



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.