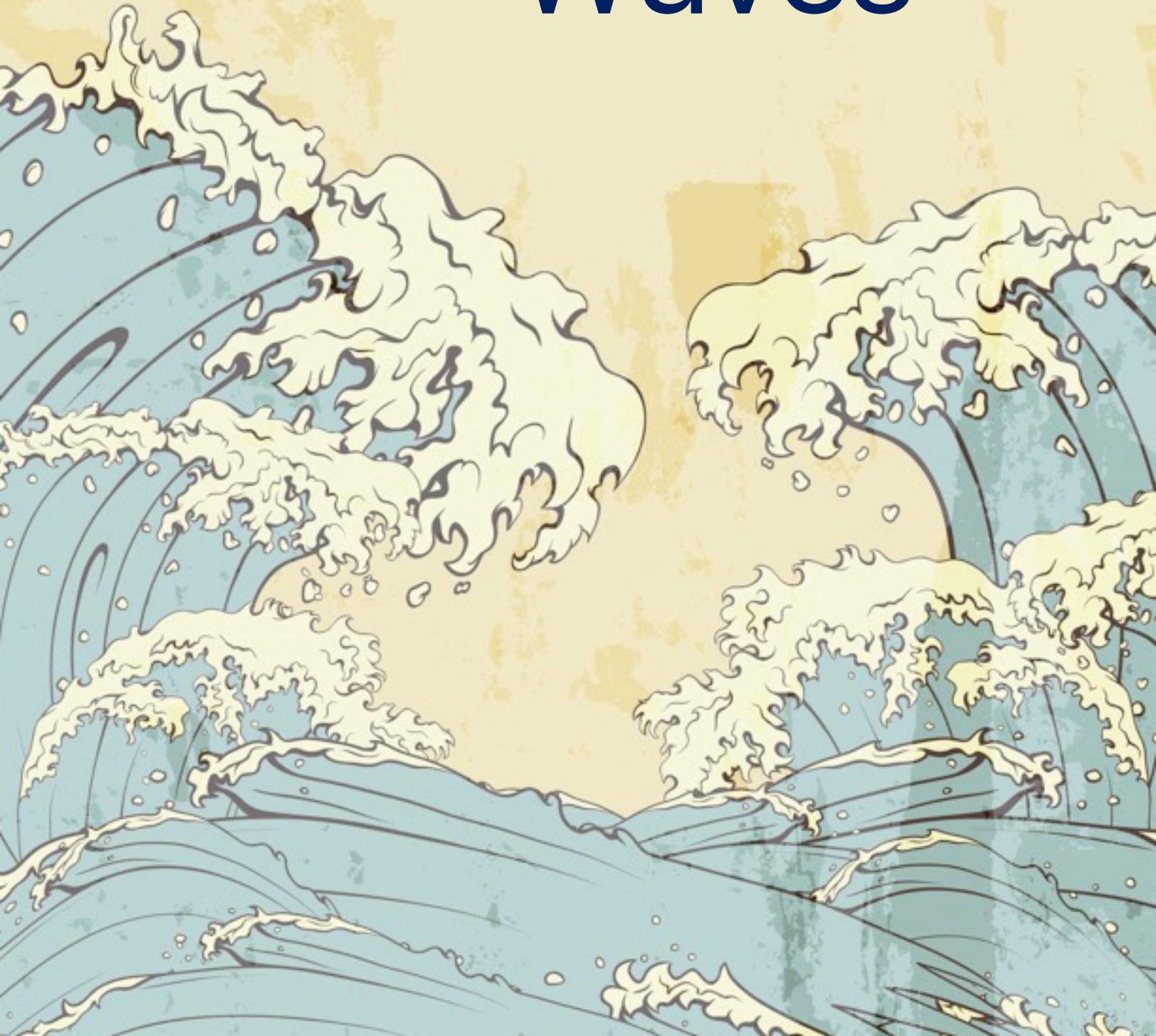


Emotional Waves



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By: Guy Brilando

Never ending energy; power without end; stirred from the beginning; kept in motion from the perpetual spinning of millions upon millions of tons of matter condensed in a whirlwind of solid formation. Our planet earth is amazing. They just keep coming; they never stop:

Wave upon wave slithering ashore.

