

Perspective.

A cottage.

Small and red.

Stands on the level ground next to an immense maple tree.

Birds are singing.

Grass covers the majority of the ground, despite a few patches of dirt. Weeds grow on the side of the cottage as tall as the windows.

JJK, *etched into the side of the shed.*

I walk the pathway made solely by footprints to the door.

While the scent of  
burning maple leaves  
permeate the air,  
*memories* flood my  
head.

*Memories.*

*4<sup>th</sup> of July,*

*learning to fish,*

*euchre.*

Traces of deer. *Here there here there.*

Eye to eye with a squirrel, but he quickly darts up to one  
of the many branches on a never ending maple tree.

The dock sways side to side in correlation with the smooth river.

*Ouch.*

The wood on the dock is worn down and jagged.

From the dock, when looking  
closely, a fish appears.

*Silence.*

The river, blue and polluted, flows peacefully.

I spot a swan, floating towards the dock.

*Silence.*

Bread crumbs. The swan approaches.

The sky is blue and serene, lacking the clouds.

From this view, the river is filled with filth and waste.

*Garbage.*

A brown box and empty aluminum object drift slowly passed.

A mother duck and her  
ducklings feed on weeds  
alongside the river.

While I munch on tiny pieces of food  
that dissolve and disappear if not found  
and eaten quick enough.

Another white, long necked creature joins me in  
search of any remaining crumbs.

*Above.*

Further,                      further,                      further.

Smaller.

Smaller.

Smaller.

The sky is still and peaceful; blue.

A flock of geese soar past.

Eyes allow us to witness beauty.

Eyes allow us to witness diversity.

Diversity makes us beautiful.

Our eyes make us beautiful.