

Written Component
Water: In Focus

There is little with which humans have existed so peacefully as the sea.

The briny water lapping at the shore draws us in: we consider it our friend, our guide. We feel its presence when we are near, we miss it when away. Perhaps it is the smell, that damp saltiness to the air even miles inland, or its gentle omnipresent sound.

There exists an air of mystery to the ocean, of the kind humans have eliminated everywhere else. We scoff at the otherworldly snakelike monsters etched by cartographers on yellowing maps, but we shiver deliciously at stories of the Bermuda Triangle. We may never catalogue every animal that lurks along the ocean's floor – and perhaps that is just as well. The mystery is preserved, we remain in awe.

Although untold fantasies exist beneath its sparkling surface, although its storms have claimed countless lives, we are at peace with the sea. In the simplest interactions of beachcombing and building sandcastles, wading and swimming, the ocean demands respect. In a quiet, stoic way, it makes us aware of its limitlessness, its potential. Of both our own insignificance and capacity for greatness.

Sea and land, existing in harmony.