

August 31, 2018

# WHAT DO YOU SEE?



She saw the flower, perched atop the bending weed pushing itself upward from the crack in the asphalt on the shoulder while she sat waiting for the light to change. Delicate and seemingly out of place, a yellow splotch of beauty decorating the congested roadway.

She saw the raindrops splash against the thirsty earth and watched them gather on the window, growing fat and round before slipping in silvery streaks across the glass, turning it to sparkling lace.

She saw the bark of the pine tree, a rough and broken brown like cracked mud that climbed the height of the trunk, a stark contrast to the smooth paper-white surface of the birch that stood only a few feet away, sharing space beneath the forest canopy.

She saw the weathered face of the homeless man on the corner, met his eyes and in doing so saw his humanity. A smile was all she had to give and she saw the corners of his mouth curl upward as he returned it to her.

She saw hundreds of tiny white names scroll quickly up the massive screen in the darkened theater. Most people had gone by now but there she sat, watching with awe the evidence of creative collaboration on a grand scale and wondered at the exact number of humans who had been touched in some way through the making of the movie.

She saw the proclamation sprayed in bright red paint at the highest spot underneath the bridge... "I love you Sarah". She wondered if Sarah loved him back and smiled in remembrance of stupid things she'd done in her youth motivated by passion and infatuation.

She saw joy, pure and innocent, spill from her daughter as hands wet with primary colors slipped and slithered in magnificent sweeps of red and blue that extended past the edges of the paper and onto the white vinyl of the floor on which she sat, her arms stained to the elbow, her cheeks flushed pink with happiness as she giggled at the feel of it.

She saw the rubber bands and memory sticks, odd little keys and spare change in foreign currencies scattered in haphazard fashion across the top of his nightstand, more out than in the small basket she'd placed there to contain the contents carried home in pockets and saved for what purpose she did not know. The collection seemed only to grow with time, characterized by its randomness and the limited potential use of its contents. She saw him in this collection of flotsam and jetsam and knew that somehow she would miss it if he were gone.

What do *you* see?