

*nov 21, 2023*

the first time we met, we walked into the ocean  
the waves were big and the sun glistened as crystals  
as we immersed in the blue  
extending into the horizon.  
it was magical and lifegiving.

every evening brave souls with colorful swim caps  
battled the waves, soaked in the sun,  
received love from the ocean and poured back love into it.

it was so wonderful that  
i wanted to live in the ocean.

i spent 6 months there,  
tossing, turning, believing.  
dreaming, fighting, loving.

i wanted to make the ocean mine.

but an ocean cannot belong to any one person  
it is vast and for the world.

it is full of life  
and can fill a heart with love.  
but it is moody  
and when the waves roar  
they roar with might.

an ocean will not hold you when you're drowning.  
that is not the job of the ocean.  
it responds to no one,  
answers to no one.  
it is wonderful in its fearlessness.

you cannot put an ocean in a fish bowl,  
and expect it to remain an ocean.  
you have to meet the ocean how it is, exactly the way it is  
it will not change for you.

now holding your soft and gentle hands  
my heart beats for you like crashing waves.  
i'm tired and defeated

and i walk back home,  
i want to go home.  
and although i failed i'll never forget  
that i once tried to make the ocean mine.