

Amelia Hall

The sky is blue, paling slightly to the horizon. And the sea is even bluer, it is clear and I can see shafts of sun light disappearing into the deep, swallowed up by the untold depths below us. The wind is warm, it forms the sea into a gentle swell, occasional white horses break and white foam rolls down the waves. Flying fish flit between the crests, flashes of silver against the blue. The sun is hot and strong, it glints blindingly off the waves. I can feel its power on my ever browner skin and the bleached deck burns the soles of my bare feet.

The ship rolls slowly and effortlessly across the waves, I feel like a baby rocked in a cradle, warm and safe. Each time we roll dark shadows of the rig sail across the deck, back and forth on a never ending journey. The hull cuts a silver path through the ocean, and the dirty white sails are full, drawing us ever closer to our destination.

There is a sense of promise and excitement somewhere beyond the horizon, but I am content, all that I have and all that I need is here.