



*The tide moved in over night, as it always does. Jesse strolls the beach as the tide recedes, as he always does. And the tide washes surprises onto the sea shore, as it always does.*

## *What The Seashore Left Behind*

*By James Kozlik*

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In the stage of perfection called trance, or *samadhi*, one's mind is completely restrained from material mental activities by practice of yoga. The perfection is characterized by one's ability to see the self by the pure mind and to relish and rejoice in the self. In that joyous state, one is situated in boundless transcendental happiness. Established thus, one never departs from the truth, and upon gaining this he thinks there is no greater gain. Being situated in such a position, one is never shaken, even in the midst of greatest difficulty. This indeed is actual freedom from all miseries arising from material contact.

Chapter Six, 20-23. From the Bhagavad-Gita AS IT IS  
By His Divine Grace A.C. Bhakivedanta Swami Prabhupada

Early one morning, the sun was shining  
I was laying in bed  
Wondering if she'd changed it all  
If her hair was still red  
Her folks, they said, our lives together  
Sure was gonna be rough  
They never did like mama's homemade dress  
Papa's bankbook wasn't big enough  
And I was standing on the side of the road  
Rain falling on my shoes  
Heading out for the East Coast  
Lord knows I've paid some dues getting through  
Tangled up in blue

She was married when we first met  
Soon to be divorced  
I helped her out of a jam, I guess  
But I used a little too much force  
We drove that car as far as we could  
Abandoned it out west  
Split up on a dark, sad night  
Both agreeing it was best  
She turned around to look at me  
As I was walking away  
I heard her say over my shoulder  
"We'll meet again someday on the avenue"  
Tangled up in blue

I had a job in the great north woods  
Working as a cook for a spell  
But I never did like it all that much  
And one day the axe just fell  
So I drifted down to New Orleans  
Where I's lucky for to be employed  
Working for a while on a fishing boat  
Right outside of Delacroix  
But all the while I was alone  
The past was close behind  
I seen a lot of women  
But she never escaped my mind, and I just grew  
Tangled up in blue

She was working in a topless place  
And I stopped in for a beer  
I just kept looking at the sight of her face  
In the spotlight so clear  
And later on when the crowd thinned out  
I's just about to do the same  
She was standing there in back of my chair  
Said, "Tell me, don't I know your name?"  
I muttered something underneath my breath  
She studied the lines on my face  
I must admit I felt a little uneasy  
When she bent down to tie the laces of my shoe  
Tangled up in blue

She lit a burner on the stove and offered me a pipe  
"I thought you'd never say hello, " she said  
"You look like the silent type"  
Then she opened up a book of poems and handed it to me  
Written by an Italian poet from the 13th century  
And every one of them words rang true  
And glowed like burning coal  
Pouring off of every page  
Like it was written in my soul, from me to you  
Tangled up in blue

I lived with them on Montague Street  
In a basement down the stairs  
There was music in the cafés at night  
And revolution in the air  
Then he started into dealing with slaves  
And something inside of him died  
She had to sell everything she owned  
And froze up inside  
And when finally the bottom fell out  
I became withdrawn  
The only thing I knew how to do  
Was to keep on keeping on, like a bird that flew  
Tangled up in blue

So now I'm going back again  
I got to get her somehow  
All the people we used to know  
They're an illusion to me now  
Some are mathematicians  
Some are carpenter's wives  
Don't know how it all got started  
I don't what they do with their lives  
But me, I'm still on the road  
Heading for another joint  
We always did feel the same  
We just saw it from a different point of view  
Tangled up in blue

Source: [Musixmatch](#)

Songwriters: Bob Dylan

Tangled Up In Blue lyrics © Ram's Horn Music, Universal Tunes

## Jesse

“Good morning, Jesse, coffee? The usual? You’re not going to surprise me this morning?”

“Hi Susie. No surprises and make sure nothing is giggling in the over easy. Slow morning today Susie?”

“You ever see it busy this time of year? Tip me good this morning and I’ll give you an extra bacon!”

Jesse, nods and Susie chuckles at her own chiding. Both have gotten used to each others patterns of communication. Susie hands Jesse a metal carafe of hot coffee. Jesse moves towards his favorite corner booth by the window, Susie heads for the kitchen. Jesse has a view of the small beach and extended rocky seashore of this small Maine hamlet that swells in the summer and diminishes in population as winter approaches. The final flare of tourism happens during the season changing of color. Once the leaves have dropped there are only the diehard locales left to manage their lives in semi solitude. With occasional community events at the center, and church gatherings. Susies Dinner serves as the place where town members check in with each other and exchange any news of their neighbors. Especially news of gossip or concern of anyone’s ill health. And there are the lobster fishermen, what’s left of them. Their industry diminished by ever changing environmental regulations especially concerning “Right Whale” entanglements, claimed to be putting that whale species on the verge of extinction.

Susie arrives with a breakfast plate of eggs, cubes of blue, white and sweet potatoes seasoned with fresh herbs and slabs of thick cut bacon cooked to perfection. Homemade rye bread with cranberry jam and

butter. She has a Holy Donut, shipped up from Portland for herself and an empty cup.

“Mind if I join you this morning Jesse?”

He looks up, smiles briefly and nods while he utters, “sure Susie, you going to ask if I’ll be back next season to cook?”

“Nah, I know you will. What else you going to do? And you can’t leave this town who else would clean up the trash left on the seashore?”

“Hah, yeah, it’s my yoga.”

“Your yoga? You going to get transcendental on me?”

“Susie, you are doing a great service feeding us and keeping this place open for us weary locales who need a place to meet. That’s your yoga!”

“Oh, boy I wasn’t expecting this conversation this morning. You going to get esoteric on me?”

Jesse stays silent and enjoys the chewing of his mouthful of potatoes. He reaches for a sip of his coffee. And looks over at Susie, as she dunks here potato donut glazed with a thick raspberry coating. He observes, the aging beauty of Susie. He knows what she once looked like. His grandma used to show him pictures of the diner it it’s heyday. Susie was an effervescent beauty with a mane of blonde hair.

Grandma is gone now. Jesse inherited her small cabin, tucked away in the thick woods, walking distance to town. He recalls his days back then, washing dishes while growing up. His summer job. Then graduating to line cook. And finally given the right to make lobster rolls, using Susies special recipe.

“Interesting that you think my time spent here is some sort of yoga. I thought yoga was a bunch of body manipulations that stretched muscle.

So explain please. I am getting tired of talking about lobsters, whales and government regulations and law suites.”

Jesse takes a bit out of the crisp slab of bacon he is holding in his fingers. He places it down on his plate and licks his fingers.

Susies Diner always has news and nostalgic music softly playing from the pass through that separates the kitchen from the stooled counter for singles. As Jesse and Susie chat you can get the latest early morning locale news. “Right Whales are a majestic sight to behold off the eastern coast of North America, but they are endangered and their numbers are shrinking. Many conservationists say fishing gear that causes entanglements is a big part of the problem. But lobster harvesters fear they may be driven out of business by pressure to change their practices even further.” This is Miles O'Brien reporting from Bar Harbor.”

“Well there is the physical yoga and there is the yoga of the mind and yoga of service? Where should I start?”

Susie tops off their coffee and dunks her donut. Jesse gets another bite full of skillet fried potatoes, and relishes the combination. Before he digs into his eggs, he looks at Susie and realizes he only knows her history since working here in Northeast Harbor, while he went to school at College of the Atlantic and lived with his grandma. Jesse's family migrated west, to Colorado when he was four years old.

“Susie, it just occurred to me that I don't know any of your distant past. I was a senior in high school that is when you purchased this diner. It had been closed for several years and us locales missed the good times we had connecting here. How did you end up here of all places?”

“Someday I will tell you. But not for now. Tell me about your yoga style, picking garbage from the shoreline. Who you serving? Other than nature, who are you serving? And why, why do you keep this menial

seasonal job here in Northeast Harbor. That's a puzzle to me, a young man and educated in environmental science. There should be something for you around here, maybe even working in Acadia?"

"Maybe someday, but when I graduated I needed some time off to find myself, if you know what I mean. So I ended up in India. I traveled with a gal who was doing a documentary about yoga. She did yoga back home in New York, but didn't know why other than it was healthy to stretch. One day we end up at an Ashram and I stayed for six months. And that is where I learned about Krsna Consciousness or God Consciousness, same thing. The monks at the Ashram were all about giving up selfish satisfaction. To satisfy the Supreme is who they referred to as God. And hence, bhakti or service. So when I am out in nature I am assisting the sea as the tide brings in human material and leaves behind it's natural substance that is part of the eco system. When I got back, and grandma died, I had the opportunity to inherit her cabin. And, well here I am, so grateful to have the season work and a friend like you. Grandma showed me news clips of you when you opened the diner. Looked like a great celebration, and you were stunning, if you don't mind me saying so. You still are!"

Susie is blushing, "I'm old, but thank you. Hey, I have to get ready for the "Northeast fishermen club", She says this tongue in cheek. You know they'll be yapping about the new regulations! You know they think you are a greenie."

As Jesse finishes up breakfast, the fishing crew starts to enter. About six or seven show up sometimes. Some with smaller private Dorys a couple have inshore boats and a couple of guys have larger lobster boats so they can stay out at sea for several days, since they make their living harvesting lobster.

There's five guys two at the counter on stools and three in the booth. Susie gives Jessie a wink as he leaves and the stool guys turn and nod.

They know him as the summer cook. And the guy who picks up sea trash.

## Scarlett

“The sensation of freedom was exhilarating, though tinged with a shade of loneliness, a touch of sorrow. The old dream of total independence, beholden to no man and no woman, floated above his days like smoke from a pipe dream, like a silver cloud with a dark lining. For even Hayduke sensed, when he faced the thing directly, that the total loner would go insane. Was insane. Somewhere in the depths of solitude, beyond wildness and freedom, lay the trap of madness.”

Edward Abby - The Monkey Wrench Gang

So here it is the place that mom finally settled. I drive by Susies Diner, the lights are out, it's dusk. But I found her, finally after all these years of continuing on her path of madness to change the world. Her and dad always moving us, me, as they tried to sabotage anything to do with the Industrial Military Complex. Revolutionist, that's the life I knew. And during that time, what I internally knew, was their independence as a coverup for abandonment. They just didn't have time for me. And so I grew up reading their books, learning their habits. And now here I am to see mom as a normal person? Is that what I want to find out? Did she normalize or is the diner another cover up for her nefarious deeds against what? What is her motive to be here other than the Right Whale's migration from north to south where they give birth. And their fate is entangled in a mass of fishing gear, nets, rope, and whatever else floats...boats and motor noise. And me, ending up as an eco terrorist! She fought the war machine and I fight for the environment. Maybe I am here, hoping that my estranged mother, or maybe it's me who is estranged? Maybe I need her to love me and not her self righteous

passion. Help me mom, I need help. I need to know why I do what I do. I need to know why you did what you did. And I need to know us now as two woman. Because we sure don't know each other as a mother and child relation. Okay, I better keep moving my map says I have more miles to drive. Up and around to the town of Southeast Harbor. I was lucky to find an apartment but a good time of year to get a room. Tourism has dwindled. It will feel good to get settled in and there is still some warm days ahead I am told. I will call Pete when I get there and let him know that I made it.

