

## AS ABOVE SO BELOW

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The world comes in all different shades of Blues. Sometimes they're right there. Always common and obvious. Found in the bright blue of the day sky or within the cold and freshly fallen snow. Other times they're more hidden. There are ones that have to be searched for to truly be seen, in the atmospheric haze of distant mountain ranges and in the lightest of blues right in the split between the deepest dark of the night and the warm yellows in the break of dawn. A luminescent blue sign of life that glimmers along the edges of waves, the shimmering gleam of a butterfly's wings, the twinkling highlight along a pair of lovers by the moonlight.

But none are quite so rich, so beloved, as the Blues found within all the oceans and all its seas. A place of sapphires and azure flowing and tumbling along with white horses. A bright one for the calm waters of the Caribbean and the waves beaching with a softness found only within the earliest of mornings and latest of nights. The royal blue of the Pacific, the darkest of navy for the Atlantic, and the cerulean of the Indian are all found within the crashing crescendo of the Drake Passage and the North Sea, the solid stillness of the doldrums, the humid swirling storms of the tropics.

She sings and calls with a mouthless voice that leads travelers into waters that carry their ships and pull them down to her depths, in her grasp for then some, plus ever.

She has layers to Her, to the Blues of Her waters. The lightest and the clearest belong to the ones touched most fully by the Light. Ribbons of it dance through the ever-flowing tides, drifting through to touch down on those who find their lives below. As the depths extend farther and further down, the Light's reach deteriorates—and the darker it gets. The cerulean fades away to navy, the navy to midnight, and midnight to black.

There are layers to Her power, to the pull and push of Her Blues. The calmest belong to the simplest and the most complex of days, where the clouds drift more than rip through. In these moments of blissfully painful serenity is where man



is kept at bay with nowhere to go and nothing to take him away. The horizons and the Blues are all that keeps him company here. Until, of course, the raging Blues are inescapable. Mountains of waves swallow up anything and everything that dreads to cross Her; a vessel as large as had ever been seen by the heavy galactical waters and all its souls taken from the surface as instinctively as a bird takes to the sky.

All is where the calls of men and travelers alike are lost to the roaring waters, their secrets lay to rest and lost to these Blues.

*it's all suffocating, almost is. the weight is heavy, weighing everything down—but the surface! it's just above, within reach! the surface, with all its constellations of seafoam, only one more kick upwards—*

Those that voyage, a people who aimlessly wander through the Blues, do so ferociously and fearfully. They seek naught and want not, launching themselves through the seam between water and atmosphere, allowing only life's push and pull to take them wherever they may go, need to go, end up going. Where their hearts so decide, is where it leads them; they know not what they look for but know what it is when they see it.

The travelers speak of a time it happens, the perfect split second when the waves pause their movement; they're at their calmest, their stillest. Half a blink's time when nothing is happening except the hope for anything beyond the company and the pulsing of the moon. At a point when every member of a vessel's inhabitants is on the very edge of becoming one with the Blues themselves; and yet still their foundations remain solid: untouched.

Then, a flash of green; one step, toes on the edge; one step more, both feet in. Everything in—

*feet drawn—stuck—to the bottom, walking but not attached: floating. through forests of green, skies of dark blue, deserts, and clouds of white horses. splatterings of dancing stars and boiling bubbles. prickling and needling at everything; fear and relief, shaking and trembling. blind even with eyes wide open.*

A constant pressure, a smooth glide through the space around them. Kicking and propelling, swinging and maneuvering through the darkness. The Blues fade from the brightest azure to the darkest of midnights. Everything threatens to compress

their entire beings and bodies.

The cool of turquoise turns to a pale teal; the needles prickling along skin becomes a permanent resident in the marrow of bone. Stuck forever and forgotten never, that feeling.

Found within the darkness—a heavenly warmth. The freeze disappears. A thrusting of hot air scalds the space around it; burning the power of a dying star and boiling a scar into the mind. The smoldering smoke follows like a cloud preparing to cry.

*this is not something to escape. there's a thundering. somewhere far away. somewhere up above? farther below, perhaps? it's somewhere, can't quite find it—*

The Blues yell and gasp and proclaim and speak, screaming and whispering for it all, yet.

Deeper and deeper, darker and darker. A constant pressure pushing and pushing and pushing. Everything threatens to compress their entire beings and bodies. Layers upon layers with every fathom and league, sinking deeper and further.

The dust clears, not settling—disappears. Nothing for it to dance in any longer, no light and no shine. Deafening silence echoes and abounds through, what else is to hear but the thump of an erratic heart and the cracking of bones succumbing to something not even the sun and the moon can reach.

*through the clouds and clouds of dust. the light is gone, the pressure is heavy. difficult to see. difficult to breathe. there's a pulsing here.*

Chests threatening to cave in, lungs burning like a star's explosion contained within them. No muscle strong enough to fight it off, no will or strength powerful enough. All that's left to do is to sink further and farther. Deeper into the midnight and dark, not even an arm's length away from the navy, and the cerulean, and the seafoam.

No crashing waves or stormy turquoise in sight. Looking up, down, twisting and turning to nothing and no one. Then—there. Just there.



*a glowing spec. then more. flying just by. little bits of dancing and glittering starlight. rivers and streams of them, swirling and crashing along together.*

Sinking and drifting, lighter and lighter. Floating into a something.

*the dark is still here, but the pressure—the pressure is gone. it's weightless. there's nothing here, like ti's been sucked up and removed. just floating.*

Then—

*glowing ribbons. bits of shimmering and fluttering refractions.*

Waves of cerulean and seafoam, royal blue and murky turquoise waving and rolling to the moon's beck and call. A place of sapphires and azure flowing and tumbling along with constellations of seafoam.