

A run on the beach

I run, in that narrow margin between the crashing of the waves and the powdery soft sand, right where it's solid and sturdy, tamped down by the repeated rolling of the sea.

I run, not toward or away from anything, but to simply be and to feel, to notice the inhale and exhale of my breath. The syncopation of the cicadas in the grasses of the dune, like the maracas of mariachi music help me set my cadence.

The summer sun warms my face, as beads of salty sweat drip from my brow. The cool, foamy water rolls over my feet, shifting the ground, no longer solid. I make a correction and run on.

Parallel to the shoreline dolphins glide gracefully from the north to the south, slipping in and out of the azure blue of the water. As my heavy steps thump parallel to their sleek arc, I imagine I, too, can glide gracefully and I see my body, my movement, my presence differently.

A baby laughs and splashes in the tiny water-filled fortress his mother has shaped in the sand. As I run around them, I think, "oh to be a child again". I add a touch of playfulness to my stride, weaving as if through an obstacle course, not racing toward anything but joy.

A dragonfly darts and hovers, zipping forward in a blur, then pausing midair as if suspended by invisible threads. It maneuvers with uncanny agility—rising vertically, gliding sideways, even flying backward at one point. What a strange and wonderful creature, not a work of fantasy, but reality. "How incredibly wonderful", I think.

A run on the beach, complex and simply, playful and graceful, a journey with no destination except deep into the soul. How incredibly wondrous!

I return to where I began. I turn, face the sea, say thank you, and run into the cool water.

I am refreshed and whole.