



WHERE MY MEMORIES MEET THE SEA

Description

Kakinada has all the earthly virtues you are likely to be charmed by. Besides, it's an evolving smart city. It's one of its artistic fans, a geometrically designed city that still holds some hundred-year-old vintage relics of the colonial era.

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Uppada's restless shoreline where memory and sea meet.

Whenever I find an occasion, I never miss the chance to drive around the city. During each visit, I feel like an outdated heirloom coming to pick up some of the scattered strands of the long-lost moments that have stayed with me for over five and a half decades.

I was born here. My maternal ancestral home still rests, left uncared for, tucked away somewhere in one of the old, narrow lanes. The ailing once-upon-a-time majestic mansion evokes equally antique chronicles: the warmth of holding my mother's hand, playing with scores of cousins, amidst the chatter of aunts and uncles. Even today, the memories still spring up, surprisingly afresh, the moment I enter the buzzing streets and breathe the oceanic breeze of the coastal city. Everything feels alive again, as if time has gently returned and sat by me.

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Five decades ago, the city had a calm, remote rhythm. I remember struggling to hold the handlebars steady and attempting to ride a rickety bicycle without bruising my knuckles. Back then, the city felt empty, unhurried, as if the whole place was on a perpetual vacation â?? laid down. People moved about with calm smiles, as though they had given up the burdens of life en masse. It felt as if the place never existed on the map â?? lost and drowned in the unpolluted, cool, calm, and collected, remote waves of the ocean.

A week ago, I returned once more to this land that holds so many of my sentiments. Whatever the urgencies of my dayâ??s work, meetings, or the fixed itinerary, I find my feet, my passion, and my camera backpack seem curiously drawn toward the steady, soothing rhythm of the ocean shoreline.

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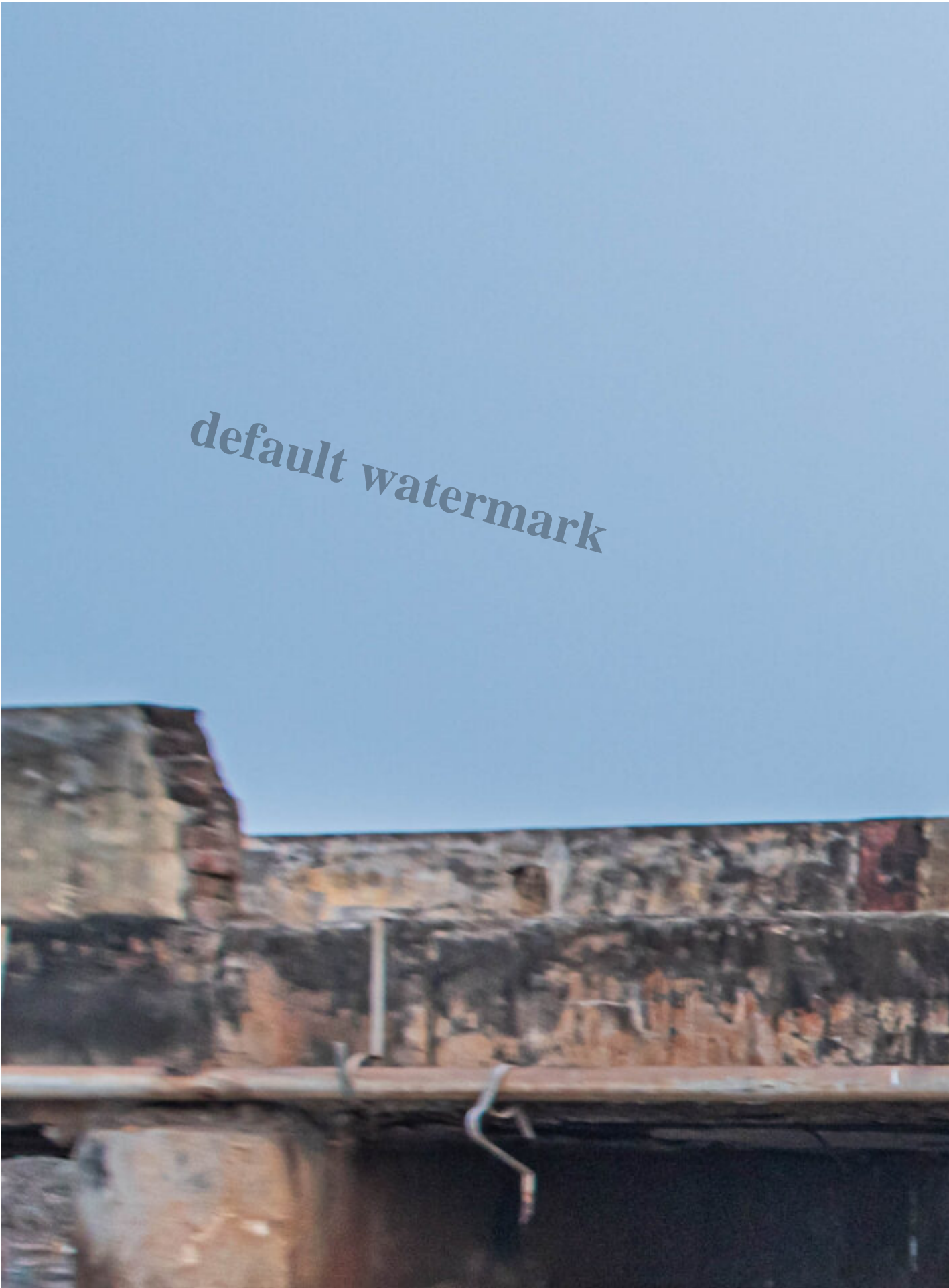
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Uppada â?? fierce, beautiful, and untamed.

For a long time, I had wanted to visit Uppada beach, but I couldnâ??t. It lies just 30 minutes away from Kakinada. I know itâ??s popular for its huge protective rocks against the violent bluish surf and the golden sands. The falling and rising of the waves with a fierce ease, the roar we hear is enough to make any photo lover regret, â??How come I have not seen this marvel long before?â?? After playing with my camera, focusing on the stormy waves, I felt a thrill and excitement, and a gentle regret for lost time.

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Lives perched on stone, watching the sea advance.

And I never miss my early morning stroll through the fish market, the hordes of fishermen reaching the banks, hauling the marine harvest, and happy that their souls of brine are safe back home.

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Salt, sweat, survival â?? mornings at the fish harbour.

In those moments, the air smelled of salt and survival, and the crowds milling around the fish market felt honest, grounded, and wonderfully alive.

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Every return begins with the sea.

Category

1. Places

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