

# Bottom of the Ocean

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*The Road Home*

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Right now, I feel like a pocket of air trapped in a very old, sunken ship at the bottom of the ocean. It's serene and muted at the bottom, but it's lonely and daunting as well. Somehow the ship is my brain, filled with old pretty things like memories and dreams—while the unexpected, mysterious beauty from the ocean fills my mind. But I don't know what the ocean is yet...it may be life. Or my budding ambition? Maybe it's doubts and confusion. I don't know, but until I figure it out, I'll wait at the bottom of the ocean.

