

A DAILY SEA

Day 1 - 19th March 2020

For whatever we lose (like a you or a me),
it's always ourselves we find in the sea.

E. E. Cummings
extract from maggie and milly and molly and may

43 deaths - cumulative: 158

Day 2 - 20th March 2020

Even castles made from sand fall to the ocean.

Jimi Hendrix
extract from Castles Made of Sand

36 deaths - cumulative: 194

Day 3 - 21st March 2020

The sea, once it casts its spell, holds one
in its net of wonder forever.

Jacques Cousteau

56 deaths - cumulative: 250

Day 4 - 22nd March 2020

The sea surges up with laughter, and pale gleams
the smile of the sea-beach. Death-dealing waves
sing meaningless ballads to the children, even like
a mother while rocking her baby's cradle. The sea
plays with children, and pale gleams the smile of
the sea-beach.

Rabindranath Tagore
extract from On the Seashore

35 deaths - cumulative: 285

Day 5 - 23rd March 2020

If
the ocean
can calm itself,
so can you.
we
are both
salt water
mixed with
air.

Nayyirah Waheed

74 deaths - cumulative: 359

Day 6 - 24th March 2020

It's silly not to hope. It's a sin he thought.

Ernest Hemingway
extract from The Old Man and the Sea

149 deaths - cumulative: 508

Day 7 - 25th March 2020

One does not paint a landscape, a seascape,
a figure. One paints an impression of an hour
of the day.

Édouard Manet

186 deaths - cumulative: 694

Day 8 - 26th March 2020

Some of us are afraid of dying; others of human loneliness. Profane was afraid of land or seascapes like this, where nothing else lived but himself.

Thomas Pynchon

183 deaths - cumulative: 877

Day 9 - 27th March 2020

Men go abroad to wonder at the heights of mountains, at the huge waves of the sea, at the long courses of the rivers, at the vast compass of the ocean, at the circular motions of the stars, and they pass by themselves without wondering.

St. Augustine

284 deaths - cumulative: 1161

Day 10 - 28th March 2020

There is one spectacle grander than the sea,
that is the sky; there is one spectacle grander
than the sky, that is the interior of the soul.

Victor Hugo

294 deaths - cumulative: 1455

Day 11 - 29th March 2020

The sea,--
Something to look at
When we are angry.

Reiko Chiba
Invite Tranquility

214 deaths - cumulative: 1669

Day 12 - 30th March 2020

The sea, the snotgreen sea,
the scrotumtightening sea.

James Joyce
extract from Ulysses

374 deaths - cumulative: 2043

Day 13 - 31st March 2020

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is a society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,

Lord Byron
extract from Childe Harold's Pilgrimage

382 deaths - cumulative: 2425

Day 14 - 1st April 2020

So that the monotonous fall of the waves on the beach, which for the most part beat a measured and soothing tattoo to her thoughts seemed consoling to repeat over and over again.

Virginia Woolf
extract from To the Lighthouse

670 deaths - cumulative: 3095

Day 15 - 2nd April 2020

The sea has neither meaning nor pity.

Anton Chekhov

652 deaths - cumulative: 3747

Day 16 - 3rd April 2020

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.
Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.
The very deep did rot: Oh Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge
extract from The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

714 deaths - cumulative: 4461

Day 17 - 4th April 2020

It's hard to tell the difference between sea and sky,
between voyager and sea. Between reality and the
workings of the heart.

Haruki Murakami
extract from Kafka on the Shore

760 deaths - cumulative: 5221

Day 18 - 5th April 2020

In bad times, innovation can occur in habits of mind as well as in new technologies. The frightening COVID-19 pandemic may be creating such a change now—by forcing many of us to slow down, to spend more time in personal reflection, away from the noise and heave of the world. With more quiet time, more privacy, more stillness, we have an opportunity to think about who we are, as individuals and as a society. Habits of mind and lifestyle do not change easily. Without noticing, we slowly slip into the routines of our lives, like becoming so accustomed to living on a noisy street that we cannot remember our previous neighborhood and a time of silence. Some powerful force must strike to awaken us from our slumber. Now we have been struck. We have a chance to notice: We have been living too fast. We have sold our inner selves to the devil of speed, efficiency, money, hyper-connectivity, “progress.”

