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In the summertime,
my studio rested on a hill humming with
wildflowers and tall grasses. In the heat of the
sun, all came to life, the air grew thick, and the
clouds would burst. The rain had many personalities:
celebratory, mysterious, calm.
The soil knew them all.

Each day, I sat in my chair and closed my eyes.
When I opened them, the sky would be in the room
with me. I cannot explain it; this was
something more than a window can do.

Come nightfall, worms dressed their flesh in moonlight, and
the hill exhaled long breaths of dew. The quaking aspen
stirred its leaves into paper music. As I drew lines, the
lines became shapes, and the shapes became wings of the
moths fluttering above my head. June beetles clanked their
copper bodies against the metal screen. So stupid they
seemed to me, but I'm certain they weren't.

Once, I fell asleep on the hard floor. As an ant
crawled along my leg, I dreamed about the wind. I
sometimes imagine how much pleasure it would be to
draw the impossible visions of that dream.

When a family of birds began to nest above my
doorway, I felt special. Because I didn't want to
scare them, I made a habit of whistling when I
rounded the corner. Eventually, I stopped closing
the exterior door altogether as it frightened
the parents from the nest, sometimes until
morning. The babies, however, soon grew
quiet and I worried about them.

Then, they disappeared.