

Weight

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I take a deep breath. My lungs fill with the ocean breeze, anger, and emptiness. My life is unbalanced, my parents' expectations heavier than my desires. The weight of trading my dream of painting a new fair world for money is heavy on my shoulders. So heavy my bare feet are sinking into the sand. I open my eyes. *Splash*. A salty drop crawls down my cheek; it is not the sea. The hungry waves devour the rocks. It is in this eternal cycle of destruction and creation that I find solace. The ocean remains anchored in its place, yet it dances on the rhythms of the tides. This endless stationary movement keeps me still and sane.