## Susie

It's late, after midnight and there's a light in the small bungalow that is situated in the alleyway behind Susies Diner. It was part of the purchase and this night Susie is restless.

I am feeling something. A motherly yearning for a long lost husband and daughter. How I want so much to be a normal mom. Have a normal family and yet I rebelled against what was expected by a society I could not fully connect with. How did that occur? Even in those days when influential thought was something one had to read about in books or newspapers. Television was slowly becoming the source of gaining knowledge via influential addiction. But back then my teachers and professors would challenge us you use our deductive reasoning abilities. And yet I became influenced by my peer group which was quiet different from my family ties. At what point did I not want to become what was expected of me? And where am I now? What kind of expectations did I have concerning my husband, my marriage, my daughter, my friends, and the people I thought I was going to influence? And what role did my self righteousness play in my life. This morning, talking with Jesse, he seemed so egoless. And

sometimes I feel as if I am sensing something around me that does not involve thought. There is something that just happened and keeps me from wanting to sleep.

Susie looks out her window and sees the huge tree that hangs over the fence of her neighbors backyard. She sees the treehouse that Joe built so many years ago. Before she ever lived here. She opens the door and goes through her small yard through a gate, into the alleyway and up the back stairs of the diner. She fumbles for her key and unlocks the diner door. As she enters, she turns on the kitchen lights. Just one, just enough to see. And she walks to one of the front booths along the window front. Kneeling on the cushioned booth seat, she cups her hands and with them resting on the glass she is able to see the empty street without the glare of the kitchen light. She wants to see more. So Susie goes to the diner entrance and opens the door and walks out to the middle of the narrow street. She looks in both directions, then up to the heavens. She smells the ocean. She feels an emotion welling up inside her, and then a tear and then she cries. She is feeling a very strong emotion. An emotion connected to a lost past. A past she never took time to be part of. Motherhood, the hierarch of a family. A deep connection with her daughter. A connection with her lover's being. Not his passion, not his duty, not his perception of whom he thought himself to be. The lost past of his being.

And how do I connect with all of this emotion I am feeling now? Will I ever feel Scarlett's presence beyond the womb? Where is she now? Last communication I had with her was so long ago. Somewhere in Florida, observing a whale migration. That was last spring. She said she was alright. Living her life..."you'd be proud of me mom!" That was supposed to comfort me? And what did I feel? Sadness, that's what it was. That's what I feel now.

Susie feels a tap on her shoulder. Startled she quivers and turns to look up into the forlorn eyes of Sheriff Adam.

“You alright Susie? It’s late and you are in the middle of the street.”

“Oh, Adam, you startled me.”

“Sorry, Susie. I’m just watching out for you and doing my midnight stroll. Not that anything ever happens around here this time of year. Just us locales now, and most of us sleeping. Except for me and you.” He lets out a chuckle.

She smiles, “I’m alright, and not alright. There was something weird I was feeling. As if I might find somebody out here tonight. A surprise perhaps. I’ll be alright Adam, and I’m not going nuts. Hey, I ordered several dozen doughnuts from Holy Donuts. Come on by this morning and bring deputy Gerald, he loves those donuts!”

“Okay Susie, I’ll be on my way then.

## Chapter 1

Whew, that was quite a drive to this place, but yeah, this is the address. Looks like a top floor apartment. Three flights up, with a balcony and view of the bay and three islands. And close enough to the Cranberry Cove Ferry. Access to the Gulf of Maine. Huh, I am exhausted. I think I’ll unpack tomorrow.

Scarlett opens the door and flips the light switch. Ok, looks quaint enough, a nice little studio. She opens the slider and goes out on the balcony to feel the cool, moist air and take in the smell of the ocean.

“I am hear Right Whale mommies. I’ll get a lay of the land, and figure out what might get in the way of your migration. At least you’ll have a good start as you come through here. Some of you coming from Nova Scotia, eh? Yeah, hear me, I want to see some of you too.”

She leaves the door ajar, wanting the air scents to permeate the room. She has talked to the universe. She has somehow connected, but was it love for the whales, contempt for the fishermen, concern for her safety out there in the vast ocean? And what else? Is she wanting to let mom know that she has followed in her footsteps. Does that make her a good girl? Will she feel loved by mom? And dad, did he hear her too. Does he feel her sadness. What joy does conflict bring, even if one is a victor in the battle, is there joy in victory? Or is it all about achieving?

She calls Pete, “hi I am here in Southeast.”

“Wooo, it’s late, but I am still up. So listen babe, I lined up a dory for you with an inboard motor.”

“Hey, you have got to stop calling me babe. We do not have that sort of relationship and even if we were lovers, babe and dolly or any other term like that to describe a woman is unacceptable. So who do I contact for the boat, text me. Also, who do we have at sea along the route of migration?”

“Ok, sorry Scarlett. Sally and Fred have been donated a small yacht to cruise the coast and follow the migration along the Boston, New York and Delaware seafront. We have Max with a crew of newbies in the Carolinas. And I’ll be here in Florida. We will meet at Fernandina Beach. I have a boat lined up so we can get out to the ocean and see what we will see.”

“Nice, thanks for the update. Hey, I need some sleep. I’ll be in touch once I get settled in.”

“Did you see her, your famous mom?”

“I saw her current livelihood, and I am not ready to see her.”

Scarlett abruptly presses the end call button. She eyes the bed, and all else is forgotten about. The door remains slightly cracked open, her clothes in a heap on the floor. Tooth brush is still in the car with her other things. She turns on the faucet, cups her hand and rinses her mouth. Shakes the water off her hand and peels back the covers. Crawls into bed and stares at the ceiling.

My famous mom, huh. Well mom, hello, I am here. When was the last time we connected? Have you heard me in your sleep? Heard me weep, heard me scream, felt me wrap my arms around you and forgive you. Felt me love you and hate you at the same time? As I have talked to the whales, and feel the ocean, I am letting you know I am not ready to physically see you. I can only look at a picture of you while I stare at this ceiling with eyes wide open despite my tiredness. I am tired of what I do. I just want you. I want your love and compassion. I want to forgive you. I want to know who you have become not what you were. I want you to nurture me now. I want change in my life.

A transformation, that’s what I want. How do I connect with what is?

## Chapter 2

Jesse rolls his bike into the angle parking in front of the diner. He has his pull cart full of seashore garbage. Mostly cans and plastic bottles with some odds and ends that come off the cruise ships. He has a sign on both sides of the cart, Seaside Trash and Recycle. He takes off his helmet and goes into the diner. There’s a couple in a booth and one person at the counter. They are busy with their breakfast. Susie comes over with a carafe of coffee and a cup.

“Bacon is sizzling on the grill, here have a donut while you wait.” She has a chocolate glazed sweet potato donut on a small plate. Sets it down and peers out the window.

“What’s out there Susie?”

“Nothing but something?”

“Uh, okay what’s the something?”

“I felt an energy last night. Sheriff Adam found me in the middle of the street. I was gazing at the stars. But I originally thought or felt as if there was a presence that out there, in front of the diner. Maybe, I don’t know, someone from my past. The spirit of my husband...”

“Whoa, slow down Susie. I don’t know anything about your past. Other than you buying the diner and me working here since I was in college.”

Susie looks at Jesse with a blank expression. Shakes her head and says, “your bacon, I better go check on your bacon.”

Jesse, takes a bite out of his donut and relishes the unique taste. Hand shaped Holy Donuts. And not just any old donuts, these are potato donuts. He gets up and goes around the counter to the pass through window and briefly looks at Susie with a flipper in her hand just staring at the grill. Not knowing what to do next.

“Just two eggs today and the bacon. No potatoes, just another donut to go with breakfast.”

Susie is startled, and just nods her head, “yeah, great...sweet potato or regular donut. I have chocolate, raspberry and cherry glazes.”

“Another sweet potato, cherry glaze, please. You alright Susie?”

“You mind taking over in here? I’ll pay you. I need to check on something in the house.”

“Sure Susie, I have nothing else going on.”

Susie takes off her apron and quietly walks out the back door.

“Hey, can we get more coffee please?”

Jesse turns and looks at the couple at the booth, “Coming right up.”

Jesse cooks the breakfast and lunch shifts. He had quite a fruitful day. Seems like this was the best place for locales on this overcast, rainy day. The last of the patrons shuffle out of the diner. The rain had stopped awhile ago and the clouds began to break up and show slivers of blue in the eastern horizon. It's late afternoon about fourish o'clock. He has finished clean up and locks up the diner. He comes out the front door and takes a look at his lonely bike with a cart full of seashore garbage. Too late for a dump run. He stretches and looks down the street. Not much happening, but he notices a car he doesn't recognize as a locale's car. He doesn't make much of it, could be a late season tourist car. But he sees someone, just staring in his direction. Then it starts in his direction and slowly passes by the diner and he looks at the driver who is wearing a baggy slouchy beanie and wearing sunglasses. The driver looks in his direction, then continues onward towards the intersection that goes north.

Jesse backs his bike into the street, hops on and rides a short distance then turns left and left again heading down the alley and behind the diner. He parks his bike and quietly goes up the stairs of Susie's bungalow. There is a light on, he peeks through the front window and sees Susie with the lamp on the floor. There is a slew of old photos spread out under the lamp. Susie has one in her hand and is focused on it. Jesse gently knocks on the door. It takes a few moments and Susie cracks open the door.

“Jesse, I was expecting you. I'm sorry I didn't show up. Thank you so much for stepping in. Let me get the check book, I'll pay you.”

“Susie, that is not why I am here,” he is looking at the pile of photos, “what’s going on?”

Susie looks at Jesse, then at the photos. “Okay, thanks for checking in with me.” She sits back down on the floor in front of the photos. “Have a seat. You are about to find out about who I was and whom I have become.”

She hands Jesse an old, faded photo that’s yellowed, with a man in military fatigues with a submachine gun and belts of bullets crisscrossed over the heart of his chest.

“We, Sam and I, were born in the late forty’s and early fifties. He was about three years older than me and ended up in Vietnam. Our parents were warned about the danger of the government becoming an industrial military complex by then president Dwight Eisenhower. When Sam came back from ‘Nam, he was shot, sent home and bitter. He become incensed with “Jack” Kennedy’s assassination. Then Martin Luther King’s and Robert Kennedy’s all three leaders that promoted peace over war. And the conclusions we and a lot of people our age believed was that there was an elite group of world cabals that wanted control of the world order. And war makes them a lot of money. So Sam and I become part of the American revolution that our parents didn’t understand since the war seemed legitimate because of the threat of communism.”

“Okay Susie, this photo here,” Jesse points to a baby in the arms of Susie “who is this.”

“My, our daughter. We named her Scarlett.”

