wild, unpredictable gusts  
batter insistently,  
trying to push me off course  
as I fight to control.  
my slim craft.

I dig my paddle deep into the waves,  
struggling to keep  
my bow into the wind.

Cold sea spray stings my skin  
as muscles strain,  
fighting mightily  
against the wind's primeval power.

But I am outmatched, soon overpowered,  
and capsize,  
tossed into the warm embrace  
of the restless sea.

Instinctively I kick  
to the surface,  
and manage to grab my paddle and hat.

But my vessel

is far out of reach,  
cart wheeling across  
the surface of the sea  
like some small child's toy.

I feel  
no fear,  
no sense of panic,  
only awareness  
of this moment  
and what I must do.

I strike out,  
determined to reach my renegade ship  
and safety.

Then out of the raging melee  
another kayak appears.  
Help arrives.  
Strong arms  
rescue my boat and right it  
as I approach.

Hauling myself  
onto the deck,  
I carefully slither  
into the cockpit of my tiny vessel.

Then  
humbled  
and aware of my finiteness,  
I dip my blade  
into the water once again,  
and resume paddling  
into the teeth  
of the wild, wily wind.

Yet  
there is triumph here too,  
for I am alive,  
and life is good.