Alan Lightman
extract from article in The Atlantic

644 deaths - cumulative: 5865

Day 19 - 6th April 2020

Let's swim to the moon
Let's climb through the tide
Surrender to the waiting worlds
That lap against our side.

Jim Morrison
extract from Moonlight Drive

568 deaths - cumulative: 6433

Day 20 - 7th April 2020

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder -everlastingly.
Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

William Wordsworth

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free

1038 deaths - cumulative: 7471

Day 21 - 8th April 2020

A lot of people attack the sea, I make love to it.

Jacques Yves Cousteau

1034 deaths - cumulative: 8505

Day 22 - 9th April 2020

You are the moon, dear love, and I the sea:
The tide of hope swells high within my breast,
And hides the rough dark rocks of life's unrest
When your fond eyes smile near in perigee.
But when that loving face is turned from me,
Low falls the tide, and the grim rocks appear,
And earth's dim coast-line seems a thing to fear.
You are the moon, dear one, and I the sea.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox
Moon and Sea

1103 deaths - cumulative: 9608

Day 23 - 10th April 2020

It's the battle of life – the turbulence of the sea. I have been fond of the sea all my life, how wonderful it is, yet how terrible it is. [...] It's all there. It's all in the sea. The Battle of Life is there. And Fate. And the inevitability of it all. And the purpose.

LS Lowry

1152 deaths - cumulative: 10760

Day 24 - 11th April 2020

Little islands are all large prisons; one cannot
look at the sea without wishing for the wings
of a swallow.

Sir Richard Francis Burton

839 deaths - cumulative: 11599

Day 25 - 12th April 2020

Who spread out the earth upon the waters,
His love endures forever.

Psalm 136:6

686 deaths - cumulative: 12285

Day 26 - 13th April 2020

The sea has never been friendly to man.
At most it has been the accomplice of human
restlessness.

Joseph Conrad
extract from The Rescue

744 deaths - cumulative: 13029

Day 27 - 14th April 2020

I do not know what I may appear to the world,
but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy
playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself
in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a
prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean
of truth lay all undiscovered before me.

Isaac Newton

1044 deaths - cumulative: 14073

Day 28 - 15th April 2020

Day is ended, dim my eyes,
But journey long before me lies.
Farewell, friends! I hear the call.
The ship's beside the stony wall.
Foam is white and waves are grey;
Beyond the sunset leads my way.
Foam is salt, the wind is free;
I hear the rising of the Sea.

J.R.R. Tolkien
extract from Bilbo's Last Song

842 deaths - cumulative: 14915

Day 29 - 16th April 2020

I grew up with the sea, and poverty for me
was sumptuous; then I lost the sea and found
all luxuries gray and poverty unbearable.

Albert Camus

1029 deaths - cumulative: 15944

Day 30 - 17th April 2020

I am longing to be with you, and by the sea,
where we can talk together freely and build
our castles in the air.

Bram Stoker
extract from Dracula

935 deaths - cumulative: 16879

Day 31 - 18th April 2020

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

John Masefield
extract from Sea Fever

1115 deaths - cumulative: 17994

Day 32 - 19th April 2020

To me, the sea is like a person--like a child that I've known a long time. It sounds crazy, I know, but when I swim in the sea I talk to it. I never feel alone when I'm out there.

Gertrude Ederle

498 deaths - cumulative: 18492

Day 33 - 20th April 2020

I started Early – Took my Dog –
And visited the Sea –
The Mermaids in the Basement
Came out to look at me –

Emily Dickinson
extract from I started Early – Took my Dog

559 deaths - cumulative: 19051

Day 34 - 21st April 2020

I turn my back and look out to sea, the sun so low and molten that my eyes fill with tears, and yet I can feel it: a cooler wind is coming in, the edge of evening approaching. Dusk is gathering along the coast, in the coves and quaysides and marinas, where in an hour or so the long strings of coloured bulbs will twinkle and sway; and then it will pass over us-like a visitation: a plague or a blessing.

