

Coming Home – By Kaitlyn Ward

I dream about water a lot, mainly the ocean, but I don't know if I'm dreaming it right. Are dreams are just re-enactments of what our eyes have witnessed before like my friends say? But then again, how is my brain meant to interpret the ocean into my dreams if I have never seen it before? It's like voices coming to me from a distant past, like a great grandmother calling me back. The message was one of guidance, one that I couldn't ignore any longer.

When I first arrived at the beach I was mesmerised by its beauty. I couldn't believe what I was seeing, it was nothing like I've ever imagined, it was so much more beautiful. I un-tied my shoes and left them at the sand's edge. I took my first step onto the sand and I felt all of its matter crumble beneath my feet and through my toes. It wasn't as fine as dirt but it was still finer than rocky filled dirt. I could feel it squeaking under me and I loved the texture of it. I let my knees collapse onto the sand. I took a handful of it and allowed it to fall through my fingers. I brought my sandy hands up to my face and let the sand run through my fingers, it was nothing like I've ever felt before.

I walked further down the beach and started to finally feel the sand becoming damper under me. Before it became anymore wet, my feet began sinking into the ground. The wet sand was overtaking my feet in the most pleasant of ways that it was calming. My next step was going to be what I had been waiting for my entire life, my body was about to finally meet the ocean. I was scared but excited, two juxtaposing feelings that could make you crazy. Was I about to contemplate whether I was going to do this? Definitely not.

I took a deep breath and walked forward. It was so cold but was refreshing in this Australian heat. The feeling of the ocean was so different to any other type of water I had been in. The push and pull of it against my body was so different, yet it felt so right to my body and soul. I kept walking into the deep blue and the water was rising up my body at a rapid rate. It didn't bother me how high it was on my body, it still felt comfortable. Soon it was up to my chest and my feet were finally being swept off the ocean's floor. I took a deep breath and pulled my head under the water. I knew how to swim because of the lake at home so I started to propel myself further out into the deepness. I came up for a breath and there were finally waves breaking close to me. I took a deeper breath and pulled myself under again.

I could feel the tunnels of white and blue crashing over me, but it didn't bother me. It didn't concern me how long I had been under, how long it was since a breath filled my lungs. I was too memorised by the presence of it around my body, constantly touching all of me, pushing and pulling me in different directions. I could hear the crash and bubble of them all, finishing their final journey on the grains of yellow and white. I wasn't swimming but whatever my body was doing felt too comfortable to be wrong. Every single atom of water was captivating me in ways that the land never could. I was where I belonged.

My feet propelled my body to the surface for a breath that I forgot I needed. It entered my lungs with such power, captivating my entire body with relief. I don't know what it is about the ocean that makes me feel safe, but from the first rush on my feet, I needed more.