Susie shuffles through a few more photos, “here, this is Scarlett, I think she was about thirteen when I took this. Sam had been moving around a lot. Wherever the next protest was happening. We attempted home schooling, but our influence wasn’t necessarily traditional. Our

intention was to raise a daughter who could think for herself. Use deductive reasoning and find out about her truth. Unfortunately our personal influence has an impact, just as your grandma and parents have an impact on your life. They did a good job Jesse. I am so fortunate that you have stayed on at the diner.”

“Thank you, so what happened to Sam?”

“I think his zealous behavior became so great and personal, that he lost sight of who he was and whom he became. We really didn’t have a normal family life as it was, but he lost touch with us. I fled one day, with Scarlett, ended up in Boston. Some how I was tracked down by social services and was said to be unfit as a mother. My past had a lot to do with it. By then Scarlett was close to the age where she could choose to live on her own. I was broken, psychologically and spiritually. I had no compass, the foundation that I was raised upon had no meaning. The foundation that Scarlett was raised upon was very sketchy. I truly loved her, but I don’t think I ever really showed it. Shoot, we had no real family times to keep us connected.”

“I am sorry, I feel this pain of yours.”

“And how do you feel this pain of mine.”

“The tear in your right eye, that is dribbling down your cheek. The emotion in your voice when you said I don’t think I ever really showed it.”

Jesse is observing Susie’s body language now, as she turns away and looks down at the photos. He reaches over and gently places a hand on her back. She turns her head and Jesse gets up on his knees and instinctively Susie is in his arms with her head on his shoulder.

“Oh, Jesse, thank you for being here.”

They relax, Susie wipes her tears, “I had a choice when the feds tracked me down. I could spend some time in jail and do community service or take classes as a nurse. I did the later and ended up in the neonatal intensive care unit of a hospital. It was truly a turning point for me. My conflicted mind turned off and my heart took over. I was connected to life...real life, the eyes of the babies and the love of the mothers. It was very difficult at first, not to be depressed about the choices I made and my loss. I took therapy of course that was part of the program. I was so fortunate that I had a choice for my rehabilitation if that’s the right word for it. My second coming! I actually reconnected with my father and mother , before they passed. And they gave me love. So much love, they never forgave me for anything, they just loved me. If I can ever get that from my daughter...”

Jesse is quiet, just listening and filled with compassion. They are holding hands, still kneeling in a sitting position eye to eye contact.

“Now I feel your love, for your parents. It must have been such an emotional time. And as much as you want to receive the love from your daughter, I sense that she wants the same. It is amazing how the inner work one does in all these therapies or workshops always seems to evolve around learned behavior from ancestral and family ties. And yet most parents tried their best as they where still figuring things out. I’m guessing you found out some of that in your therapy.”

“More than that, it moved me spiritually. When I was in the battle I experienced life from a state of conflict. And I was out of touch with the people whom I thought I was going to save. Save us all from the evil ones. And today, they are so powerful, the globalist elite. The war mongers, the money makers, the godless forms in their cloaks of deceit.”

“Are you still caring some bitterness from the past Susie?”

“All of this pile of photos has brought up the past. Now what do I do with it. I thought I buried it. And last night, I felt something when I looked up at the stars, I wondered where is my baby girl?”

## Chapter 3

Scarlett has moved in and feeling comfortable in her new apartment, wondering how long she will be here. The whale migration has just started up north. She has been out in the boat that Pete secured for her. There is a removable seat used for rowing if the engine quits. She likes to take it out and sometimes sunbaths laying on the floor of the boat while it is docked just outside her apartment. Today she is out of the bay and headed for Cannery Island and observing the placement of buoys used to mark lobster cages. Over the years Maine Lobster fishermen have consciously made an effort to save the Right Whale. They have reduced the amount of vertical lines in the water by setting more traps around a buoy. They have replaced floating surface rope and rope between traps. They have incorporated weaker links in their rope. They are hauling traps monthly to reduce gear in the water when it's not being fished. And they are experimenting with new gear. Some that might be too expensive for the smaller fishery business man to afford. Up north in the Canadian waters, regulators have not reduced the amount of floating rope in the water. They rely on closures which is more of a reactive approach towards conservation.

Scarlett is busy mapping out her location for a return visit. This isn't the first time she has been doing the “dirty work” of the environmental movement. Conflict has become a way of life for her. And she is tired of it. But knows of nothing else. How do I

change these thoughts. Thinking I am doing right action for nature's sake? And what comes to my mind? "You can never go wrong cuttin' fence," repeated Smith, warming to his task. (Pling!) "Always cut fence. That's the law west of the 100th meridian. East of that don't matter none. Back there it's all lost anyhow. But west, we cut fence." Edward Abby, *The Monkey Wrench Gang*

That's what I know, that's my learned behavior. And whom am I doing this for? Like all of the other things I have done for this group. Always taking a chance of getting caught and being the "fall guy". I don't feel inspired anymore. What's that out there? Coming my way? Ohhhh, yeah a whale! "Get out of here, you are getting to close."

Scarlett starts up the engine and goes directly at the whale, hoping to keep it from these buoys. It surfaces with a big splash and changes direction. It remembers the last encounter with a boat. Scarlett sees a healed gash along side the berth of the whale. It roles like a porpoise, playfully. "Daisy, I am going to name you Daisy. Are you a mamma? You're early, coming down here. Did the migration start?"

Daisy circles the boat once as it is slowly trolling now. Scarlett waves and smiles. Daisy goes under and is gone. Scarlett holds her sights on the ocean surface, but that's all. Daisy is gone now. She turns up the engine speed and motors back to Southeast Harbor. It's getting later in the afternoon. But there is still some warm sun off shore. She slows down, stops, anchors and with the removable seat out of her way she decides to get in some sunbathing. She takes off her pants, jacket, and blouse. She is just in her bikini. She lays out a yoga mat and slowly lays down. There's a life preserver that she adjust as a pillow. Slowly Scarlett descends into a deep sleep. Or is

it? Her thoughts come up. Thoughts that have been haunting her for awhile now. What is it that drives me to do this environmental activism. And the part that I do, could be defined as criminal. I try as I may to claim it as my purpose in life. But that isn't working anymore. I want to blame my parents, but that's not it either. I was never told what I should do with my life. Fight for the cause. No, I do not think they ever thought that I would become like them. Purpose...hummm, helping Mother Earth? Really? Shoot if I wanted to do that I would be planting trees and gardens and cleaning up garbage along ocean fronts or hiking trails. Anything but cutting lobster traps. Especially since I sense something smells fishy about this whole thing. It reminds me of my time in the rockies. How the feds started to regulate what goes on in mountain states with gun laws and access and anything that environmental groups wanted to throw a law suite at to dictate to the locales. And what's going on here? A law suite to save the Right Whale and destroy an industry just like logging. So this country can become importers which is way less sustainable than being conservations for the land one manages. Like the ranchers, the hunters, the fishermen. I wonder how much money changes hand in some of these deals. As they say the rich get richer. Maybe the real battle that needs to take place is with the globalist elite and war mongers. That's what my folks were fighting for. They loved this country but believed that the elitist wealth was a contrived scam and scheme to literally steal from a class of workers, just to enhance their pockets with the more and more money. Capitalism gone wild. Capitalism gone wild that's where I should go next. Protest on Wall Street. We take down wall street and we get our government back. Ugh, listen to me! I came here to connect with my mother. Maybe that's what I should do, just burst through the doors of the diner and shout, "here I am Mom. I forgive you. Say you love me!"

The air is cool now. There's long shadows and it is getting dark quickly. Scarlett puts on her clothes, slowly starts the engine and eases into her dock. Ties everything down, and goes up to her apartment.

Oh, I think I'll take a nice warm shower, wash these thoughts from my being. At least I met a new friend today. I hope Daisy shows up tomorrow. We can have fun together. What a site to behold. Maybe I can find a bar and grill. Ha, I'll order a famous Lobster Roll!

Scarlett drives south from her apartment along the coast and sees a sign for Peter Trout's Tavern. She turns and parks. Not much action by way of parked vehicles. A couple of old pick up trucks, one with some lobster traps.

Okay, let's check this out.

She walks through the door and sees a few patrons at the bar, they turn their heads along with the bar tender and then get back to their conversation. There's couple at a table having dinner. And back in the corner is a guy who looks like he is meditating, with a tallish glass of beer in front of him. The lights are dim, so she likes that. She has a seat at the bar near the guys that look like they have been there awhile. Probably after a day of fishing.

“What can I get you young lady.”

“Hummm, how about a whiskey sour. And can I get something to eat?”

“Sure here's the menu.”

One of the guys looks at her, “hey sis, the lobster roll is fresh caught today. And Pete here has a great sauce. Get you bun toasted, it's the best.”

His buddy chips in, “he wasn’t talking about your bun sweetie, he meant the bread roll,” he laughs at what was supposed to be a joke?

Scarlett retorts, “I’ll bet your sweet wife can catch more fish than you.”

They look at each other and have another laugh.

“Behave boys, don’t scare away my best customer today!”

Pete disappears into the kitchen.

She looks at the fishermen, “I guess that means I am getting a lobster roll? Huh? Is that how he takes his orders around here?”

“Don’t worry missy, you will not regret it. And I’ll tell you what. It’ll be on us and if you don’t like it we’ll make sure Pete gets you a menu.” They both smile.

“Gosh, thanks. No strings attached, right. You are doing this as an act of kindness?”

“We’re both happily married men with daughters. So yeah, we had a nice catch today and are sharing the wealth. Pete paid us top dollar.”

“Wow, thank you so much. Hey, what’s with the guy meditating back there?”

“Oh, Jesse. He lives in Northeast Harbor. Comes here once in awhile for the beer. Sometimes eats. He is an environmental type, cleans up our seashore, from the kindness of his heart I guess.”

“What do you mean?”

“Your new here. We heard about you. Sam told us, you have a boat lease for a month. Come to see the migration, did ya?”

“Yeah, yeah, that’s it. I love whales and these guys up here might become extinct. So I like to travel and see what’s left of this beautiful earth.”

“Listen, be careful out there. There are buoys that mark lobster lines. Stay near them.”

“Hey, I want to find out what that guy is meditating about, do you mind?”

“No, no, go ahead our conversation will bore you unless you like football.”

They all smile. The guys are back to their beers, and looking at the game on the bar screen.

Scarlett meanders over to Jesse’s table. She moves slowly.

Humph, not a bad looking guy. Kind of handsome with his gruff beard and curly locks.

She quietly slides into the booth seat across from him.

Hummm, okay so he is really deep or he is pretending that nobody just moved into his space. Ah, a dark lager with a frothy top.

“If I open my eyes right now and see a beautiful woman across from me, I’ll know you are my twin flame. If you are a man, we can have a good joke, eh?”

Scarlett does not utter a word. Oh man, I’ll bet this guy saw me come in and if he did, this is the best line I have heard in a long time. How does the Taj Mahal song go? “Many fish bite if you got good bait...”

