

My Companion the Ocean

My dad is like water. Sometimes he's as serene as a coastline at sunrise. Other times, he's as rageful as a dark nighttime sea. Despite admiring the many emotions of the sea, I often stand conflicted at its shorelines, unsure whether I enjoy its warm waters or if I am growing tired of its strain on my body. From time to time, my dad confuses me like this too. He lives a peaceful life and devotes himself enormously to his family. However, his tender heart will sometimes confuse how to express his love and care. Like a rip current, his gloomy feelings pile up like water and break at shore. Standing there, growing angry at his back and forth, I feel too tired to let the rip current pull me in.

My dad, it seems, naturally always found his way to be around the water. His childhood was characterized by overseas visits to the sandy Miami beaches and ultimately, a home in the heart of Florida built on sacrifices and partnered endurance. By virtue of this, I grew up surrounded by the ocean. I remember midnights at Ft. Lauderdale beach with him, rebelliously sitting on the lifeguard stand, pointing at the airplanes landing at the nearby airport. I look back on summer trips to Sanibel island, marveling at the small family-owned stores. I think about the impulsive sunset walks on Hollywood beach my dad insisted we take, always ending photographed on my phone. Perhaps my dad feels comforted by the familiarity the water has to offer.

These pockets