Breathing with the Ocean

Tarquin Moon

I sit on the beach, my eyes seeing glitter pulsating upon the waters in front of me. The winds' hands brushing my face with a cold touch. I am alive. I am here and breathing with the ocean. Many events and many people before me have happened so that I now sit here taking in this moment. Living in the now is something I think to do here and there, and right now, here, I do in this moment.

I am an imperfect adult who forgets that, well – all I have is now. But I am taking this moment right now to remember I am a fleck on this magnetic beach, upon a vast ocean, upon a blue-green jewel within a universe surrounded by the blackness of unknowns and mystery and a scale that is beyond all the understanding combined of all human beings that have ever lived.

I am a miracle.

I am nothing.

I am a moment and I will be gone.

The tides of time will erase me and grind me up into little particles and distribute me a little bit here and there, breathing me into a thousand places to be a small part of many new things. I hope that my particles will be used to regenerate and perpetuate what exists now on this blue-green jewel but I am also well aware that perhaps a whole new reality is destined to be.

I make peace with this.

I breathe in and I breathe out with this tide.

I know that my breath is time-bound and that even this timeless tide is time-bound too.

I am only now.

And I wish now upon me and upon you too.

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