Drifting

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

"It's your inconsistencies that throw me, that cause my heart and my head to dip in and out of hope. A year and a month, I'm seasick. The waves of your ocean, full of secrets and untold truths, leave me in their wake. I feel as they pass me, lifting me off my feet and just as quickly they are behind me. I find myself right back where I started, standing on a raft, surrounded by swirling emotions and I watch as another approaches."

Cover Page Footnote

This prose is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2005/iss2/11
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I learn from the pattern to expect things, to anticipate your next move. I realize quickly that this relationship is but one tiny raft floating in the vastness of your heart. But I also realize that with every wave I'm being pushed toward shore. With every swell I'm being given another view of you, standing there in the sand. And this is what keeps me from jumping, from leaving the confines of that tiny raft, which feels so much smaller than it is.

Frustration stands to my left, confusion to my right. They crowd the raft with their lumbering bulk. We huddle together; yet they fail to keep me warm. They are the shadows that billow over me, keeping me from thinking clearly. They laugh as they point toward the clouds that hang above. I look up, the clouds a dreary gray, keeping the sun from warming me and my unwanted companions. The sun is your soul, held back by the clouds, unable to break through.

Your mind clouding your soul, the clouds shading your heart, and me, left stranded on a raft waiting for you to bring me to shore.