

Ode to going slow

My fascination in the world is with slowness first and with beauty second. I don't seek experiences out to discover how speed changes me. Not directly. When I'm caught between speed's jaws, pulsing with the adrenaline of all the life I've lived and all the life I'm terrified of losing, my thoughts still crawl in search of an edge, to see what survives beyond the blur. My life cradles its potential to smear in careful hands, afraid to join the colors of flickering landscapes. I want no part of that blur, not yet. There's beauty to touch.

Moving fast and thinking slow governs my choices. It governs my choices when moving slow and thinking slow cannot. The beach is a slow place where I think slow and move slow. I invert the rush of the tides by stepping away from where I think my feet will get wet. I brush my feet against the foam to rid myself of what was meant to be carried away, unless what was meant to be carried away is all of me. I entangle myself in a God-charade to avoid the blur. The water runs to my toes, but I control where it goes and what it chooses to submerge. Creatures with no memory burrow themselves in the sand as I ordained. They let the tides flood as I ordained. They burrow again because they need a home and can't recall the devastation that swept through seconds before. They're not afraid of losing their life to speed. And foam replaces my footprints as I make more.

I pretend they're outside the reach of the sea that swears by staying in motion and burying traces of life. My imagination meanders without urgency, filling the most remote regions of my heart with a beauty wrought by patience. I step back again.