Harriet Lane
extract from Her

1172 deaths - cumulative: 20223

Day 35 - 22nd April 2020

How inappropriate to call this planet Earth
when it is quite clearly Ocean.

Arthur C. Clarke

837 deaths - cumulative: 21060

Day 36 - 23rd April 2020

Look at that sea, girls--all silver and shadow and
vision of things not seen. We couldn't enjoy its
loveliness any more if we had millions of dollars
and ropes of diamonds.

Lucy Maud Montgomery
extract from Anne of Green Gables

727 deaths - cumulative: 21787

Day 37 - 24th April 2020

Like a curtain slowly drawn
It stops suddenly half open,
Or, like grief itself, filled with gentle hope,
It becomes lighter in the shore-less dark,
Thus the moon barely wanes
Winding her way above the storm-tossed sea.
Stand upon this hill and behold endlessly
This scene of a formidable sea,
And it will seem to thee a waking dream.

J.M.W Turner
extract from J.M.W. Turner's Poem dedicated
to Ivan Aivazovsky

1005 deaths - cumulative: 22792

Day 38 - 25th April 2020

People travel to wonder
at the height of the mountains,
at the huge waves of the seas,
at the long course of the rivers,
at the vast compass of the ocean,
at the circular motion of the stars,
and yet they pass by themselves
without wondering.

Augustine of Hippo

843 deaths - cumulative: 23635

Day 39 - 26th April 2020

There was a magic about the sea. People were drawn to it. People wanted to love by it, swim in it, play in it, look at it. It was a living thing that was as unpredictable as a great stage actor: it could be calm and welcoming, opening its arms to embrace its audience one moment, but then could explode with its stormy tempers, flinging people around, wanting them out, attacking coastlines, breaking down islands.

Cecelia Ahern

420 deaths - cumulative: 24055

Day 40 - 27th April 2020

The voice of the sea speaks to the soul.

Message on a memorial plaque, Brighton

338 deaths - cumulative: 24393

Day 41 - 28th April 2020

Consider the subtleness of the sea; how its most dreaded creatures glide under water, unapparent for the most part, and treacherously hidden beneath the loveliest tints of azure. Consider also the devilish brilliance and beauty of many of its most remorseless tribes, as the dainty embellished shape of many species of sharks. Consider, once more, the universal cannibalism of the sea; all whose creatures prey upon each other, carrying on eternal war since the world began.

Herman Melville
extract from Moby Dick

909 deaths - cumulative: 25302

Day 42 - 29th April 2020

I had fought on behalf of man against the sea,
but I realized that it had become more urgent
to fight on behalf of the sea against men.

Alain Bombard

795 deaths - cumulative: 26097

Day 43 - 30th April 2020

I looked upon the sea, it was to be my grave.

Mary Shelley
extract from Frankenstein

674 deaths - cumulative: 26771

Day 44 - 1st May 2020

If suddenly the whole workers of the whole world disappear then the whole world will stop! Let us all realise this and let us celebrate the workers - these great people who make our world move!

Mehmet Murat ildan

739 deaths - cumulative: 27510

Day 45 - 2nd May 2020

What are heavy? sea-sand and sorrow.
What are brief? today and tomorrow.
What are frail? spring blossoms and youth.
What are deep? the ocean and truth.

Christina Rossetti
What Are Heavy?

621 deaths - cumulative: 28131

Day 46 - 3rd May 2020

Where are your monuments, your battles, martyrs?
Where is your tribal memory? Sirs,
in that gray vault. The sea. The sea
has locked them up. The sea is History.

First, there was the heaving oil,
heavy as chaos;
then, like a light at the end of a tunnel,

the lantern of a caravel,
and that was Genesis.
Then there were the packed cries,
the shit, the moaning:

Exodus.

