



Passion

Written by
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It's been flat for 6 months.
I haven't been surfing.

My skin is recovering, my hair has stopped splitting at the ends, and my eyes are no longer dry. I hear sounds clearly, without the crunchy distortion I'd grown so used to.

My brain operates more quickly, and it's taken some time to adjust to its new pace. My ideas are precise, abundant, not fuzzy. I feel like a normal person now. I've accepted my new reality.

A flat ocean is a different beauty. It's peaceful. I can swim to the rocks out at sea; I can take things slow. I can lie on a towel and get a real tan, not just the signature surfer's crest (tanned from the collarbone upwards). I can read a book or complete a sudoku.

Looking at the ocean has become restful; it's one big, sparkly mass of blue, green, and gray now. I don't need to endlessly analyze its movements, or guess what's happening underwater between the sandbars and rocks. I don't need to predict what would happen if the tide were to change. No more surfing every single wave in my mind, no pointing at every amazing ride that I might be missing out on, no more "ohhhh"s and "ahhh"s and grimacing in anticipation.

All the surfboards have been mended and freshened up; they are resting in sheds, or decorating walls. In some backyards, you will still find chunks of the old, gray wax, forgotten in a corner. Surfers have started cleaning their houses, no longer spending all their energy out in the water,