What are you looking for? I asked the moving bushes.

Our eyes locked in each others for some seconds that went too fast but in the moment froze time.

Looking at the thin line, so unstable, dependent on the light from the sun.

He walked towards me. Becoming larger and larger as he got closer. Balancing stones in his hands.

Pushing it through the dirt carefully so it wouldn't crack. I stood still.

Passing me by.

I noticed my own shadow. It never leaves me, yet so inconsistent and fleeting.

He took one stone at the time.

The sound of wood cracking.

He stepped out of the shadow of the trees and I followed him into the sunshine.

I turned around. There he was again.

We stood there in silence. Looking a the circle of stones. At the stick casting a shadow on the ground.

A hand reaching for a branch.

This! he said as his face became visible amongst the tiny leaves.

The sound of stones falling to the ground, dampened by the dried grass in early spring.

He walked up beside me.

Placed them in a circle with the stick in the center.

Out on an open field.

In the middle of the field he forced the stick into the ground.

Hours went by, we sat in the grass.

When all 12 stones where in the right position after some careful adjustments, he walked up beside me.

The clouds moving above us as the shadow slowly rotated around its axe.

Behind me, I could hear movements in the branches of the trees.

Admired how he could be so still.

His hand holding a stick.

I observed him.

But his facial expression was silent.

His body moving towards me.

I searched for answers in his face for his fascination.

Noted the focus in his eyes.

What are you looking for? I asked.