Jesse's eyelids flicker and he slowly opens his eyes to an amused expression on the face of his twin flame! They both hold their eye contact and remain silent. Jesse has a look of surprise and Scarlett's expression remains amused.

“Ahhh, well, gosh would you like a beer? Drink? Tea?”

Scarlett let's out a laugh and holds up her drink, “I'm good. Tea?”

Pete shows up with a beautiful presentation of a Lobster roll, with a toasted sesame bun, butter dripping along the sides of the bun, filed with shredded buttered lobster. There is a special sauce on the side along with some fresh garlic butter sprinkled with parsley. A nice salad, baked potato with chives and sour cream. Slivers of steamed sweet carrots and homemade coleslaw with some golden raisins, walnuts, poppy seeds tossed with an orange flavored mayonnaise. They both look at Pete who looks at Jesse, “you gonna' order some food tonight lover boy?”

“Uh, yeah,” he nods his head at Scarlett's plate, “the same.”

Pete smiles, “I figured you would cookie, so I made another one. I'll go get it.”

“Cookie?”

Jesse looks a little sheepish, “I am a seasonal cook at a cafe in Northeast Harbor. I come here once in awhile, Pete has a great selection of beer and I am a fan of this dark oat lager from England. He also has a Neptune Latte dark from a small Montana Brewery. That's what I was going to order for you.”

“Okay, lover boy? I'll take one. I figured you where channeling me to sit at your table. And this meditation act and your line was the

most outrageously creative way to attract a woman to want to get to know you. True?”

“No, nope, I was really meditating on tasting this nice cold beer before digesting it.”

“You digest your beer or drink it?”

“Both, but I meant to say I wanted to relish the moment. It’s a sort of ritual, like making a good cup of coffee in the morning. I like ritual.”

“And the twin flame part?”

“What are you feeling right now, at this moment. Take a moment and tell me what is the energy you feel between us right now. Take your time to digest your thoughts.”

Oh brother, this guy, wait there is something strange going on right now. This is the guy I saw outside mom’s diner. Whoa, okay I have an attraction. And how is it that I meet him now, by chance?

“Do you, are you like a mystic. Wait let me rephrase that. Okay, you meditate and you somehow connect to an energy field. Like an aura field? Can you see someones aura or something like that?”

“No, I do believe that we live in different dimensions. Like this here is the third dimension. It’s earthly plane, all we relate to is this illusion of human contact that has no depth. We connect on the outer. Chit chat, get on with our day of doing, no time spent connecting with the energy.”

Pete shows up with Jesse’s meal. “You two look like you’ve know each other for a long time. I’m feeling a good vibe here. Jesse is a good guy lady...what’s your name?”

“Scarlett, and thank you for this wonderful meal, Pete?”

“Yes, Pete. You both should start eating. It taste best warm.”

Pete winks and turns back to tend bar.

They look at each other and Jesse remarks, “how about we stay silent for awhile and enjoy our meal. Pete will return with your Neptune Latte dark stout.”

And so we eat. This is so, so good after a full day on the ocean. Wow, and now I have two new friends. Daisy, what kind of connection was that. Why do I think she knows that I named her? Why do I feel I will see her again tomorrow. And for as long as I am here and she is here before the migration moves on to warmer waters? And Jesse, he didn't even introduce himself, nor I to him and suddenly I feel like I have known him for a long time. Like in another time and space. Another dimension? Boy is this good, this whole meal is gourmet. Not just some simple lobster sandwich slapped together with greasy fries and a lettuce, tomato, pickle garnish. Yum, this is good.

“Jesse, those guys at the bar, they said you are an environmentalist who picks up garbage washed up on the seashore. Left behind junk when the tide moves out.”

“Yes, so now you know two things about me. Actually four. I cook, I pick up garbage, I meditate and I am sensitive to energy fields.”

“What energy are you feeling now?”

“I don’t know. I feel like I have known you for a longtime. I feel really comfortably with you, and talking to you now, it’s as if we are similar in a way. What do you do? Why are you in Southeast Harbor, this time of year?”

“Let’s just say I am infatuated with the Right Whale migration. I have leased out a boat. Do you want to go out to sea with me tomorrow? I think I have befriended a mother. I named her Daisy. I want to see if she returns, tomorrow.”

“I’d love too. Northeast Harbor is about an hour and a half drive for me. What time will you start tomorrow?”

“You can stay with me tonight. There is a foldout couch in my condo apartment. They furnished it for the seasonal vacation renters. You asked me before what is the energy field I am feeling right now. Well, right now I feel safe with you. Truthfully, I feel an attraction. Not like an infatuation. That’s not it. There’s something stranger than that. There are two reasons I showed up here. And I do believe what brought me here was a coincidence of some sort of universal law. And I am not sure how that works. I have heard about universal law, but I don’t really pay attention to it. I think I am locked in the the third dimension as you say. I live for what I think is normal and for me normal is confusion, regret, sadness and a slew of thought left over from a broken childhood. And I am paining to know my true purpose.”

# Chapter 4

Scarlett has breakfast fixings in the condo refrigerator. She has it stocked with food. Jesse is busy preparing the breakfast and Scarlett is doing the toast and jam, brewing coffee and setting the table.

“How did you end up as a seasonal cook and a wayfarer of sorts?  
Jesse”

“Well, I’m not sure I can identify as a wayfarer, maybe when I went to India. Yeah, I lived the life of a wayfarer while seeking some sort of enlightenment.”

“And so you got enlightened enough to be a short order cook and a garbage collector?”

Jesse chuckles, “the enlightened part has nothing to do with being a cook and environmentalist. The enlightened part has to do with my state of being.”

“Explain please, I could use some enlightenment right now.”

“Well, we live in only two states. Either a suffering state or a non-suffering state. One is sad or happy. Angry or calm. Annoyed or unperturbed. It is up to the individual to contemplate on the emotion that is fueling the state. Sometimes it might be a recurring sadness that is caused by past circumstances. Or one might be worried about something in the future. An event that hasn’t occurred yet.”

“Okay, so let’s say you just described my current position. Now what?”

“I’m sure you have heard of staying in the present moment? Yes?”

“Yes, that seems to be a buzz cliché these days. I hate it. To me every moment is present. It’s whatever we are living in at the moment.”

“So, what state are you in right now? Regret, sorrow, confusion?”

“Coffee and toast are ready. How’s the eggs and potatoes?”

“Ready, and hot.”

“Let’s eat then.”

“Do you mind if we eat out on the balcony. Listen to the ocean and trees. The birds and the early morning fishing boats heading out to sea? I am used to eating in silence. I enjoy the food better.”

“Sure, we’ll eat in silence.” Wow, there is something about this guy that has me unsettled, and calm at the same time. Like I know him as if we’ve been in relationship forever. He is going to let me contemplate on the response to his last question that I just avoided. I wonder what this day is going to be like. Will he continue to grill me about my past? Or what I do? Who I am? Oh, this must be my suffering thoughts of the unknown future of the day as it unfolds. And my past, yeah I suffer constantly about my past and the lost years of family.

And so, they eat in silence. There is the horn of the Cranberry Island Ferry in the distance. Some birds chirping in the surrounding trees. Gentle waves lapping up against the boat hulls on the small slip below. The water isn’t so violent now as the tide is moving out. The smell of the coffee freshly poured into a cup is exhilarating. Taste buds are enjoying every morsel of food. The local, Maine, Cranberry Jam is splendid on the sourdough toast. There is a stillness, as they are finished eating and just enjoying the scene before them between sips of coffee.

“You look just like her, Scarlett. Your hair is just as blonde as hers once was.”

“What are you talking about?”

“I have seen your car twice now. In Northeast Harbor, with you eyeing Susies Diner.”

“Oh, so you’re a private investigator, too?”

“No, just putting some pieces to the puzzle together. I like starting with the easy pieces. You know, the outer edges of the puzzle.”

“I ought to tell you to mind your own business and get the hell out of here. But there is something that I can’t quiet understand about what is going on. You are beginning to feel like a brother that I never had.”

“Maybe I wasn’t to far fetched about the twin flame stuff?”

“Ha, listen, Jesse, I am not ready to see my mom yet.”

“She knows you are here, somewhere. But she is not certain. All she knows is there was something out in front of the diner a few nights ago. It shook her soul. The sheriff found her standing in the middle of the street looking up at the stars. The next day I found her on the floor of her living room, old family photos spread out in front of her. She shared some of her past. Her suffering and pain when she lost you.”

“She shared her past with you?”

“Yes, for the first time since I have known her. Her zealous, righteous past. Her past that she regretted. She shared that with me.” Jesse pulls an old photo out of his pocket. “Here’s you around thirteen years old.”

He places the photo on the table. Scarlett doesn’t bother to look at it.

“Okay, so in answer to your question awhile ago, since we are in the present moment, now I am feeling anxious talking to you. And I am feeling sadness, the fact that I am having a hard time to want to approach my mother. I have come all this way and arranged to be here, to touch her, and have a heart felt connection. And I am scared, how she might react.”

“That seems like a natural reaction, considering the time and space between you. She never had a chance to watch you grow up and

blossom into womanhood. And you must be feeling some of her apprehension? At any rate, you both might be feeling the other. This is true compassion. To feel the other. Heart to heart, telepathically you are connecting.”

Scarlett’s jaw is slack with her brow furrowed as if she is in deep thought.

“I have been to therapist, but this is different. What you are describing. I...how should I put it?”

“Go back to what you are feeling. Always go to feelings or emotion first. Are you suffering? Or not?”

“Suffering, blaming her for my broken life. I have searched for meaning and purpose and I don’t feel I have found it. I seem to end up angry at my circumstance.”

Okay, let’s say we take blame out of the equation. Do you see then how your suffering is about self. Your mind making sure you suffer more. Even if you had your mother by your side, can she make you find your purpose? And if you are angry because of your circumstance not being raised properly, for instance, then you are still blaming. Can you recognize that? Or do you think I am leading you on?”

“No, no, your not leading me on. I think that is why I am not ready to meet mom yet. Because I am still so angry with her. Yeah blaming her for my situation, or state as you call it...suffering. Yeah, I get it. It soothes my anger for now. On the other hand my thoughts resent the fact that you are talking to me this way. I want to say...It’s none of your business.”

“Hummm, it might not be, but how is it that right now I am with you. I am enthralled with the “universal law” or “law of the universe” as some people say. It’s a phenomenal occurrence. Like Susie, she is

grateful for having me on as a seasonal cook all these years, but can't understand why I am still living in Northeast Harbor cooking for her and picking up what the seashore leaves behind."

"You picking up the trash?"

"Some times there are diamonds in the rough. But back to the why am I here part of life. Like take for instance this situation. Maybe I was meant to 'stick around these parts' just for this moment? I don't know. How did you end up here?"

"Let's get to the boat. We'll pack a lunch. There's plenty of stuff for sandwiches 'cookie'. You make lunch and I will get the boat ready to launch. I will introduce you to Daisy."

