

# I Want To Go Back To The Ocean

*By Star McGill*

I want to go back to the Ocean,  
sit on the beach  
in cross-legged reverence.

I remember feelings of awe in church.  
I painted scenes about it,  
of souls rising from human forms in church pew rows,

Each form was a vibrant blue  
edged in yellow,  
increasing in brightness  
until turning into streaks that  
reached toward Heaven.

But the Ocean,  
[it was Her blue I painted,](#)  
not fabricated emotions  
of comfort driven myths.  
I painted Her without realizing.

Her crashing,  
moon-tide driven truths  
hold more power and honesty  
than any church service.

Her salty water  
rocked me in the womb,  
to the beginning of my creation  
She returns me.

I am hundreds of miles away  
but I hear Her

calling me back to Her edge.

She is renewal.

Even the sand strips the old  
away from my feet

as [She forms my new skin](#).

I am in deep evolution,  
so far down its path  
that I am scattered.

I must return to my origin,  
be birthed from Her waters again.  
She will press all my fragments into whole.

***For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Essential Rumi, New Expanded Edition](#).***



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