

The Deepest Blue

It didn't take long to fall in love.

From the first breathless moments she treated me kindly, and with tenderness she embraced my body and stroked my face, holding it in her caress. The coolness of her touch was refreshing, as though dipping into a mountain steam. Clean and smooth yet delicately sensitive, it seeped into my pores and flowed over my skin, all consuming as it flooded my world.

I turned my hands, inspecting them after her initial touch. Somehow they seemed distorted, almost too real. I stared at them as if new and dappled sunlight shifted intricate patterns across my skin, bleaching away colour, making them appear out of place in this unknown land.

Around me everything was in motion, gentle as though resistant to being seen, and colours shifted below my gaze. Green gave way to blue until before vanishing into the greyed-out haze of distance, and I held my breath, anxious not to disturb the tranquillity of the moment. Bubbles ascended round my face. They nudged gently against my cheeks before expanding, caught between rays of sunlight to glimmer like diamonds. The moment caught my breath.

The gently sway of her current touched me, and I was taken wherever she wanted me to go. Temperatures fell as

I drifted towards the ocean floor, her first chill hand in hand with a dull ache of pressure that made its presence felt. I swallowed hard as colours around me cooled to hazy shadows, indistinct forms yielding their secrets as my mistress revealed just a little more, and yet I wanted more.

The world danced in the softness of the day, each movement rearranging the contents of her world as fragments hung suspended in a sunbeam. They floated tantalisingly within my grasp, only to be whipped away by the merest of currents, gone forever.

I kicked once, twice, and vivid colours flitted past. I reached out to stroke their beauty, their purples and greens, deeper and more stimulating than from the brush of any artist darted past within a fingers breadth. Their colours shimmered with brilliance, then vanished from sight only to reappear moments later. So joyous and magical, their sight caused me to spin, my attention drawn to another marvel, then another.

Encrusted rock, sharp beneath my exploring hands, yielded a multitude of colour and texture. Softness rode upon hardness where plant life reached out its fingers, anchoring itself against the strength of the world. Tall fronds, delicate and lace-like, they were in stark contrast yet lived side by side, sharing space one upon another. It struck me that this was a world few have

seen, yet we have a lot to learn from its existence. Could living together so harmoniously really be that difficult?

The water darkened and I felt the presence before I witnessed it. For an instant my breath faltered and I floated, balanced somewhere between rise and fall as the resonance of bubbles filled my ears. I looked down into the depths.

A line, distorted yet sharp ran across my vision. It faded, an ominous shadow of presence to my left, yet elsewhere reaching up, mountain-like, to the rippling surface above me. Ledges receded into nothingness below, into the blue and the deep. With a steady kick I left the security of the sea bed and was suddenly over a depth which cascaded away to the doors of emptiness.

My heart hammered and I understood the need for respect. The wonders I explored were behind me, yet others waited to be discovered. They hung at the edge of vision as rock faces slipped away into darkness.

I was aware of its vastness, wide and open beyond measure, and I understood my place within it. I was nothing but a miniscule speck afloat in the oceans of earth, invisible in its enormity, yet here I was, suspended over a depth I would never be able to visit. Far below me the weight of water increased its pressures to life crushing levels, yet I existed only in the few

metres above. Were I to descend, the pressures would increase on my frail body and the temperature would drop. The warmth of colours would do nothing to save me.

For a fleeting moment the hidden secrets of the big blue were appealing, their attraction far beyond the colours waiting above, but I hesitated. To descend steadily as the light fell and the pressure increased, to witness the sights of this unseen world, was like a call to return to the origins of man. Despite my longing, this mysterious world, hidden within the depths, was a place I could not go. I turned my eyes to the glittering world above, and kicked.