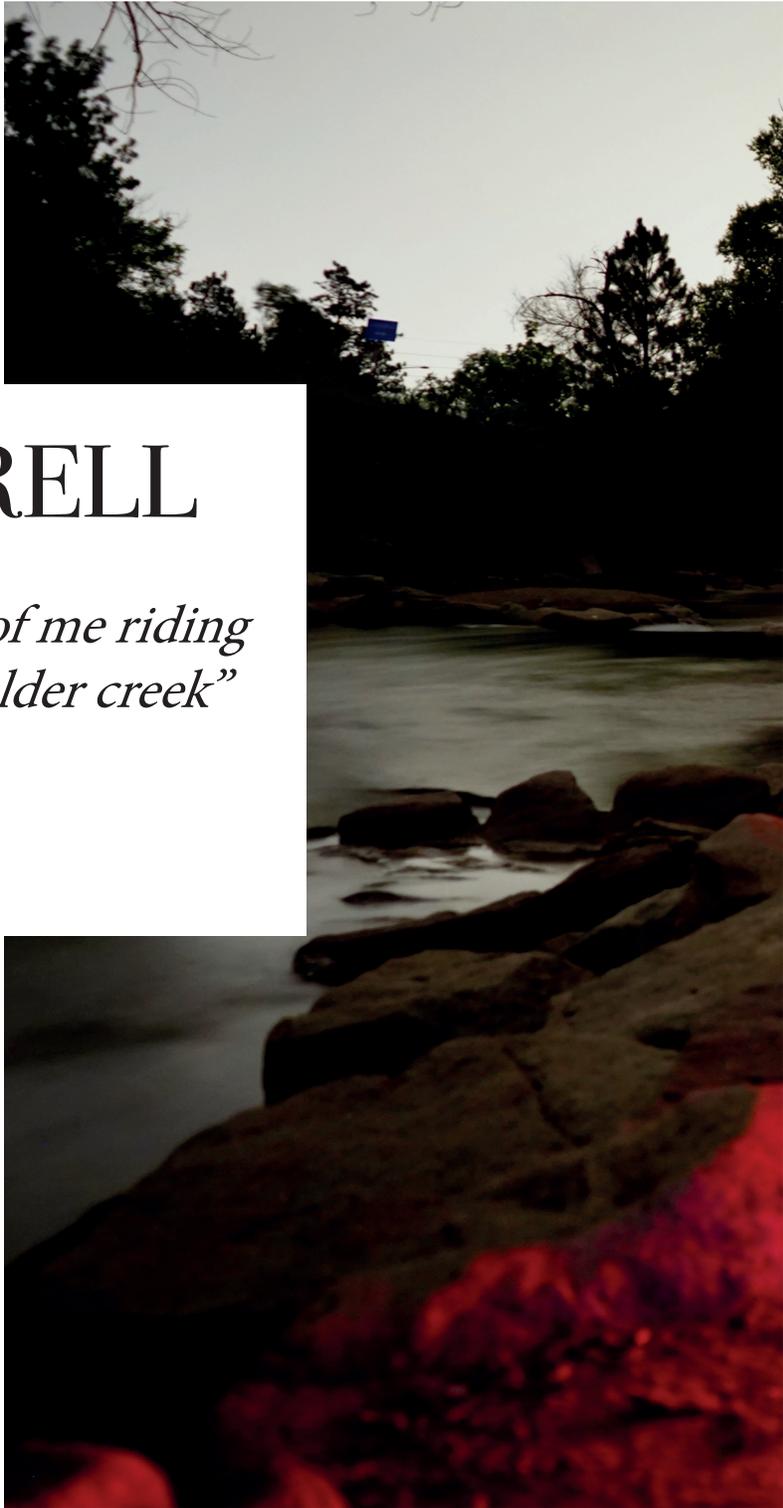




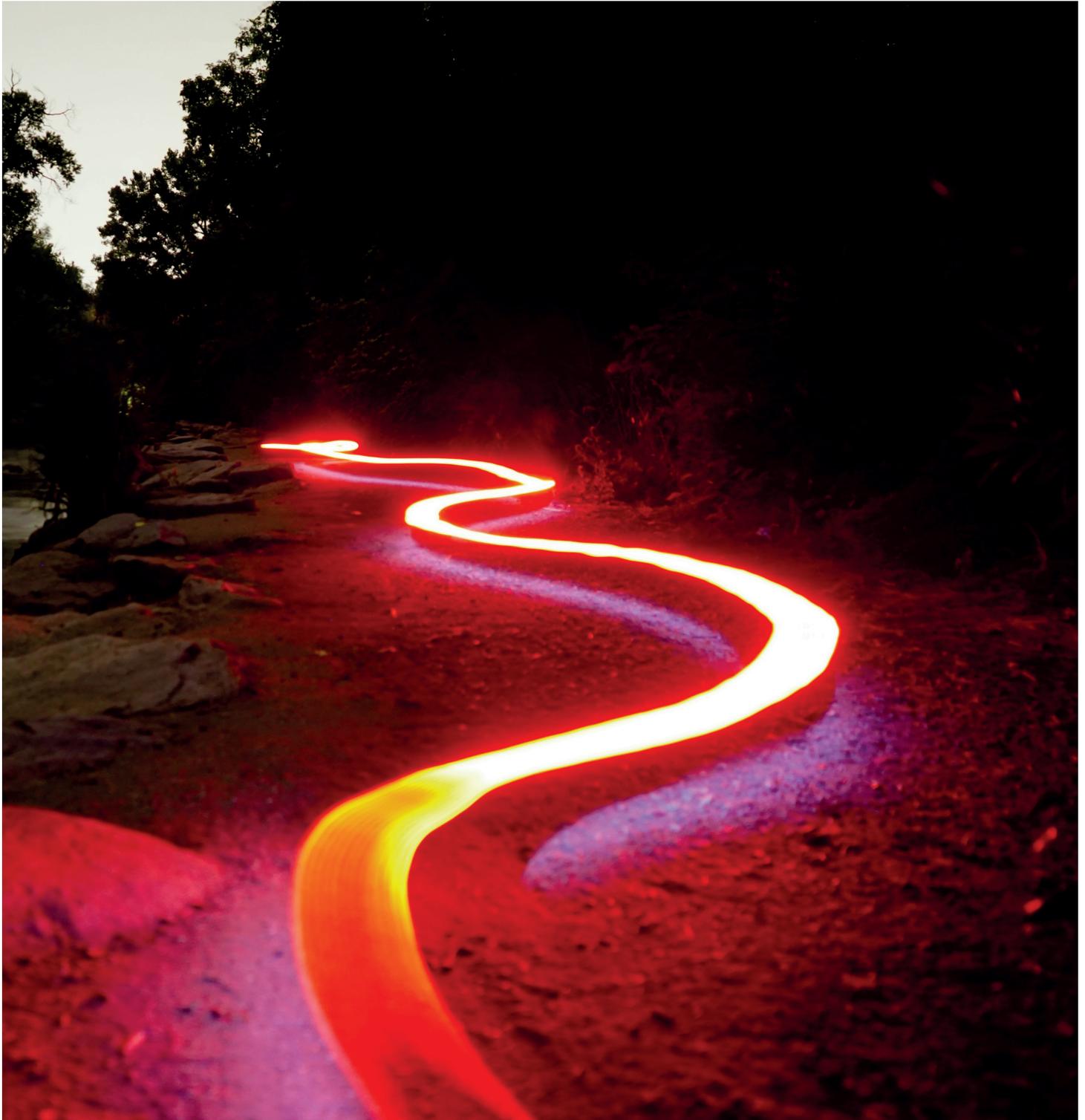
OPEN MEDIA.





JARED MERELL

*“Long exposure shot of me riding
my one-wheel at boulder creek”*





ANAFRANCESCA CURRY

CASSIS & LUBERON

"A rainy day in the French countryside on 35mm film."



JOURNAL ENTRY, 11. 17. 2020

Annafrancesca Curry

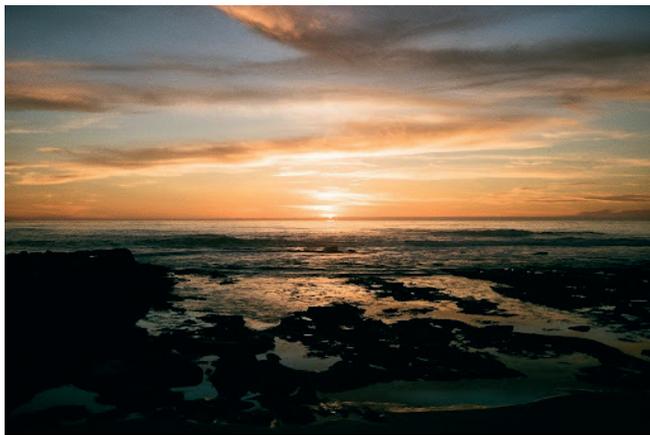
I'm watching the sunset right now at Crystal Cove Beach and I wish you were here. It is the type of sunset that consumes you and the whole sky with it, changing every minute. Greens, orange, every shade of blue, pinks, and yellows. The somber, navy blue clouds shift to purple only when they reunite with the water. On both sides of my body the sunset is narrowing into the center of the ocean, and as I look straight forward the colors begin to soften and blend into one, the outline of the clouds disappearing in harmony with the color. Despite me usually being disgusted by seagulls on land, I find so much serenity watching them now. Their tiny black shadows traveling in the sky make me envious they can float in the light above while I can only swim in the water below. I think you would agree with me that the period between the changing of the seasons is when sunsets are the most intense; the relationship between the fog as it devours the ocean adds an element of drama, right? The waves crashing against the rocks is the ocean's language and it is something I have become very fluent in.

