

Kassandra's Reflection During Morning Solo

The dew rests gracefully on the grass, waiting for the heat of the afternoon to carry it back up to the clouds. My foot taps gently on the ground, knocking off a select few water droplets from their grass hammocks. Not a sound can be heard from other people, as everyone sitting along the edge of the field is sitting silently, trapped in their own little world, thinking, writing, or just sitting. I can hear the water down below licking at the shore and the wind tickling the trees. The birds are singing up above from their clever hiding spots among the leaves. My pen glides gracefully across the pages of my journal, documenting everything from what we did in class the previous day to how I felt about being here. I know exactly what I want to write; for this spot is so peaceful that I can easily write and reflect on my previous day at the same time.

The clammers are on the mudflats digging for their clams. My eyes wander up from my journal as my infatuation with the connection between their lifestyles and my own. Then, I think about the connection between what they are doing and what I do when I'm out there. We're both moving less than gracefully through the mud, boots and gloves on. However, he's digging for food and I'm looking for worms and eel grass. As I think about this, I wonder what I would be doing at this exact moment back at home. I would probably be sleeping, wasting precious time. I remind myself how lucky I am to have taken this experience and it makes me think about gathering all the opportunities life gives you and chasing them. As I bring my mind back to the present, my eyes find my journal page once again and my hand resumes its natural stance of engulfing my pen and making marks on the paper. Once again, I lose myself in my thoughts.

As the warm breeze tickles my nose, I'm able to take off my coat while I write. It's the first day warm enough that I've been able to go out in anything less than a fleece, sit on the edge, let the wind whip my hair around, and not shiver from the coldness. I survey the sky and accept that although there is currently a deeply blue colored sky, there is always a chance of clouds moving in at any time. It's the east coast, and you never know what you can expect. Even looking at the islands along the horizon that remind me of home, I'm totally relaxed and at the moment, have no worries. I close my eyes and breathe in the salty air, smelling a mix of seawater, grass, and dandelions. My mind is so clear that I can pick out each individual smell and process what it is. I'm thinking about hundreds of things at once, but I'm so relaxed that it doesn't stress me out or fill my brain with stress and frustration.

Solo is the time that I think about everything going on. I think about it and it goes straight into my journal. It's so easy to do, because it's that one time of the day you know that you really cannot be doing anything else. It's not my time to do homework, or learn about something in class. It's not my time to socialize or eat or catch up with friends from home. It's my time to reflect and think about my feelings. When I sit in the grass and just look out over the water, it keeps me calm and sane. The ocean reminds me of home, while the people around me keep me centered in the present. Keeping my mind here, where it should be.