**I lay here on the sand gazing out over the shore
into the vastness of the open sea. From my vantage
point,
far away, their movement is almost undetected
until their long
journey of immense energy comes to an end upon
this shore.
And then in an instant the wave is no more.
A wave that began from where I do not know
made its way to meet me as I lay upon this shore –
and just like that, its journey is over.**

**They are everywhere the land meets the ocean
–
these waves of energy - and they always seem
to
hit square on. Ever wonder how that is?
But these waves today are special; very special
to me.
Their endless beauty forged a glimpse of the
real me and
developed an awareness, a symbol of
something that moves
inside of me: Endless energy of emotions,
which, I sometimes
too do not know from whence they come.
These waves, inside
of me, ever present, whether welcomed or not,
keep coming upon
my shore.**

**Often mine are grand emotions of
happiness and joy; cheerful and full of
light heartedness of all that is good in
my life. What makes living worth living
and loving all that is good within and
around my world.**

**They are welcomed emotions I
gleefully spread to others to shed joy
and such happiness, especially when
they land upon someone's troubled
shore.**

**What a gift to spread and gift to give.
It costs nothing but a smile or a laugh;
a compliment or kind gesture from my
heart and soul to theirs,
alive with all that is the best of life.**



But too, unlike these waves of beauty I contemplate today, there are others that arrive not so gallant. They arrive with those disempowering emotions I so wish to turn off; those of confusion and sorrow; of sadness and disillusion.

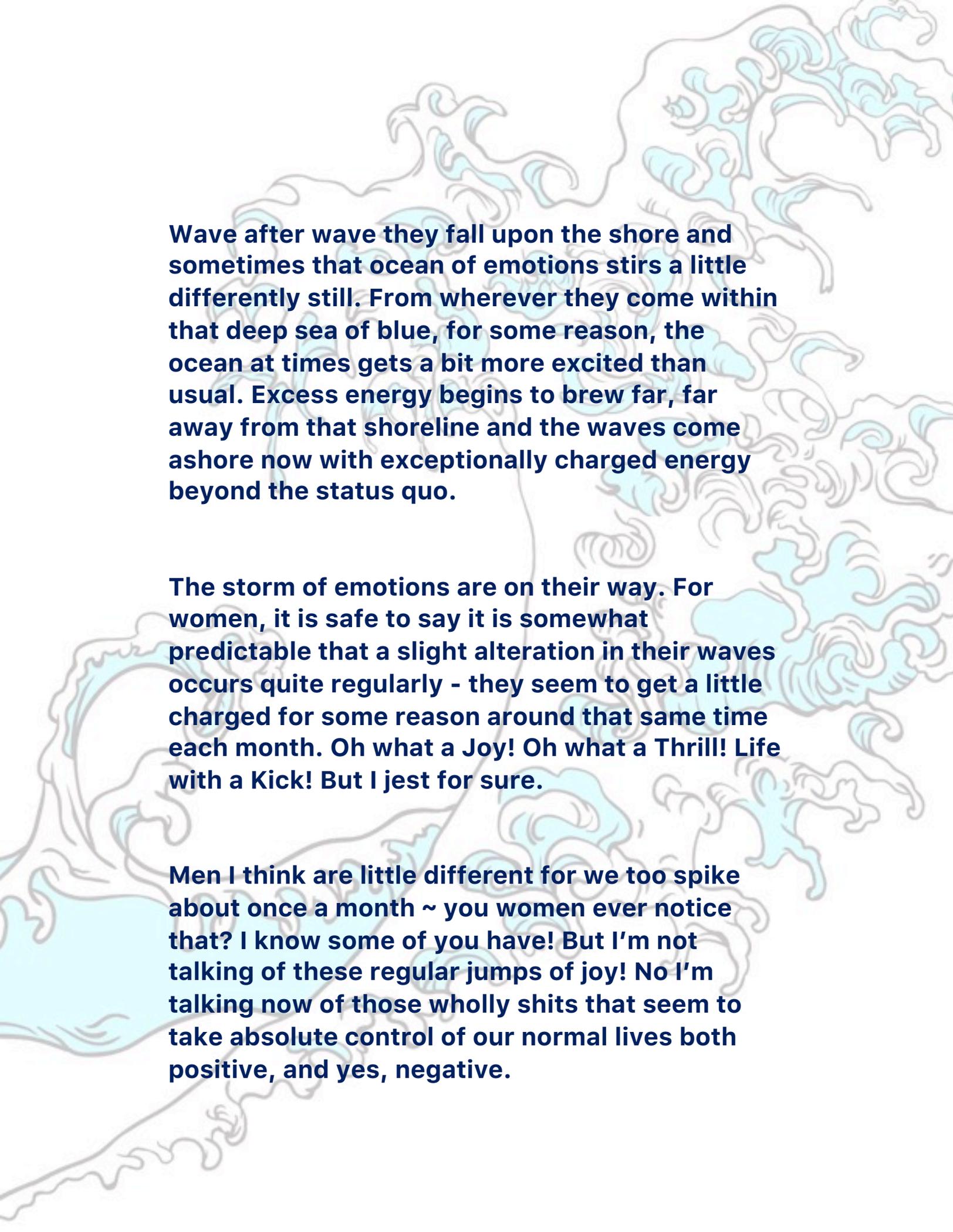
Those emotions that bring tears and pain of days that never seem to end. Those all encompassing, strangling emotions washing away my smiles and laughter. Sometimes they come from no-where, with no reason at all. Never are they sought, but, arise from my own foolishness and selfishness -- neglecting 'being' in the moment; forgetting my grateful heart appreciating all I already have.

