

(To be Supplemented by “Tornado Sirens Harmonizing for you to study to”)

I remember the first storm I ever sailed through was with my Uncle LaBeau. Never have I seen such a conflict in spirits before or since then. His stillness against my unrest. His trust in me, and the doubt I harbored to myself. I can remember so vividly his olive oil-skins, how he sat ‘n rocked with the boat, unbothered by the water spouts, the rain, and thunder.

He looked at me with... Childlike trust. As if he knew I could weather and sail through this storm. We had nearly capsized once, and as I struggle with the engine he spoke over the storm, not shouting or yelling, but spoke, “When you can stop panicking, calm down, and work through it.”

That’s what Uncle LaBeau said. I thought he was crazy but. I suppose he finally put my soul to rest, because not shortly after, I kicked the engine on after reinserting the copper coil instead of fumbling around with it in the hull. Uncle said after that to take him to a nice part of the archipelago, so I obliged him.

It was a struggle, sending that tub through waves it was never meant to climb or cut. Chopping through crosswinds the boat threatened to capsize too. But I hit Shimmer-set Banks on the west of the Mother Island, cutting into the channel where the clouds were parted and scattering. Looking out over the waters through the grays and drizzly rains that made the afternoon sun, shining a sickly orange glow to the silver crested waves.

I never sailed storms before that day, always docking an hour early before it could come to ravage my boat. Since that day, however, I’ve sailed more storms than I have with calms. It keeps me in touch with the memory. The most important one I have and pray to keep until I’m finally brought back to the ocean.