

DAWN at Ojitos Frios



Dawn's first light seeps into the sky to the accompaniment of a soft skirling of the violins in the highest registers fading to a susurrous breeze through pines lowering into the whine (violas and cellos) of the traffic on I25 as the light slowly gains [i must check to see how wagner in siegfried and straus in alpine symph handled this] I have heard it here before thinking it was a clock radio coming on, no just the dawn breaking from beside me muffled with sleep: is it morning yet? Maybe willy ... no just first light, willy still sleeps the cock in the east crows the coyotes give their last calls from a distant ridge the cock in the west announces the full moon is still high accompanied by planet? while the eastern sky gradually grows brighter enough to wash out all but the brightest star or planet? but not light enough for willy he wants back in ahh the coffee must be ready ok a handful of cherries and a piece of buttered rye toast to break my fast Saramago inserts a peacen to toast in The Siege of Lisbon which I find so apt that I am constantly reminded of it as I make my morning toast, because I'm Milwaukee German it is Rye toast now there is color a pale gold and blue, the stars are gone the planets remain though they have lost their brilliance, the moon takes on a golden glow Willy now consents to take a look around.

And so the day begins gradually softly peacefully.

wed, 12 aug 09

*The above was written as it happened, on a ridge top in Ojitos Frios (little cold springs) where Kathryn, Willy and I stayed house sitting for a couple of weeks this July-August. I went back and forth to the computer to add the last impressions, the opening music came to me as I lay still in bed, this morning no music only to urge to piss.
I continued...*

After breakfast Willy and I always take a long walk. Willy has become my companion on my rambling through nature, while I take note of the visual he has the world of scent covered, both of us are considerate of the other on these excursions patiently waiting for the other while a shrub with a complex jumble of odors is examined or a flower with difficult lighting is photographed. We both pay attention to the sounds around us though he specializes in dog sounds and I in bird song. In the city we go to the river, here we slip under the wire and head north along the ridge, skirting the horses and donkey we go more or less directly as far as the gate then come back on the west side of the ridge always looking sniffing following any detour that looks or smells promising, we take pictures collect botanical samples rocks twigs mushrooms wood smells memories, and we gradually make our way home to Kathryn, cool water and a snack.

The rest of the day is spent identifying flowers and mushrooms, reading, working on these pages, editing photos, playing cribbage, playing ball, Willy is always eager to go outside to get a photo of a flower or look for a lost object like my red shirt which is still out there somewhere, napping (Willy is laying in the doorway now yipping in his sleep) maybe watching a movie in the evening. But what we have not been doing is worrying about the continuing renovation of our little house.

As I keep saying to Willy on our walks

"Life is Good! Life is Beautiful!"

