

Excerpt from a Manuscript by Mona Moorman:

“At the beach, I was secure, enveloped by the water, with waves breaking around me. I would close my eyes and hold my breath, going under to the sweetest place in the world. I swiveled in white-green bubbles, tasting salt and feeling cooled and heated simultaneously. I was in a womb of consciousness, tumbling with the tides. The ocean was my mother, full of endless depths and horizons. I was alive, safe, meeting and surviving that power I had no control over but one that I knew so well. My feet listened to the currents, angled into the breakers, and told me how deep to dive, how fast to swim to float over the swells. The ocean and I were one in a current of comfort. Outside of this, I knew no such comfort.”