

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.