

A mid-afternoon at the Alameda State Beach

The multicolored, spices market look-alike, sands and sweet green tender herbs are all around, partially covered by a few eclectic wooden fragments, rejected by the far ocean, lying there in disorder. A sudden twist of the unpredictable spring wind hunts the ocean's frail saline fragrance.

In a bright blue swimming suit, a white haired man braves the dark liquid beast but, with a funny puppet style, he soon steps out for the warm refuge of the beach.

A plane flies away as if it could reach the sun, pinned in the middle of the uniform blue canvas of the sky. With an organized disorder, some birds' wings surf on the flat sea line and then vanish in the shadow. Far away, the San Mateo Bridge erects its arch from a translucent white haze.

On the other side, the far skyscrapers of the town surpass the white mats of sailing boats, waiting quietly for an excursion, ranked side by side in the marina.

The attenuate but proud Amtrak trumpet aria covers the murmur of the tiny waves; the incessant ballet of planes, with theirs powerful, long, and bass heartbreaks, beats the sky.

A green architect builds conscientiously the bigger castle ever with a single plastic orange beach toy as tall as him... "MUM, look!" yield the child to his parents snuggling near him, under the indulgent glance of a seagull enjoying its sunbath.