LIGHTSCAPE

Even though it's been months, I still cannot understand the feeling. Every night I feel dark and饵 from the sound. There are times I close my eyes and pretend to sleep, but that is not me. The sea and the waves can be terrifying. As I paddle, the sun somehow turns black and the sky almost changes into a dark wall. Time seems to stand still. I can't believe I am already there. Oh, and the boat.

The cross illuminated me. Shadowed from the sun's rays, I turned to the narrow passageway from darkness to light, the boat and me. The dark hole illuminated the boat, the water, and the sky. The sky, illuminated, becomes enormous; the boat, white, and the water becomes calm. The darkness returns to the encircling, might, and night. A flickering shadow against the sky, he is there, every day, up and down the moving platform.

As I paddled and the boat, I felt the water beneath me, through the floor, pasting. It looked so strange, my boat, going in the dark but I couldn't reach it. The water was freezing, you can see it, you can feel it, you can smell it. As the boat passed by the darkness, the shadow on the water, the boat became pure, and I can finally reach the dark wall. I feel so lost again.