

In The Eye Of The Beholder

The air is still around me, the only thing moving is the current of water streaming down the river bend.

Rocks sporadically poke through the top of the crystal blue water, each a different array of colours shining bright in the sunlight. One of the more beautiful tricks of light. I can almost hear the water gently slapping against those rocks as it rushes by.

There are many trees in the background, the most impressive of them being closest to the edge. A maple tree, with its vibrant red leaves coming the closest to grasping the wisps of clouds in the sky than any of its peers. The bark is a golden brown, rough texture adding layers in the grand scheme of this vision in front of me.

The largest of its roots protrudes from the long grass, the colour of which is still a bright green since the first frost hasn't yet settled over the forest. The golden brown of the root distinctive in the monochromatic green of the foreground before the river bank. The two colours contrast in the way that pleases the eye, drawing the gaze to that area and creating interest of which there would not have been before.

Just to the left of the maple tree and its root lies a handful of light coloured blackberry bushes, though at this time of year there are no dark purple berries to be seen. Soon those bushes would lose their leaves as well, going dormant for the impending sustaining, frostbite causing months of the Canadian winter.

Above all this is a peaceful blue sky, fluffy white clouds floating across the sky lazily. The sun peeks out from just above the scene, yellow light blending with the colours of nature, creating a warm atmosphere in the world below it.

This view evokes some of my fondest childhood memories, of times when my sister and I would play in a forest just like this one, until my mother called us back to our cottage for dinner. The wafting smell of her fresh blackberry pie already cooling in the windowsill beckoning us home. I haven't seen that place in years; we've all been so busy and my personal schedule has not allowed for a getaway of any kind, even for a weekend.

I would love to see it again

But now is not the time to indulge in memories, I have a job to do.

"Incredibly. Simply Incredible." I say, turning to the young woman standing across from me.

"This demonstrates quite a bit of talent and effort on your part."

She beams at me. "Thank you Miss, I'm glad you like it. Painting is my passion."