Sailing

Sailing. I hear the waves lapping against my boat. It is just me. It is magical. The glossy water is now wrinkled by the wind, Like a blue tablecloth that was never ironed. Seagulls soar overhead, calling from way up there, to their friends. The wide open sea greets me like home. All I see is the glare of the sun, the depths of the water, the blue of the sky. I hear the luff of my sail, the call of the seabirds, and my small wake bubbling behind me. The wind makes my eyes water. I smell salt spray, and fuel from a passing fishing boat. This feels like nothing I've done before. Only the giant grey-green abyss, and me. It's a new world. Fish splashing, Sail flapping. The sea mixes itself all together, like making a cake. Only this is better. Just the wind, the waves, and my sailboat alone in the ocean.