Theres tentative smiles on both of their faces. They look at each other for awhile. Kind of sizing each other up and the predicament they find themselves in.

Scarlett turns, goes through the kitchen, grabs some keys and swishes out the door.

Jesse methodically collects the dishes from the balcony table. He enters the kitchen puts the dishes in the sink and stands there pondering in thought.

Scarlett, Susie, mother, daughter - space in time. And here I am, so Why? Why me? What role do I play? Do I tell Susie? Okay, slow down, breath let this all play out. Serene mind, yeah, perfect time to meditate for 4 minutes. Check in with myself.

So that's what Jesse does. First he takes the food out of the refrigerator. He places the food stuff on the counter. Then goes and sits cross legged on the floor with his back against the couch. Takes a couple of deep breaths and starts...Three deep breathes filling up the diaphragm area and the lungs, with three longer slow exhalations. He pauses awhile

then checks his emotions. He senses some anxiety based on his previous thoughts. Then he has gratitude and love for the entire situation. Gratitude that Scarlett has the courage to want to connect with her mom and compassion for Susie who has the scares of a failed motherhood with her daughter. He checks in with his past what is it from his past that has put him in this current position. What comes to him is the prayer of St. Francis that his grandmother had on a holy card taped to her refrigerator. It is still there. He never got rid of it, and he reads it periodically. He recognizes that time and space has him presently as a neurotransmitter between daughter and mother. He stills his mind with that thought, slowly opens his eyes and Scarlett is looking down at him.

“I’ll bet these are going to be the best hoagie sandwiches I ever had! Were you deciding a a secret sauce??”

Jesse raises and arm and Scarlett helps him up. There is an eclectic energy passing between them.

“Yes, of course, a special sauce.”

“I don’t know you that well Jesse, but your lifestyle is like that of a bohemian. And I’d have to say mine is similar.”

## Chapter 5

The boat is packed. There is a lunch basket, a rather good sized duffle partially tucked under the front hull. Some rather expensive looking camera gear. A spare gas can. And a cooler with drinks.

The sun is brilliant, and warming up the late morning air. Temperatures are supposed to be unseasonably warm, high fifties low sixties. No wind or breeze, the last of the seashore tide moving

farther from the mainland. Jesse is observing all of this and watches with admiration as Scarlett pulls up anchor and unties the skiff, this one having a small partial cabin enclosure with standing room for the captain. It's a very nice lobster boat to say the least.

“Scarlett, what's with the photography gear? Are you a natural life photographer? Is that your skill set?”

Scarlett looks over her shoulder as she has the boat pointing seaward and the motor on a slow troll, pulling out of the harbor. She contemplates awhile, do I lie and say yes or is this when I tell him that I am an eco terrorist trying to save the Right Whale from extinction. At least that's where this well funded organization has me on assignment this time. “I do photography, mostly put my images on the internet and hope someone wants one for their magazine article, or book cover or whatever else might make me a little money.”

“So that's the similarity of us Bohemians? Me a wayfarer and you a photographer? And our wealth is driven by a passion and desire that has some meaning and purpose?”

“Hummm, that's an interesting way of looking at it. What is my purpose? Will my photos be used to save the whales? As an ecological argument against lobster fishing? Or used to show fishing lines dangling in the ocean? You ever pick up tangled lines on the seashore?”

“Yes, sometimes and small broken buoys. But much more than that.”

“Broken hearts?”

They look at each other. Not a word needs to be said at this moment. Just feeling the emotions of that statement has a profound impact right now. Jesse checks his emotions and somehow feels tied to Scarlett. But in which way? Where am I feeling this, oh I am stuck between my gut and heart. Okay, think. There is a chakra there, yes, the Surya Chakra. It has something to do with health. The pancreas, I think. Seems like the location. What else, health...ummm, longevity and awaken to a sense of purpose?

Scarlett's eyes blink and a small single tear releases from the right tear duct. Now she focuses on Jesse's third eye, right between his eyebrows, she wants to stop her eyes from darting to and fro. It's a trick she learned during her eco terrorist training in case she has to deal with authorities. Why am I letting this guy into my persona. Can he see the lie I live? The ideal conscious nature lover, that I am not. It's not my passion. I do it out of convince. Getting paid for something that is still a scare formed from the behavior of my parents.

“Jesse, you are, you just shot an arrow through my heart. Please don't get overly excited. But I sense your true nature of friendship even towards a stranger. You have known my mother for awhile, it seems like, and I sense your heightened concern for her well being. Especially since you have just been exposed to our family secrets. I appreciate your effort on my mother's behalf. I have inner conflict right now that I want to deal with. Hey, keep your eyes peeled for whales. I am going to go out to a specific buoy that I have marked as part of my navigation. But if you see any whales surfacing along the way let me know.” And with that comment the captain turns her attention towards the vast ocean and increases the throttle.

Silence, that's what she is asking for. I best pay attention to this request by Scarlett. She senses her inner conflict. I wonder how she knows to go there?

The breeze from the propulsion of the boat is blowing through Jesse's hair as he sits near the stern, not really paying attention to whale sightings. Rather he is contemplative of the vast ocean before them. The vast ocean of emotion. Like the waves rising and falling as they dissipate and finally lap up to a sandy beach front. Or crash against the rocky shore. They roll into the land mass in anger or in calm bliss. He looks over at Scarlett, with determination on the body language of her face. The lines very similar to what he witnessed on Susie's face a few nights ago.

I always am intrigued by another's life. Especially a stranger. What does it take to really get to know someone? Even during my past, did I ever really get to know or take the time to understand the inner workings of another? Or is it even necessary to engage. And if I don't. If I am just content to be left alone and leave others alone then what kind of life do I have. There is connection missing. Oh, I can pretend that we are "all one". Yeah, in a sense, we are just light in the end. And that is wonderful. But it is not something to live for. The end, even if it does return us to light beings. Might as well end life now, if that's all I want to live for. No, I live to understand a stranger as if we are here for each other. Even if it is just for a short time. To honestly share, even the scares.

The boat is slowing down, there is a large buoy ahead and Scarlett circles the skiff until they are situated right next to the buoy. Jesse looks around, awoken from his contemplation. He notices several buoys in the not too far distance. Scarlett sets anchor.

Scarlett turns to Jesse, “this is the last place I have seen Daisy. Twice now. You see that buoy across from us?”

“Yes.”

“Okay, typically there is a sinking ground line attached to float lines. The ground line sits near bottom and has traps attached to it. About 3 to fifteen traps attached to the trawl line. These days lines are made weaker to break incase a whale swims through it. This way the whale does not get entangled and starts dragging traps that can weigh forty to sixty pounds each.”

“Why are you telling me this, Scarlett?”

“I thought you might want to know. Or have you some lobster fishermen that you know and cook for? Or do you just serve breakfast to them and keep to yourself?”

Shit, she senses who I am. The loner type? Is that what she is suggesting? “Ugh, okay, you got me pegged?”

“What do you mean? Are you saying that I have a perception of who you are? Already, stranger? Huh?”

Jesse smiles, “Yeah, yeah, so some history, I went to the College of the Atlantic in Bar Harbor. I lived with my Grandmother in Northeast Harbor while going to school focused on human ecology, environmental sciences and sustainable food systems. My grandmother loved to garden. I inherited the house from her when she died. I keep up the garden and when your mom purchased the diner, I approached her to be a market (garden) to table cook. And yes, that includes fish dishes from the locale fishermen. The human

ecology I put into practice by picking up what the seashore leaves behind. Ha, ha, but I do know some of the locales on a surface level. I have never had the courage to get to close to anybody. A best friend relationship so to speak. Funny, I went off to India after graduating, did not know the language or culture. I was a “Stranger in a Strange Land”, you know that song? It was famous when your mother was younger. Anyway, what I found there was self introspection. I just observed, found some people who spoke English, went to some ashrams and yoga centers and learned some things about who I am. I had a bit of a cultural shock coming back to America and decided the best place for me was living in a rural area. Enough said for now, my friend.”

“Oh, friend? Yeah, thanks for that short bio. Yeah, that song, my mommy used to sing it to me. I think the only verse she knew was, “Leaders take us far away from ecology, With mythology and astrology, Has got some words to say, About the way we live today, Why can’t we learn to love each other, It’s time to turn a new face, To the whole world wide human race.” And she would end it, “Won’t you stop and listen, To the children sing, Won’t you come on and sing it children, He’s a stranger in a strange land, Just a stranger in a strange land.”

“And that tells me a little about your mommy. What about you?”

“I am an ecological terrorist. If you open that duffle, you will find a set of wire cutters and clippers. The assignment I have been given is to clip some rope let them flap around maybe a whale will get entangled and give creditability to the law suite and site new regulations against the fishing industry. And hope I don’t get caught doing the dirty work. You ever read Edward Abby? That was my home schooling education growing up. That is what I know.”

“You sound bitter right now. Angry at your upbringing. Blaming external circumstances that lead to consequences that might not be healthy situations for your well being.”

“Ooooh, so is that what your guru told you? Or are you a therapist, need I ask again?”

“Scarlett, settle down. Yes I have a guru I follow. Two actually, a husband and wife. They sometimes do events in the USA. I go to them and gain wisdom about my self. So what I just shared with you, is about me too. What I see in you is also what I see in me. It might not sound like it, but in some ways, we are mirrors of each other.”

“In what way do we mirror each other?”

“Well, I can sense when I get self righteous about picking up trash, or the market to table concept. Sustainable living. Instead of just managing what I know. I want to change the world instead of letting the flow happen.”

“What about the flow, I have been in some rough seas. Tossed around, and spit out. And I don’t understand why I do what I do. I feel like I am being used for a cause that is always in conflict. So I have been doing some research about the Right Whale migration and especially the lobster industry here. And it seems as if these people are conservationist. They are doing the best they can. They are trying to save what they have been born into and the whale at the same time.”

“What they were born into. Right there, that is their external circumstance, and how they are making it better than what their ancestors did, is the consequence of not blaming, just improving.”

“Yeah, the effort to improve the situation. Discovering a way to live in harmony with the whale. That’s the whole point of conservation, isn’t it? Not conflict, like let’s have all electric vehicles and solar and wind. No coal, no gas, totally destroy one way of living to have another instead of harmonizing.”

“The flow of life. Like the calm current of a river, not the waterfall!”

“You speak parables my friend.”

There’s a motor in the distance. Another lobster boat? It comes to a halt alongside one of the buoys. Scarlett reaches for the duffle and pulls out a sighting scope. Jesse sees the cutting sheers, but keeps any comment to himself. Scarlett raise the scope and looks across the way.

“They are not fishermen. Jesse, I think I have a back up sent out here by Pete.”

“Who’s Pete?”

“Ummmm, oh, he is in charge of this operation and I think he senses something. The last several times I have talked with him, let’s just say, I think he knows I am done with this whole sham. I would not be a bit surprised if he somehow found out that my mom lives here in seclusion of her past. I think he knows that I have been searching for her.”

“And, so?”

