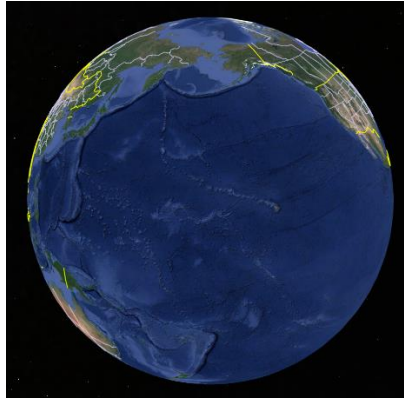


SOLID GROUND



Granted there is very little about the Pacific Ocean that can be connected to “Solid Ground”. It is even worse when you consider the fact that traveling the Pacific in something shorter than a football field and designed to sink as the means of travel. However, when you consider the lyrics to Michael Kiwanuka’s SOLID GROUND; things, many of them, fall into place.

I urge you to click on the link to the [YouTube video](#) where I have his beautiful piece of music as the soundtrack, or you can visit my [SeaStories website](#) and read the about my time on the USS TANG and later the USS PINTADO outside of this context, along with the tangential stories thereof. Remember the music video is only reachable from this document. When watching the video remember the “runs” each take a minute of video – weeks in reality.

[I find a fascinating connection between the three primary stanzas of his piece and what I was living then in my early twenties living the life I had chosen, with a mind’s eye on the future.](#)

How does it feel when it's quiet and calm? And will I be denied? How will it feel when it's time to move on? Mother says kneel and pray When it gets hard, I will roll those sleeves Life can be so unkind I will be found on the edge of the world Where there'll be no one around	How does it feel to be on your own? No one to understand I know I'm here and I don't belong I'm on my knees today When it gets dark, I will know no fear Life can be so unkind Hanging around on the edge of the world Finally no one around	Oh, would you help me? I don't understand Is it over? Am I losing solid ground? Solid ground Solid ground Solid ground
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If you wish to get into more detail about the three “Runs” represented here with the lyrics, you can read more about it in [Special Places](#). There I describe the four “bookends” to my thinking while on the three runs, Vietnam, Seattle, San Francisco bay area, and San Diego California.

Michael’s music encompasses two years of my life where I was transitioning. The name of the piece aligns perfectly with the direction I was headed. Here at this point in my life, the TANG ended up in a museum, and the remains of the PINTADO are very definitely on solid ground, as I eventually found mine.

My final and real – [SOLID GROUND](#)