

The noise of the sea and wild winds, a vortex of sounds had kept me awake all night.

Paralyzed by fear the loud sound projects into my thinking, I can't get up, even though my mind is racing. Those wild threshing waves and westerly winds amplify my loneliness. Not that I mind that much, the noises, the voices, were always there somewhere, some loud, some soft, but always a background distraction. It's dark outside, no light from the cracks between the curtains. The atmosphere in the room is muggy, humid, almost suffocating me. I crawl from my bed, dressing slowly, trying to relax. There's no point going back to bed, I'll never sleep. I put on my leggings, thermal top, and waterproof jacket. My mind is firing electrical circuits. I can't stop thinking, incessant nonsense thoughts. The isolation is too much to bear. Living so far from the town is a great idea when you could drive there. Now any journey over two kilometers is not allowed and I'm stuck by the sea, in the isolation I always imagined I wanted. All classes are online and visits to the shrink are limited and short. He just writes another prescription.

The sky is lightening up a bit. Gloves on, scarf wrapped warmly around my face, I step outside into the cold night. The air is full of the pristine cleanliness of nature's atoms, invigorating and cosmic. I begin the walk downhill to the beach. The coldness numbs me even through thermal layers. I feel enclosed in the early morning, the air, the sky that is beginning to crack open a new dawn. My breath is visible, like fog, I can smell the sea salt and seaweed. The spirits of my ancestors awake within me as I quicken my pace. Long lost warriors of mythical times stir in my blood vessels. My heart beats strongly, I watch the light move through the sky, signaling a new day. I feel high, strung out from lack of sleep and the aftereffects of the prescribed zanax. I'm near the sea, it is only five minutes away.

I reach the brown stippled sand, wet from the nights rain and the waves whirlpools going out and breaking into white sea foam..Sea grass is peeping out of the rocks jigsawed along edges of the beach. I sit on a sea grass verge. The world seems alive inside of me as if all of humanity has a voice and I can hear them in my heart. The roaring sound of the sea echoes like the unknown sound of the universe. The breaking dawn red blue cotton sky is fading into crystal whiteness. My breathings calm now, watching the water twinkling in the distance and white horses breaking apart spraying the blue ocean. I remember Mother, her fierce dark eyes and red rosebud smile, and laughter, my mothers voice. "Look white horses, there they are." When in child like innocence I tried to figure out how the horse got so far out to sea. I feel the breeze blowing colder.

The dawn has disappeared and day is starting again. The sea birds screech and dive. I hear the solitary sound of a car in the distance. The sky has settled after the extravaganza of sun up. There is a blue backdrop against the earth and the clouds are white as snow.

I get up from the damp grass to walk across this beach to the next one, endless beaches interspersed with rock. I see something in the distance. A tiny spot moving towards me. Its moving quickly. Perhaps I think to myself it is an early morning animal, a fox or a dog walking in the quiet expanse of earth, sky and water. Now its nearer I can see its silhouette, a grey color shaggy hairy animal. I stop and wait close by the rocks, breathing quietly. I wait for the large dog to pass. The shaggy creature moves closer. No, it is not a dog; it is a wolf, a grey wolf.

I'm frightened now. I have only seen wolves in bad movies. I stay perfectly still hoping my dark clothing will blend into the background as he travels on his way, his large shaggy coat glistening in the sun. His movements are erratic, dancing like a marionette, clumsily carrying itself forward. It moves past me as if I am not there, he does not see me or smell me. A few

feet away he turns his head back towards me. His piercing blue eyes look straight at me. We are joined together in the cold morning, eyes locked, no one to witness what is happening. He turns away again, quickly, not interested in me, a human on the beach. The wolf walks further along the beach to the water's edge. He looks back at me once more. Then raising his head to the sky, he howls a bleak lonesome sound. It is anguished and full of mourning, the sound echos around the empty beach. He jumps into the water and swims. I watch him swim out to sea until he cannot be seen.

I am alone again, sad, wet in the cold morning's merciless climate. The water flows in and out, in and out, as I stand still breathing quietly, almost afraid to move. The waves crashing, the sound of the universe echoes along the water's edge.

I take a deep breath, Im alive, I take another breath. I don't want to question what happened or even if it happened. Did I see this mystical creature on the beach this morning? Am I dreaming, is it real? Is it all in my head? after so many months of lockdown, am I cracking up? Have the meds stopped working? I think back to hospitalisations and nurses treating one like a child who is naughty instead of an adult suffering from a serious mental health problem. Coronavirus makes all this stuff worse. My anxiety is kicking in and accelerating, I have not get home to lie down. I shiver and take the path to the road and take the road home.