

Perspective

Birds twitter around the feeder in the back yard, I freeze for a moment and get back to my game. The sun set over the valley below my hill, the glittering gold contrasting with the dark shadows below. In the valley people see hills. One of those hills is mine, indifferent from the rest. The birds swoop away as a birdie comes near them. In the sky, a lone airplane trails along, streaming whiteness behind it, making a mark in the pinkish sky. In the airplane people catch a glamps at the Sound, glittering far off in the distance. If I stand at the top of my treehouse I can see that Sound, a sliver on the horizon. If they squint they might be able to see the yellow speck that is my house; the badminton net is indistinguishable from the faded green grass see in in the valley. The valley is just a small portion of hills with slivers of golden light up there. More focused on either the sunset or their destination, they pay this small scene no heed. But this is my small scene. The sun sets, its golden hues departing from the horizon as the airplane streams away. I put down my racquet and go inside.