

2000

Beautiful Waters

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Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"'My God that's gorgeous,' she thought to herself while gazing uncontrollably into the enormous golden circle on the horizon. The contrast between the sharp, dark tones of the ocean and the glowing, vibrant tones of the sun were stunning. It had been many years since she had seen such a beautiful sunset. In more ways than one, she was wondering how much longer until she would see such beauty."

Cover Page Footnote

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COREY BENJAMIN

Beautiful Waters

“My God that’s gorgeous,” she thought to herself while gazing uncontrollably into the enormous golden circle on the horizon. The contrast between the sharp, dark tones of the ocean and the glowing, vibrant tones of the sun were stunning. It had been many years since she had seen such a beautiful sunset. In more ways than one, she was wondering how much longer until she would again see such beauty.

The crest of the waves sparkled like glitter and forces her to squint. It was so much light, so much to take in at once. Deep blue sky above her and the soft gentle sea around her made her remember a time like this many years ago. An almost identical sunset shed its brilliance on her skin and the Earth seems to stretch to fit the endless heavens. The water breaking around the hull of the ship seemed accommodating and friendly.

Of course, she took little time to take it in, except for a glance that spawned this memory. Really, you can’t blame her, it being her honeymoon and being aboard one of the world’s largest cruise ships. How many years ago did all the magic happen? She could hardly remember. Other passengers all around and the constant sound of music flooding her ears kept her attention, but now she finds herself all alone in silence. True, these are the same waters, but these are far from the same circumstance.

A shimmering distorted image of her keeps dancing in and out of her vision. Looking down in its eyes, she gives way to yet another recollection. This time, it’s the pond behind her grandmother’s house, in Georgia. As a child, she would spend all summer down at that watery oasis. Smiling as she looks back to a time when she would have felt overwhelmed by the dilemma of having to choose to go swimming now or later, she remembers an easier time in life. That watery reflection looking back at her from the end of the dock at the pond has since traded places with the one she finds staring back now. The current shadow replaces the hope and vigor that had embodied it years earlier with sadness and despair.

Her awe for the beauty of the moment was turning to fear of the foreboding dark. Maybe by taking the time to recognize this experience would make it go away and become little more than another recollection. Maybe if she could just think of something else and fight off the tears, then things would be

different. The slow rise and fall of the waves combined with the methodic thump of water against her life preserver kept her reaching for something, anything to take her away from where she was. Begging the Pacific to loosen its grasp and let her go to a place she's been before.

Amazingly, she had escaped nearly unscathed from the boat wreck, yet she has strayed far away from the others and is now in more danger than ever. Her surroundings were quickly changing, taking on an ominous tone with the nightfall approaching. She closed her eyes and again tried to forget the ugliness of the present by remembering the beauty that filled her memories.