Rather, I lull in self-pity for that which is 'wished' for. Oh, how I hate that! Sulking and dwelling on that which seems a never ending downward spiral. Turn it off I say! If only it were that easy! They grudgingly just keep coming, those not so happy ones when they come -- wave after wave -- and they seem endless, as if there is no end!

All of these emotions are out there in that sea. Which show up tomorrow is why we never will know what that day will be. I can only imagine what it must be like for someone who is mentally challenged. Those of us 'normal' people are so fortunate to know the good from the bad.

We know it is not healthy to focus on those bad feelings or they will lead to perpetual gloom. Like dealing with the death of a loved one - they capture even the best of us and do their best to drag us down. But we are better than they and we thankfully understand the difference.

We allow them to fester but know a brighter day exists: That within the ocean there is also much love that will come to us in waves that possess the positive impassionate spirits that makes us come alive! But one thing is for sure that can be counted on as long as we are alive, no matter what the day brings, those waves of all shapes and sizes will keep coming: They will never stop.



Wave after wave they fall upon the shore and sometimes that ocean of emotions stirs a little differently still. From wherever they come within that deep sea of blue, for some reason, the ocean at times gets a bit more excited than usual. Excess energy begins to brew far, far away from that shoreline and the waves come ashore now with exceptionally charged energy beyond the status quo.

The storm of emotions are on their way. For women, it is safe to say it is somewhat predictable that a slight alteration in their waves occurs quite regularly - they seem to get a little charged for some reason around that same time each month. Oh what a Joy! Oh what a Thrill! Life with a Kick! But I jest for sure.

Men I think are little different for we too spike about once a month ~ you women ever notice that? I know some of you have! But I'm not talking of these regular jumps of joy! No I'm talking now of those wholly shits that seem to take absolute control of our normal lives both positive, and yes, negative.

Now some of us are better at handling these abrupt storm surges. It's as if some of us live on completely different parts of this planet with completely different shores. You know there are virtually no hurricanes or typhoons or even a thunderstorm near the equator. It just is not physically possible, but, we all know they do exist and can cause immense destruction if they choose.

It is a matter of where you live whether you will ever experience such extremes. I know those individuals that are so steady and smooth it seems no matter what hits them they are unaffected. I think they must live in well protected bays or even harbors - protected all the time from these waves no matter how big or strong the violence of the sea may get. Their incredible inner strength simply will not allow for such to inflict change. It would take a Tsunami to let their emotions be altered. How wonderful that must be - but, then, for me and the way I see life, too, how sad.

