

The Fisherman

The sun was barely above the horizon when the fisherman untied his boat and set himself free of dry land. Each wave he crossed, heading out to sea, marked a greater distance between him and everything to do with him. With every crest, he was a little further away from his house. His house, no longer his home. Yes, it had walls and furniture and pictures, but it had no spirit. The photos, the tables and the chairs existed without reason, without source; like the faded perfume of his wife which still lingered in the air long after she had gone.

The old spluttering engine took him ten miles away from the port, and as he shut it off the land from which he'd come was hardly visible. Now he only felt at home on the sea. The sea's smell carried his memories, its openness formed his walls, his pictures were made from the light which danced over the waves.

He cast his two lines off either side and sat back. The sea was calm and the early morning sun, still only low in the sky, meandered towards him over the mottled water. The sea was where he could think. Not that he was a thinking man, the fisherman, not in a philosophical or critical way. Really he was a rememberer. The fisherman never thought to the future, never worried financially or planned carefully. He thought back. He remembered.

And on the sea, free from conditions of time and place, his memories could fill his whole vision. Without another person around he had a whole world to himself.