

There are snapshots, instant images that tells us in an blink the reason why we go to sea. The only place where we still feel like older men in happier times, when the world was there to discover. Of course we know that if there is a number on a chart, someone has been there already. But still the water is not land, even if it's in the marriage of these two that one finds magic.



Style

There is no substitute for style when you travel. And this means independent travel. To travel around cruise ships, busy hotels and public transport is courting sadness. A private yacht on the other side means comfort, exploration, service, luxury and excellent food.

Adventure

There are literally millions of miles of coastline on this magnificent planet, and most of them are pristine and untouched. With a little bit of flexibility, and not too much of it, you can be the only boat anchored in any cove you want. Go to Lavezzi in October and you'll likely be naked on deck and feeling like the king of the island. For those swearing to find a place to drop their anchor in Corsica in August it might be a joke, but even in high season every continent and every nation offers magical anchorages, coves and channels. It's just a question of looking around and sail away from the crowds. Unless, of course, it's the crowds one is looking for. You do not have to get lost in the thousand of Baltic Islands or in the Alaskan Fjords, even in Greece, Croatia, Sardinia and Turkey there is bliss behind many corners. And there is literally nothing as fulfilling as anchoring in faraway places with your beloved aboard with you.



Poetry

'The sea's most powerful spell is romance, that romance which, in the course of time, has gathered round the ships and the men who sailed upon it -the strange coasts and their discoveries, the storms and the hardships, the fighting and the trading, and all the strange things that happened and still do happen to those who venture upon it'.

So I cast off, at first searching the Romanticism in the Deep Immensities of Blue Waters. As the miles piled on, barely raising wake, but yes peeling the onion hiding truth, I came to understand Tilman sentence completely. The Romance lies along the strange coasts, floats on daring vessels, flashes with man-made lighthouses, moves with responsible sailors and it defeats time on the wings of their stories. The sea in itself did not seem to me much Romantic, but rather rudely indifferent in our toils.

Legions of dreamers nesting on the wild capes of the endless coast of our planet staring at the blue immensity would probably disagree at my humble attempt to deprive Neptune of its poetic face. They will be in good company: bunches of sailors appear to be allergic to the coast and seem to find peace in blue waters only.

Ask the Author

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