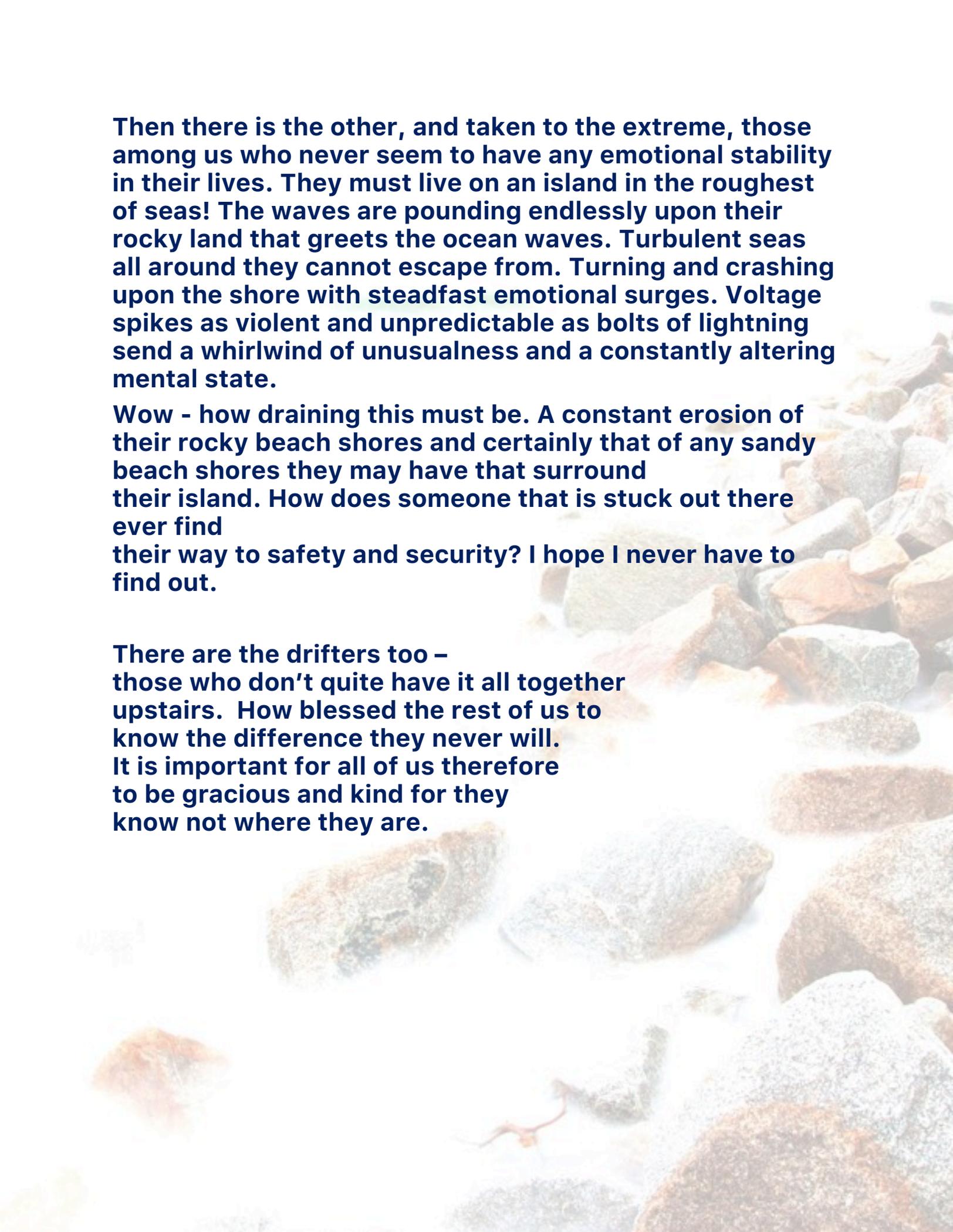
Why you ask? Because unlike some of us, they miss out on a grand piece of life. They are so in control they do not feel the world around them and cannot embrace so much of that gift of life brought to them from that sea of emotions. They are content to not risk being taken down but give up being lifted to new exciting heights of great happiness and elation.

