

Shipbuilding

It seems a long time ago now, though it is only a matter of time. A father and daughter lived on a cliff above the sea. They often would walk along the cliff and down the steps that lead to the beach. There they would search the beach and shallow waters for driftwood and discards, flotsam and jetsam, which they could fashion into vessels. They would ceremoniously name these vessels for loved ones and launch them to an unknown fate. The father remembered himself then, as a boy. He had lived in a house on a sea wall by the sea. He would walk down the steps to the beach. He would launch his boats in the shallow waters. Did he make vessels from driftwood and discards, give them names and launch them ceremoniously to an unknown fate? He could not remember. He remembers walking with his daughter along the cliff and down the steps that lead to the beach. He remembers that he remembered himself then, as a boy. He realized then that his daughter would remember. His daughter often reminded him of the times they would walk along the cliff, down to the beach to make their ships, give them names and launch them to an unknown fate. She always wanted to go back there. It seemed a long time ago, though it was only a matter of time. So they did, this father and daughter. They went to the place they lived on a cliff above the sea. They walked along the cliff to the steps and down to the beach. They found discards and driftwood, jetsam and flotsam and they fashioned them into vessels. They named them ceremoniously, for loved ones, and launched them to an unknown fate - but they rescued these vessels and rubbed their surfaces for a trace. For fleeting moments, they became as they were. He remembered what he remembered and he wondered what she remembered. It seems a long time ago, though it is only a matter of time.