“He doesn’t trust that I will get the job done.”

“And...”

Scarlett looks at Jesse, then back through the scope at the other boat. The boat, starts up and circles towards them. Scarlett puts down the scope.

“They saw me scoping them. Which means they saw you too. That is a no, no. I am supposed to be solo.”

The boat gets close but not real close. Just close enough that the two cohorts are letting Scarlett know that they are watching her.

## Chapter 6

Out in the close distant there is a thunderous splash. Startled they turn and look back at the other buoy. It doesn't take long before Daisy surfaces again with a more gentle flop.

“Daisy! Yea! I'm so glad to see you again.”

“How do you know it's her?”

“The scare along her right side. When she rolled over.”

“And the sex?”

“There is a slit where the genitals are located. A male's is closer to the belly and female's is closer to the tail.”

“So this is Daisy? What does the name mean to you?”

“Childbirth and childhood memories.”

“Scarlett, did you know that whales also represent family or a clan in some indigenous cultures.”

She looks at him, “no I didn’t, ironic that you would say that, considering the circumstance. Thanks.”

She takes several photos and Daisy is a showboat. Modeling for the camera. There is another Right Whale seen in the distance. It appears that the migration is starting to come through the Gulf of Maine. They are both sharing the excitement as Daisy gets closer to the boat. They lose sight of her for a short time then they feel the boat start to rock and Daisy’s head surfaces about thirty yards away from the starboard side of their boat. About a hundred yards from the Portside the other boat has slowed down. Jesse looks in their direction and sees that the two are standing and appear to be watching them and pointing to a buoy just beyond them. Daisy dives under, and the other boat is gone when Jesse looks again.

“Wow, Jesse, that was awesome. These moments are the best part of my job.”

He is pulling out the cooler where the lunch is packed, “and what exactly is your job? It’s not as an Eco Terrorist, is it?”

“Lunch time?”

Jesse looks up, “you’re not going to give me an answer, are you?”

“I have a hard time lately thinking of myself as some mythical, righteous eco terrorist. I am beginning to see how I have been indoctrinated into a movement that claims to be saving the world, but hasn’t taken the time to understand real conservation. What I have been noticing here is the ecology group suing on behalf of the whales and the true conservationist working in conjunction with the fishing industry to make things better. At least here the new regulations are aimed at compromise. Not like up around Nova Scotia where they just do closures.”

“So you are having second thoughts about your job description?”

Scarlett takes a bite out of her sandwich, licks her lips. Cocks her head and answers, “this is sooo good, you truly are a chef not a cook!”

Jesse has a warm smile and a friendly look of such calm energy flowing towards Scarlett, that something she senses a different kind of synergy that she has never felt before. She takes another bite of sandwich.

“Ummm, Jesse this sandwich is somewhat seductive. I mean, you know, ugh, gosh I love good cooks!”

He starts laughing, “okay, I am the kind of guy who lives by the motto say what you mean and mean what you say.”

“Love doesn’t have to be physical. At least not right away. Let’s get back to job description. I would rather describe myself as a disruptor.”

“Nicely put, my endocrine disruptor changed my heart rate when you said my sandwich was seductive and you love good cooks.”

Scarlett lets out a yelp, “stop it, you know what I meant. A person that disrupts a system or process from happening smoothly. An anarchist, a radical troublemaker. But that’s not me deep down. It’s an identity I chose because I am...what am I? Choose is key, all the way while I was traveling here, knowing my mother ended up here... I realized I am done doing what I do. A paid disruptor!”

“Thank you for sharing that with me. I had a sense that you have some depth beyond exterior persona. And you are so trusting that I will not tell your. Trusting that I will honor your request. It’s not

easy for me to partake in your desire. But I hear you when you say you're not ready yet. Your emotions must be in high gear?"

"Yes, Daisy has set the tone. Her coming so close to the boat awhile ago, that was the nudge that it's time."

As the boat pulls into the dock, late afternoon, early evening, there is a synergy of calm between Jesse and Scarlett. They tie down the boat and off load it in silent union. They end up in Scarlett's apartment and set everything down. There is some hesitation as there usually might be when two people have some emotions of love tugging on their hearts.

"My friend, Jesse, I am so grateful that you came with me today. To share the beauty of the ocean and the sight of the great Right Whales on the move. I'm not sure if I will ever see Daisy again, and I am not sure about seeing my mom yet. Please keep that between us for now. And as for you, well, I'm not sure what to say."

"My friend was good enough, but that's not what I am really feeling."

"Oh, and what is it that you are feeling?"

They are looking into each other's eyes, "compassion?, empathy?, love? But there is something else and I cannot pin it down. A simple twist of fate? But is fate a feeling or a destiny?"

"Okay, you're thinking. Now what are you feeling? I think you have asked me a few times already, my turn."

“Whew, well I have some tightness right about here.” He points between his chest and throat. And I know what I want to do and I don’t know if I need to ask or react?”

“React? That’s a funny thing to say just to do this...” And Scarlett shakes her hair back and places her lips on Jesse’s. A kiss. And just as abruptly takes them off, and backs up. “Please don’t take that any other way than friendship for now. And as an agreement that your lips are sealed when you see my mom again,”

“Okay, Scarlett. My mysterious twin flame.”

“I’ve heard that line before, let’s see...oh yeah last night. Hummm, well you never know do you?”

“Play da’ blues, Betcha’ goin’ fishin’ all o’ da’ time, Baby goin’ fishin’ too, Bet yo’ life, Yo sweet wife - She gonna Catch mo’ fish than you.” Taj Mahal/ singer/songwriter

“Stop it, that’s not the way I operate. Don’t need no pole, Don’t need no line, Just a trap, and just some lovin’ when I open the door. That’s my line and I ain’t ready yet. But thank you Jesse for these moments spent. I need some space now to sort things out. I think you can appreciate my request.”

“Yeah, beautiful. I relish this day and this moment in time. May you be blessed.”

And with that all said and done, Jesse is out the door and Scarlett is left to ponder.

What is it about this guy that has my knees quivering? There is an attraction, but I am left wondering about our connection and him being between my mom and me. I sure hope he heard my apprehension to see mom. What am I scared of? Rejection in the way of what...what I have become? Or maybe our connection will be too painful for her. For me too? I want it so bad and then I fear what it might be like.

Give me love, give me love

Give me peace on earth

Give me light, give me life

Keep me free from birth

Give me hope, help me cope

With this heavy load

Trying to touch and reach you with

Heart and soul George Harrison/Beatles

Jesse drives over to Pete's bar and grill, where it all started. His fascination with Scarlett and his dilemma concerning Susie. Pete raises a frosted mug and Jesse nods yes, "and a roll too, please." He goes to his corner booth. Closes his eyes and waits in silence for his beer. He hear's Pete shuffle over and quietly places the Oat Stout in front of him. Jesse cracks his eyes open just enough to admire the light brown frothy foam and goes back into meditation. Not to quiet his mind but to access the situation. That other boat was a concern for Scarlett. I wonder if she is contemplating on not following through with her assignment. It sure seems like she knows that they sense she has a change of heart. What was that quote she mumbled

to me, “I thought of the wilderness we had left behind us, open to sea and sky, joyous in its plentitude and simplicity, perfect yet vulnerable, unaware of what is coming, defended by nothing, guarded by no one.” Edward Abby / Beyond The Wall

Me, here to clean up the mess I find along the seashore. And vulnerable to the thoughts and judgements? Me considered a ecologist? Or maybe the locales appreciate what I do. Sure they do, but either way what does it matter, if I am stuck with my own ego state whatever that might be. Ha, ha, can a yogi drink beer once in awhile? He opens his eyes and relishes his first sip, slurping the foam from the top of the mug.

Sam happens to be sitting at the bar, and looks over at Jesse. Jesse senses his movement and looks at Sam. “Hey, Jesse, Pete here tells me that you shacked up with that girl that was here last night.”

“Not exactly what you might think, I sleep by myself on the couch!”

Pete and Sam have a laugh. “Boy, you need a refresher course?”

“No, but I do respect a woman’s trust that all men aren’t created equal.”

“Touché,” Sam continues, “hey, another party leased the boat that she is using from me. Some of the guys have seen her anchored at a lobster buoy. And some have seen small orange paint on their buoys. They are suspecting something fishy going on.”

“She told me that she is a nature photographer. We were at that buoy since she has befriended a whale she calls Daisy. Daisy put on a show for us and she took a bunch of photos, too. That’s all I know.”

“There’s been another boat that has been seen and seems to be circling some of the poly balls and bullet buoys. You two see anything while you were anchored?”

“Yes, in fact we did see a boat with two people circling then they came towards us but not too close.”

“Okay, any description of the boat that you remember?”

“Not really, I was mostly watching her take photos and her presence.”

With a chuckle, “you mean her body?”

“Sam, I did not get a good description, but she seemed concerned. Maybe she’s concerned about scaring the whale.”

“Yeah, maybe. Hey she shouldn’t be anchored by the buoy. You might tell her that.”

“Okay, if I see her again.”

“Thanks, I hope for your sake you do see her again.”

Pete, “here’s your roll Jesse. Eat it while it’s hot!”



**brightondenevan**

🎵 The Beatles · Hey Jude



## Chapter 7

A few days later it's early. Early dawn lights the sky. The sun has not risen over the eastern ridge of this protected bay. Jesse is on the prowl as he walks the edge of the beach with the last of the tide rolling out to sea. He has his large canvas shoulder bag on. In one hand he has a ski pole with a pick duct taped at the end of it. He slowly walks, a meditative walk as he looks for candy wrappers and other trash to poke and collect and drop into his bag. Plastics are a huge part of the ocean garbage.

Scarlett slowly drives her car around the bend and catches a glimpse of someone walking the beach. She pulls up and parks behind a bush. Hidden from site. She gets out and grabs her spotting scope. Then she positions herself discretely and watches as Jesse slowly walks with his back to her, picking up a few pieces of trash, and continuing westward along the sea shore.

Hummm, so this is part of his daily routine. A Sadhana of sorts, is what he calls it. Part of his service to community and nature, the mother earth. Gosh, I think I have found an ecologist I can connect with in a more real and conventional way. I wonder if mom chose this part of the country knowing about the potential extinction of the Right Whale? And I wonder if she is connected in anyway with the groups filing law suites to save the Right Whale? Or is she finally

done with it all and just settled here because controversy was part of her karma? Can someone balance their karma? Mom living in an area that is seeped in some kind of controversy an antidote?

Antidotum might be the word. And what about me? About us? How will this all turn out? I am ready to balance my karma. And how can I serve this earth and society without my inner conflict. How do I still my inner being? Seems like Jesse has that part of him figured out.

She observes Jesse as he moves off of the beach and into the rocky shore. She puts down the scope and slowly goes to her car. It's still early in the morning. The town hasn't opened up yet. She drives towards town, and approaches Susie's Diner. It's closed. Scarlett gets out and goes to the front door and places an envelop in-between the storm door and solid door. She slides the edge into the weather striping and has it rest on the door knob. She gently closes the storm door and leaves.