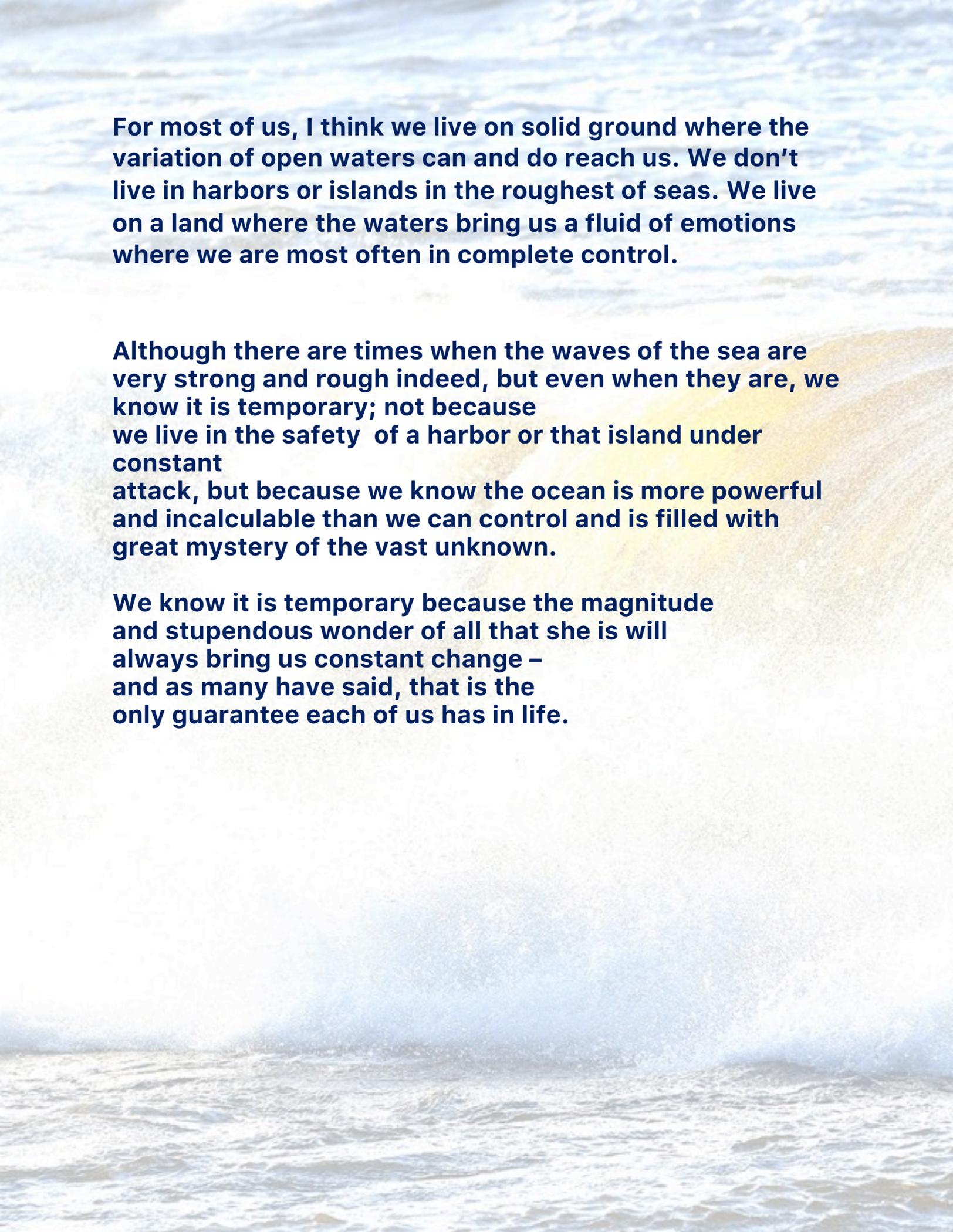
They do not let loose or allow themselves to be enveloped by all the energy that is but maintain a steady voltage or current no matter how strong the alteration may be. God forbid they should smile or laugh, and oh, I'm sure there are moments that a slight breakdown occurs, but not for anyone else to ever see. It must be private for anything else would take them out of their harbor and attack their very shelter. Boy, that certainly is not me!

Then there is the other, and taken to the extreme, those among us who never seem to have any emotional stability in their lives. They must live on an island in the roughest of seas! The waves are pounding endlessly upon their rocky land that greets the ocean waves. Turbulent seas all around they cannot escape from. Turning and crashing upon the shore with steadfast emotional surges. Voltage spikes as violent and unpredictable as bolts of lightning send a whirlwind of unusualness and a constantly altering mental state.

Wow - how draining this must be. A constant erosion of their rocky beach shores and certainly that of any sandy beach shores they may have that surround their island. How does someone that is stuck out there ever find their way to safety and security? I hope I never have to find out.

There are the drifters too – those who don't quite have it all together upstairs. How blessed the rest of us to know the difference they never will. It is important for all of us therefore to be gracious and kind for they know not where they are.





For most of us, I think we live on solid ground where the variation of open waters can and do reach us. We don't live in harbors or islands in the roughest of seas. We live on a land where the waters bring us a fluid of emotions where we are most often in complete control.

Although there are times when the waves of the sea are very strong and rough indeed, but even when they are, we know it is temporary; not because we live in the safety of a harbor or that island under constant attack, but because we know the ocean is more powerful and incalculable than we can control and is filled with great mystery of the vast unknown.

We know it is temporary because the magnitude and stupendous wonder of all that she is will always bring us constant change – and as many have said, that is the only guarantee each of us has in life.

Then, almost by magic, I notice something else I hadn't quite seen before. That in between these white bumps of joy there is flatness with no wave at all. How curious I now look at what I see.

And then it dawned on me what that really is and what all this really truly means today. That is me, that flat water in between. That is who I am, who each of us are; that consistent part of us we know as I.

In the still flat water between the waves our stability, steady state, equilibrium, if you will, of our self, lives. Not much is happening between the crests of the waves. Life moves unwaveringly, faithfully along. But those waves of emotions are out there just waiting to rise up again. Wave after wave, crest after crest of varying degrees they keep approaching from a journey of a thousand miles and more, arriving today with smooth crowns of peaceful crescendos, leaving me to wonder what heightened feelings this ocean of mine will bring tomorrow.

I am mesmerized in a meditated therapy when I finally realize I caught a glimpse into the underlying forces and beauty of who 'I am'.

The End