Turtles and Waves

At the lake, turtles swim as if they are walking. I’ve been waiting to find out what my half-finished painting is about. Oh, turtles.

It happens I am leaving for the Caribbean, to a beach famous for sea turtles.

Turtles and waves.

In Akumal, the turtle place, I pay $65 to go snorkeling to get underwater video of turtles.

Orange life vest around my ears, mask, mouthpiece that is too big for my mouth.

Jorge is polite and doesn’t laugh.

What these Americans will do.

What I will do for art.

I am an alien in this world.

I am excited at seeing the waves from this perspective.

And small ones too, I see ripples are still waves.

What traveled toward me?

Not the water.

In fact, the molecules move up and down, in a little circle, but do not travel as the wave.

I float in my life vest while the turtle dives deep, Jorge and the camera in pursuit.

The energy pushes me along.

The Hindus say that Consciousness is like an infinite ocean and each individual is like a wave.

The body dies and the wave travels on or returns to the sea.

I talk with him about the beauty of the turtles swimming.

I love the sea, he says.