Susie is up, she has pinned the photo of Scarlett when she was thirteen, right onto the door trim of her front door. She takes her fingers, presses them to her lips then places them on the photo momentarily before heading out. She turns the corner of the block as the sun rises over the bay ridge. It's a short walk to the diner. She opens the storm door and sees the envelop tucked into the weather stripping. She takes it and unlocks the door, enters the diner and places the keys on the counter. There are no markings on the outside of the envelop, she slowly rips open the envelop and takes out a note.

How many days has it been since you went to the waters?

How long has it been since you looked into the eyes of what you fear?

Tell me my dear, do you know the sacred waters?

They flow from deep within the ground.

Tell me my dear, what life is for if not to go within.

And find what's real, find what's yours. The Waters by Ajeet

I will see you soon. Always Love, Scarlett

Susie is shaken. She reads it again and runs a finger over the last line, I will see you soon. Always Love, Scarlett.

I knew it, I felt it like only a mother could. I will see you soon, isn't soon enough. I wonder where she could be, Bar Harbor? Southeast Harbor?

Susie is on auto pilot now, getting the grill hot, starting coffee, setting out a donut tray, starting the bacon, and hash browns on the grill. Taking the green chili out of the refrigerator and placing it on a burner to heat up. Grabbing a couple of dozen eggs.

And thinking, what will it be like? Such a huge slice of life missing from our relationship. She ended the note with always love. So sweet has she forgiven me? Us? I am so nervous of what it might be like to see her, all grown up. What will she look like? What will we say to each other. Maybe I should have Jesse cook this morning, what if she

shows up here? She doesn't know where I live, but she found me here. Maybe she is waiting at the house, on the porch, I should go over there.

The little bell on the door chimes. Sheriff Adam and deputy Gerald enter.

“Mind if we get some donuts and coffee Susie? We have an early start today, doing some investigating.”

“You mean sitting in your car and watching someone while dunkin’ donuts?”

“Something like that,” Adam says with a smile.

“On the lookout for some possible terrorist, ugh” grunts Gerald, “what was that for?” As he takes an elbow in the stomach.

“We’re under cover today.”

Susie gives them a quizzical look, “terrorist in this part of the country? You’re kidding right?”

“Ahem, we have to get going. I wouldn’t be concerned Susie. Can we get a couple of coffees to go and sweet potato chocolate glazed donuts?”

“Sure Adam, on the house. Let me know if you find a terrorist.”

They look at each other and give Susie a wink. They are out the door and Susie is looking at the sheriff cruiser as they pull away. Terrorist? I thought my past was erased. I sure hope this has nothing to do with Scarlett.

Jesse enters the diner, and looks off to his right at Susie just as she is pulling away from the window.

“I smell something getting close to burning, Susie.”

“Shit, sorry Jesse.” She hurriedly gets to the kitchen and screams, “no harm,” as she flips the bacon moves some of the bacon grease to the lower part of the grill and sprinkles some potato shreds for the hash browns that she grated last night from the partially boiled potatoes.

Jesse follows her into the kitchen. “Adam and Jerald get their morning coffee and donuts?”

“Yeah, over there, on the pass through window ledge, read that note.”

Jesse reads it silently. Looks over at Susie prepping the breakfast. She appears to be brooding, then she remarks, “I knew in my heart that she was out there that night when Adam found me staring at the night sky.”

“Are you able to handle the shift? Or would you like me to...”

“I thought about that, like what if she shows up here, at the diner. But the fact that she found me in this town, I would think she also knows where I live. And I pictured her waiting for me on my porch. I am nervous as much as I am excited. I think I need to handle this shift. I don’t think she will show up today. She said soon, I just wonder where she is hiding.”

“And what makes you think she’s hiding?”

“Maybe, because I spent so many years hiding.”

Jesse pours himself a coffee, “if you got everything under control I’m going to my booth.”

“You mind heating some tortillas for the huevos rancheros?”

“Sure,” as he walks to the walk-in refrigerator he puts his hands over Susie’s shoulders and starts massaging her neck and shoulders.

Susie stops what’s she’s doing and relaxes into his grip. Relishing the contact. And easing her mind.

“Susie, looks like there’s enough time to do a short meditation are you good with that? Get some focus slow down the mind?”

“I don’t meditate much Jesse, but yeah this sounds good. Just what I need.”

She turns down the grill, Jesse puts the tortillas on a clay platter and slides it into the oven. Then he arranges the two chairs in the kitchen so they can face each other. They sit and look at each other.

This guy is whom I would want my daughter to marry, if she’s not married yet. I sure hope she meets him and they click. Jesse is one special guy.

“Okay, Susie get adjusted in your chair. Relax, take a couple of slow normal breaths. Focus on your breath and close your eyes.” There’s a pause for several seconds. In a soft, strong voice Jesse starts, “we will place our hands face up on our thighs or knees, curl your index finger and touch your thumb on each hand. We will use our thumb to count each function as I lead us through this Soul Sync Meditation. Here we go, take eight conscious, slow breaths. Let your exhale be twice as long as your inhale. Count on your fingers.” There’s a pause as they breathe, slowly. Jesse gets to eight and says, “now we will take eight conscious breaths and on the exhale we will hum like a bee. We’ll do this eight times.” And that’s what they do. The hum vibrates throughout the kitchen. Susie feels a calm starting to settle in. “Now we will take eight breaths and just recognize the slight pause between each breath.” Jesse takes his time and lets the eight count linger a bit. Then he says, “now we will take eight breaths and silently on the exhale say to ourselves ah- hum which means I AM. I AM unlimited consciousness.” As Susie repeats the first two she follows the ah-hum with I am unlimited consciousness. And she recognizes something different happening. I do not have to limit myself. I don’t have to picture an outcome before it actually happens. All I have to do is feel my daughter. Compassion, is

that true compassion? Feel her suffering, feel her joy, or whatever emotion is being felt. And how do I make that connection? By having an unlimited consciousness. Why would I ever want to choreograph our reunion? “Now we will just touch our index finger to thumb. And while you are taking eight conscious breaths imagine your body and all forms expanding into light.” Susie is focused on breath again and after the second deep, slow breath, she melts into the formless light that Jesse has just described. No thought, she feels herself dissolving into light. Jesse lets time and space linger for awhile as he too is captured into this formless, white light state of pure consciousness. Then he adds, “now in this expanded state of space, hold an intention for self or another. Experience your intention as if it has already come to fruition.”

“Slowly, take a breath and on you exhale put a smile on your face. On the next breath, slowly open your eyes.”

The morning sunlight has brightened up the diner and filtered into the kitchen. They are looking at each other. “Thank you Jesse, I’ve got breakfast covered. Enjoy your coffee. You want the usual?”

Jesse nods with a smile and goes out to his booth.

## Chapter 8

Scarlett is heading south out of Somerville along Echo Lake the western side of Acadia National Park, towards Southeast Harbor.

I guess I could have stayed back and met mom at the diner. What was I scared of? How she might accept me? And I am having a thing...funny

how I want to describe my attraction towards Jesse as a “thing”. So what is that fear? That I might end up living here? And what’s wrong with that? I don’t have anyplace else to go. But what if I get caught doing eco terrorism? Then what, it might ruin moms reputation. She has had a rough life and now, finally finding peace in her life. A place where nobody knows her past. Yeah, best to stay quiet see how it all goes. Maybe, I want to think about this assignment. Call Pete, have his back up do the job. I don’t need the money that bad. And my research shows me that the fishermen are applying methods that consider Daisy and her clan.

She pulls into her parking space at the apartment complex. Once in the kitchen she slowly puts a lunch together. Brews a pot of coffee and fills a thermos with water and another with coffee. She grabs the duffle bag out of the front closet and heads down the stairs to the dock. Boards the boat, unties the mooring lines and gently pushes the boat away from the dock, starts the motor and slowly heads out to sea.

Ahhh, the peacefulness of the ocean right now. A real meditation. I feel settled. All I want to do is get one more glimpse of Daisy. Enjoy this beautiful day that is unfolding now.

As Scarlett’s boat heads out towards Great Cranberry Island Sheriff Adam and Deputy Jerald are scoping Scarlett. They were watching boats from Manset harbor. Her boat was the first non fishing boat passing the harbor and heading out to sea. They decide to take Seawall Road towards Bass harbor. They stop along the way wherever they can keep an eye on the boat. At one of the pull offs, near Seawall Point they locate Scarletts rig and it appears to be slowing down near a buoy. They pull out the scope and watch as she anchors. They see some

activity, then notice her pulling out a spotting scope. Just then they get a call from Sam. The guy who rents Sea Worthy Boats.

“Sam? That you Sam,” replies deputy Jerald.

“Yeah, sheriff?”

“No Jerald here.”

“You with Adam?”

“Yeah, he can here you.”

“There is an outside party that has paid for two boat rentals. I find that somewhat unusual. The first one was to a gal, a nature photographer. I have been told that by Jesse. The other boat was rented by the same party for two guys. Nobody has seen them around town. The gal has frequented Pete’s Bar and Grill and even talked to some of the guys there. So she has been recognized.

Today, I went down to the dock early. And I saw these guys loading their boat. No fishing gear or lobster traps. I checked to see if any permits have been issued recently, since the tourist have left. Nada, none. I watched them pack a duffle and what looked like some long handled shears. The kind you’d use to trim tree branches. I find that odd. They just pulled out to sea. Thought you’d like to know. I found an orange colored paint spray can in the garbage. Guys have seen some of their buoys marked with orange dots.”

The sheriff looks at the deputy. “Let’s go back towards Southeast see if we can spot them.”

Scarlett doesn’t see any activity and puts down the spotting scope. She lifts the removable seat and rest it against the Portside of the interior of the boat. She pulls a thick mat that was rolled up under the bow and unrolls it on he floor of the boat. In the duffle bag she had packed a

bible. Takes off her skirt and adjust the mat so that she could be propped up against the stern to read and get some sun on her legs. The day is again warmer than usual and the air is calm. The boat has a gentle rock in motion. She opens the Bible to the book of Jonah. She begins to read a few verses and then rest it on her lap and falls into contemplation.

I will not go through with this assignment. I am done with terrorism, to even think I am doing it for the good of nature, or the whale or mankind seems so self righteous. It seems like Pete has given me a choice by sending a back up team. He knew it, he felt my lack of enthusiasm. The only reason I am here is because of my biological mom. I want to forgive her. It's time, I really feel true forgiveness. I do not want her to feel resentment. Maybe Daisy is showing me what forgiveness really is. Maybe the effort that the fishermen in these parts are making towards creating a safer migration route is felt by the whales. Maybe they feel that man is asking for forgiveness.

Scarlett readjust the mat so she can lay flat. She is ready for some lunch and a nap.

Phil and Joe have been watching the migration route for days. It has started in earnest. They are equipped with a Garmin Marine deep water sonar. They know the route and have marked what buoys they want to cut line from. They don't want to cut too much line just enough and hope to snag one unlucky whale. They have worked their way back towards Southeast Harbor and slow down as they approach the buoy across from Scarlett's boat.