It is a numbingly powerful feeling being at the end of my day at the same time the world is choosing to end as well. I can see the moon and the sun clinging to each other before they say goodbye. I can see the exact point where the day meets the night in such a peaceful yet intense handoff of a moment. It's weird that even though my day is ending I am more awake than I have been all day. The cold front that greets me as soon as the sun disappears gently moves my hair to greet me. The dewy smell coming from the swells of the ocean and my sea-salt covered skin from a day of swimming pierces my nose so acutely I can almost taste the ocean. The sound of the whitecaps crashing onto dry land is as peaceful as the whisper of an angel but as commanding as a battle cry.

I feel like I am the only one at the beach. The only one who has ever been to this beach or sat at this rock. Every moment I experience has an impact on me that is greater than zero. And because of this I do not need to "seize the day" every day. Some moments, as quickly as being in complete darkness of the night when the light is revealed to me through the passing planes in the sky could change my life as much as looking into someone who I love's eyes and seeing the light there.

I watch the sunset almost every night but none of them compare to you. I can't find the right word to describe it in this moment, but maybe I can let you know tomorrow when I come back and live it all over again.

I feel the warmth. I feel you here with me.



RESONANCE
Annafrancesca Curry



“My younger sister Lieselle is the opposite of me: reserved, cautious, ethereal. I find her most often quite pensive, contemplating life in a state of reverie. By one look at her, like a white butterfly, she reminds me of my softness. I hope that when she looks at herself she sees much more than what is just in the mirror.”

