

# A LOVE OF THE OCEAN

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When I look out at the sea, I am transported to a place far beyond the  
Lapping waves and laughing gulls, and this is a place that I love.

When I dive into its deep blue waters, I feel the ocean engulf me in its  
depth, and this is a feeling I love.

When I stand at the water's edge, letting the salty sea air knit my hair  
into a frenzy of knots, I feel the true spirit of the ocean, and this spirit fills  
me with love.

When I listen to the steady rhythm of the waves brushing the shore, I feel  
at ease with the world, and a blissful happiness settles itself in my mind,  
for this is a sound that I love.

I hear the call of the ocean, singing its joyous song of whirling winds and  
dancing waves, with foaming white on top, but lately it's been a strangled  
cry, a plea for us to stop.

When I look out at the ocean, I see a spirit dwindling within it, one sick  
from plastics and oil spills, holding onto life, one that we have nearly  
taken away from it.

When I dive into the chilled waters of the Puget Sound, head down arms  
over my head, I pass a translucent piece of stringy plastic, almost going  
unseen through the glassy water, and I hate it

When I stand at the water's edge the waves rush up to meet my toes, bringing with it a series of small recycling blue pieces of trash, its sharp edge nudging my toe, and I hate it.

Now, when I listen to the waves crash against the sandy beach, all I can think about is the twelve billion tons of plastic that has been placed in our oceans, and I hate, hate, hate, HATE it.

The ocean is something I want to be able to love, not hate, laugh about, not cry, it's something I want to be able to love for all eternity. So, I hope, pray to the shining skies above, that this wonderful place the ocean, will always be there to love.