Derek Walcott
extract from The Sea is History

315 deaths - cumulative: 28446

Day 47 - 4th May 2020

It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
That scarcely will the very smallest shell
Be moved for days from where it sometime fell,
When last the winds of heaven were unbound.
O ye! who have your eyeballs vexed and tired,
Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;
O ye! whose ears are dinn'd with uproar rude,
Or fed too much with cloying melody, –
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood
Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quired!

John Keats
On the Sea

288 deaths - cumulative: 28734

Day 48 - 5th May 2020

To step over the low wall that divides
Road from concrete walk above the shore
Brings sharply back something known long before—
The miniature gaiety of seashores.
Everything crowds under the low horizon:
Steep beach, blue water, towels, red bathing caps,
The small hushed waves' repeated fresh collapse
Up the warm yellow sand, and further off
A white steamer stuck in the afternoon—
Still going on, all of it, still going on!

Philip Larkin
extract from To the Sea

693 deaths - cumulative: 29427

Day 49 - 6th May 2020

How still,
How strangely still
The water is today,
It is not good
For water
To be so still that way.

Langston Hughes
extract from Sea Calm

649 deaths - cumulative: 30076

Day 50 - 7th May 2020

I have sailed the ancients seas to come
to the bones of Megatherium....
The thing I want to father most
is the rarest, most difficult thing of all.
Though knee-deep in these rivers of innocent blood,
I want to be - a decent animal.

Philip Appleman
extract from Darwin's Ark

539 deaths - cumulative: 30615

Day 51 - 8th May 2020

Love dances under mountains
where never the waves fall
her arms are columns of memory
o spell this wilful liberty
for sailors clad in weed
how can she ever be proud?
tell these tears like beads
for airmen bridling the sky
their faces are broken cloud
and bind up the branches of slaughter
for soldiers in shackles of water
whose scythe flows over history ?
whole armies march under seas'
crumpled up horizon
my eyes are drowned in dice
a whirlwind strikes owls freeze
swords fall out of the sun
"who'll carve the rose from the ice?"
in a helmet plumed with fountains
the hero shouts in the hall.

J. F. Hendry
A Letter To The Moon

626 deaths - cumulative: 31241

Day 52 - 9th May 2020

Invisible, your clocking tides
Break on the lovebeds of the weeds;
The weed of love's left dry;
There round about your stones the shades
Of children go who, from their voids,
Cry to the dolphined sea.

Dylan Thomas
extract from Where Once the Waters on Your Face

346 deaths - cumulative: 31586

Day 53 - 10th May 2020

The North Light gone
in a smoke of sea-spray,
its stone still riding in
and out of sight; the frayed
pennons and bannerets
of the tide-crests
all that is visible now,
in the haar-light
and the shoaling rain.

Robin Robertson
extract from Sea-Fret

268 deaths - cumulative: 31855

Day 54 - 11th May 2020

Isn't it shocking how he speaks for her?
His thin voice wavering across the restaurant—
she'll have the cod artichoke bake.

A giggle of bubbles comes from behind them:
a fish tank curtained with seagrass
where a seahorse is tying itself
to one of those slim, tweedy forms

like a hand shaping itself inside another's
the way my hand tucks into his
like a difference pretending it's not.

Isabel Galleymore
Seahorse

210 deaths - cumulative: 32065

Day 55 - 12th May 2020

If you are strong...
Rescue me from this ocean
For I don't know how to swim
The blue waves...in your eyes
drag me...to the depths
blue...
blue...
nothing but the color blue
and I have no experience
in love...and no boat...

Nizar Qabbani
extract from Letter From Under The Sea

627 deaths - cumulative: 32692

Day 56 - 13th May 2020

Now, voyager - once resigned
Go forth to seek and find
The hazy days you left behind
Right there in the back of your mind
Where lucid dreams begin
With rolling dunes and rattling shale
The shoreline then a swollen sail
Picked out by a shimmering halo
That's where the sea comes in...

Dr John Cooper Clarke
extract from Nation's Ode to the Coast

494 deaths - cumulative: 33186