“I don't see her on board.”

“Ease up on the engine try not to create too much wake. She might be napping.”

“Maybe her lover boy is...”

“Maybe, but that’d be good for us. Okay, here we are, start cutting.”

It doesn’t take long and they are on their way to the next buoy. When they finish their job, they head for Canary Island. The plan is to ditch the boat and Pete has a rental car waiting for them. They’ll ferry back inland and be out of the area before dark.

Deputy Jerald looks over at Adam, “hey, we’re not having any luck. You suppose we call up Hank and get a coast guard out here?”

“They’d be coming from Bar Harbor, I’d hate to have them on a wild goose chase. The boat has to come back to dock. Let’s wait over at Sam’s dock. Maybe we can ask some questions or see something suspicious.”

“You ever finish your donut?”

“Get out of town, I’ve been savin’ it, you know that. Here pour me a mug of coffee from my thermos. Besides you’re gaining weight.”

Scarlett is awakened by a big splash. She pops her head up just in time to see Daisy’s tail go under water.

Did I see a rope or something dangly from her?

Daisy surfaces with a leap, she is airborne. And sure enough she is tangled up, heading for Scarlett, screeching like only a whale can! Scarlett stands and as she reaches for her duffle bag that has sheers in it, Daisy surfaces, and nails the starboard side of the boat with all of her tonnage. Scarlett is tossed overboard. Daisy is free of her ropings. But a rope finds Scarlett as she is twirling under water. It wraps around her and the full lobster trap is too much for her to come back above water. There is a hole in the boat which is filling up with water as rapidly as water is filling Scarlett’s lungs. She sinks into the abyss.

There is no panic. Everything happened so fast. She is slowly sinking now. Free from all thought.

It's the light I see. All that white light that I emerged in during the meditation with Jesse. Oh Jesse, I love you. Thank you for taking care of mom. I am so grateful to have met you. Daisy, you made it girl. Have your baby. You have been waiting long enough. Travel safe. Mother, mother, mother...I do love you.

“With intelligence too fine to be violated by ideas, she had learned that she was searching not for self-transformation (she liked herself) but for something good to do.” Edward Abbey, *The Monkey Wrench Gang*

Daisy circles back, the sounds of sadness vibrate in the depth of the ocean. Whines, and cries, and screeches are emanating from this beautiful Right Whale. She swims between Scarlett and the lobster traps that are pulling her down. And slices through the weak rope that the fisherman used on his traps so a whale can escape entanglement. But her attachment to Scarlett, her *affaire de coeur*, has the natural instincts of a mother. The sorrow too, is great. The cord is snapped, and Scarlett's bloated body rises like a balloon. Daisy leaves now, on her way to warmer waters to give birth, eventually. Hoping that Scarlett will find her way home.

# Chapter 9

It's a new dawn, and a new day. Jesse is up early today. He takes a cold shower to wake up and get the energy flowing in the body. Get the blood circulating. He does a yoga chant Ah, Hum (I Am). I AM unlimited consciousness.

As he is drying off he thinks of Scarlett, will this be the day she reunites with Susie? That would be good. I want to see her again, too. I think I will visit her tonight if she doesn't show up today. She needs to know of Susie's delight and anxiety to see her daughter after all these years. Hummm, I think I'll do some yoga, get some meditation music going for awhile. Yeah, brew some coffee and just have breakfast at home today. It was high tide so there is going to definitely be some things washed up on shore today. Maybe I'll find a gem!

Sam calls the Sheriff early. He has Adam's phone number. The phone rings several times and the answer machine starts, "hello, sheriff Adam's here, you know what to..." Sam hangs up and calls again. Adam gropes for his phone on the night table. He answers gruffly, "yeah, Adam here, sheriff Adam Johnson. How can I help you?"

"Sam here, sorry to wake you but I am missing two boats and have two rental cars that are still in my parking lot. The guy that rented the boats doesn't exist."

"Whoa, slow down Sam. What's that again?"

“I am missing two boats and I have two cars in my parking lot. People are missing.”

“Do I need to call the coast guard?”

“That’s up to you. Sorry for the early wake up, but can you come over here and check out who rented the cars?”

“Okay Sam. It’ll be a little while. See you in a bit.”

Okay, I have my mind, but where is my body? Sensory deprivation, I’ve heard of that term, void of all senses, smell, sound, body temperature, and gravity. I sense formless objects of white light passing by. Am I one of them? Just a globule in this vast universe? Ahh, it feels so liberating. Nothingness, finally I have arrived in a dimension other than earth. This is such a blissful energy that has materialized. I have such stillness now, just being here in this space.

The tide has washed Scarlett’s body ashore. Discretely amongst some boulders, exposed now that the tide is receding. Some seaweeds and algae are caught up in the body’s toes. The stomach is distended. A bluish tinge appearing on the skin surface. Some froth around the mouth and nostrils. The hair is splayed in all directions as it lies on the sand, head and eyes looking up to the sky.

As Jesse starts his walk from the east end of the beach front he is meandering amongst some rock boulders. This seems to be where most of the trash seems to be left behind by the receding tide. He

gets to witness beautiful sea art. Colorful piles of shells, patterns in the sand, rivulets appear as mini waterways as water drains back to the ocean. He comes across a small water logged bible that got stuck behind a boulder. He shakes it out a bit, and places it in his canvass shoulder bag. He jabs at some candy wrappers and continues this way down the beach front, picks up a stray soda can and beer bottle.

Susie leaves the house but not before placing a kiss on the photo of Scarlett. She closes her door and walks the short alleyway and turns the corner. Takes a few more steps and she is at the front door of “Susie’s Diner”. She opens the storm door and then hesitates as she is sandwiched between it and the front door. She backs up and lets the storm door slam shut. She turns and looks down the short block towards the ocean front.

What is this I am sensing, now. Anxiety? But why? Maybe this is the day she comes?

Unconsciously she starts a slow walk to the end of the block, crosses the street and gets on the walkway that leads to the beach entrance. The parking lot across from the entrance is empty of cars this early in the day. She decides to take a route over the rocky seashore to get to the beach. She stops and spots a lone figure as it jabs and grabs debris that washed up to shore from the sea.

Huh, Jesse doing his thing. Oh yeah, there’s his bike in the parking lot. I think I will just watch him awhile. Maybe there is something

happening that we need to connect. He has that kind of magnetism that has always enthralled me.

Jesse is nearing the rocky end of the seashore. He spots a soggy sandwich in a zip lock bag, plops it in with the rest of the garbage. He decides to continue down along the beach where the quiet waves gently disappear onto the sand then wash away to the sea leaving a smooth surface in its' wake. He notices something protruding a ways down close to the big rocks at the end of the beach.

Ummm, that does not look like a boulder. I have never noticed anything in that location before. What is it?

He picks up his pace and is startled...a body? Now he is taking off his shoulder bag and drops his pick to the ground. He starts to jog on the hardened wet sand.

Come on move Jesse, quick. Tell me you're alive! Okay, stay calm Jesse, breathe. He approaches the body...Oh no, no Scarlett?

He moves in close and kneels down next to her torso.

Oh, man this is so not real. Is this...has this really happened?

He looks up at the sky, then down at a face, seemingly frozen with a shocked expression. First thing he does is turn the head to one side, then he forcefully pushes down with both hands on the distended stomach. There is a release of material and gases oozing from the mouth. He swipes at the sand to brush away the gross substances. He turns the head upward and wipes the frothy crusted slime from the mouth. He adjust her hair and attends to her facial features as if he is a mortician.

Susie is watching all of Jesse's actions and knows something is wrong but her fear has her frozen in place.

Scarlett - How does this work now, I love this bliss. Will they ever know where I am at. Am I just a white globule like all the ones I see around me. Are we all just floating souls? Is this pure consciousness? Does it matter anymore if we know each other as a form or is this where we end up in the end? Back to bliss, I love this feeling of nothingness, just hanging out in bliss. But I still have my mind. When do I get beyond the mind?

Susie slowly walks to where Jesse is bent over a body. Now she knows before she even has a chance to look. It's her, my baby. She places a hand on Jesse's shoulder and knells beside him. They look at each other to shocked to cry.

“Jesse, that's my daughter.”

“I know.”

“How?”

“The photo you showed me. She has features just like you. She looks like you did when you were younger.”

Susie cocks her head and peers into Jesse's eyes, “you knew I wasn't crazy when I told you I felt her presence.”

Jesse bows his head down and thinks. It's best I don't tell her. But she will find out. He looks up at Susie with a tear streaming down his cheek, “I have met her. I have been with her. I was hoping...”

Susie slaps Jesse across his right cheek. Not hard, but forceful enough to rattle him. “How could you not tell me Jesse? Why?”

“I promised her, she wanted to meet you once she settled her conflicted mind about the scares she wore all her life. In the end she wanted to have causeless love for you.”

“And what is that Jesse? Causeless love.”

“It’s an enlightened level of love. To love you without a cause, or a reason to love you. She wanted her love for you to be a healing love for the family. Heal all the perceptions, get beyond blaming you and her dad for her inner turmoil. She said she needed time.”

“You read her note. How do you explain that?”

Jesse looks out at the ocean, “She had rented a boat, and she would anchor out near one of the lobster trap buoys. She befriended Daisy, a female Right Whale on her migration to warm waters to give birth. I went out there one day with her. She told me she was a nature photographer. I believed her until she spotted a boat with two guys scoping us. That’s when she told me. She has been leading a life much like the one you had so many years ago.”

Susie starts her sobbing, she cradles her now limp daughter and snuggles her head in the crook of her neck. She holds her daughter’s head with her free hand. Then she gently lays Scarlett’s limp torso down on the sand. She wipes a crusty salt water drop from the left eye of Scarlett. She wipes her own tears and looks at Jesse. “I feel her deep within Jesse. I don’t know how to explain it. Something tells me we are connecting right at this moment. You know the meditation we did the other day?”

“Soul Sync”

“Yeah I want to get to the part where everything turns into light.”

“Pure consciousness”

“Yeah...”

The water sounds are soothing, there is a slight breeze. The sun is up now. The lighthouse at Bass Point is a glow with reflections from the sunrise. They can't see it from Northeast Harbor, but they can feel it. To be guided home. They adjust themselves in a meditative pose, looking out at the ocean.

“Okay, let's take eight deep conscious breaths...”

“Jesse, I love you.”

“Count on your fingers. I love you too Susie. And now we'll start.”

## **THE END**

“Love is not a virtue, it is an experience that we're longing for. Every one of us is looking for an experience where we feel connected to each other.” Sri Preethaji

“Love happens to you when you're able to dissolve your hurt. When you are able to dissolve these states then love automatically emerges” Sri Krishnaji

“...we nurture love within ourselves, and we share that love with another.” Sri Preethaji

“Love is always a state. That is why nurturing a state is very important.” Sri Krishnaji



