

Malibu, August 9, 2014

The sun is hiding behind the clouds.

Surfers are coming out to catch the waves.

We follow the curves of Pacific Coast Highway.

The sea and the Santa Monica Mountains line our way.

Then,

suddenly,

the sun comes out.

El Matador.

We follow the steep road down to the parking-lot.

Human traces remain.

Down at the beach, the seagulls mark their territory.

They sit on rocks, they wander along the beach.

They sink to touch the cold water of the Pacific Ocean.

Where is their home?

Everywhere.

The waves grow.

The tide comes out.

Like the seagulls, we embrace the moment.

Finally, we feel the power of the sea.

Everywhere.

Beneath us.

Around us.

As the waves come down,

we are embraced.

Are finally part of the greatness around us.

Seagulls circle around our heads.

We look up

into the immense blue sky

and listen to the waves.