

Carmel Henschel
Broward Lifestyles
March 16, 2021



Sailing on an Open Sea

Growing up in Palm Beach County, I spent much of my adolescence at sea. I fell in love with how each morning started, the clamor of cans thrown into a cooler, the cacophony of friends and family hustling their way into the hatchback. No matter what the day before looked like, the day ahead was sure to be one of adventure. Cruising down the highway toward the ports of Miami, you are lulled into peace, harmonizing with the gentle hum of the road flying past. Now that I been living in Honolulu, Hawaii, I have been able to recapture the youthful glee of voyage that was missing for so many years. Fishing on this island reminds me of my best days as a young girl from Florida. Blessings are never in short supply with your legs hanging off the bow. If only the whole world was as fortunate as us, to regularly find ourselves away from urban commotion. There are so many contemplations to be had, so many duels with depth to be won. It is an enterprise of chances; you don't quite know whether you'll catch a swordfish or a new realization for the life you left at bay. These expeditions are a simulation of war, man versus the uncharted. Christopher Columbus dared the waters in search of a new world and came back virtuous.

There is something about taking to the water that makes one forget their troubles. What many wouldn't give for the luxury of an open ocean and a few hours. It's just you in the center of the universe, basking at how each rivulet in the waves chews you up and spits you back out. Look around, there are more just like you — some on bigger boats, some on smaller, each reveling in their excursion from the real world. That endless blue cavity in the ground has hosted millions of lives with millions of their own conundrums, but they all seem to drift away with the wind that carries them forward. There are no systems of injustice or disparity away from land. Democracy is the only option, since the pleasures of the sea affect all who pursue it's infiniteness. The sun splashes your face. The water melts like quicksand in your fingertips, which sink like talons around the slimy prize catch you'll cook for dinner later. It's you and the ones you love in a shiny life raft, smiles plastered across faces since you have the freedom to leave worries on land.

The ocean is a perfect home for the makeshift philosopher. One hovers above a world like another planet, so foreign to their own. Host to forms of life that appear to share nothing with humans but blood, with depths so dramatic they are the envy of artistry itself. Poetry is never in short supply away from land. Barrier reefs below are crested and cratered with an intention mirroring Chihuly glass sculptures. The Marlin being dragged on board has water colored Fibonacci swirls, so vibrant in their design that when coupled with the sun, they might just set fire to the point of their reflection. Small schools of minnows share the scope of cars when looked at from an airplane window. As the boat propellers cut through the waves, one can't help but be humbled in amazement at nature's holy circumstances. During this unprecedented era, where it seems like life will never resume as it once did, there are certain priorities that must be tended to. Sailing is important for the mind, body, and soul. The open air captures an essential liberty beyond words, a space where all inhibitions can be released into the wilderness. There's a world calling you, which knows nothing of the destruction of our times. What are you waiting for?