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.