

Ellen McDermott

Maelstrom of Emotion

The waves break and disperse, as the wind drags icy water from side to side;

Deep in thought, paddling, swimming through a sea of sentiment and feeling,

The salty winds sting your face.

Tall peaks roll over each other, engulfing one another then breaking into smaller waves before rising again;

You are breathing hard; your body is numb,

Freezing cold air seeps down your throat; you exhale and the sensation overpowers your senses.

You are overwhelmed; emotions wash over you again and again.

Or are they actual waves? You can't tell,

Hair sticks to your face,

Senses become distant, vision becomes hazy, blurry.

A dream or reality?

Both become one;

The world stills.

Swimming through feeling, you encounter a tranquil memory.

Sparks of excitement, heighten your senses; you become aware of the world around you once more.

A surreal moment washes over you, you feel like you are about to burst with happiness,

The feeling then passes and the world starts to rotate again; contentment.

Waves spray you with salty water,

Skin burns like fire, limbs ache with exertion;

You have been paddling too long!

You are distant again; consciousness is now a stranger,

Darkness your only friend.

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Drowning in hopelessness, loneliness or water,
Icy water stills your breathing; it wraps you in a death blanket, ready to sleep.
Sleep, for a long, long time.

Fighting for breath, to hold on,
Consciousness becomes a stranger,
Feelings still.

Your alone,
Surrounded by a dry haven;
Sand sticks to your face and clothes.
Cold, wet and shivering, you meet feeling again,
Everything becomes clear,

Saved from the jaws of death,
Snatched from the watery end you were sure to meet.
Coughing, spluttering, breathing

Risk is the only thing that keeps you going,
So you rush headlong down the beach, back to the sea,
Then realise;
There is no other place you would rather be.