



Outside my window is part of my front yard which is long and narrow, surrounding by trees. They wrap the yard in a green, hug, softening surrounding sounds and marking our spot in the world. It looks calm and serene, and private, but the sounds of the trains, planes and cars seep through their boundary day and night. Sometimes the whole house gently shakes from the railcars zipping and rumbling past our home, waking me in the night. I never get used to it.

Today the fresh smell of rain, and the ozone scent on the cool air make me smile as I awake and look out the window - one of my first activities each day. I feel happy that the trees are having a drink before winter comes. The sound of the water on the leaves is nature's music. It is a meditation and I stand transfixed and listen.

150 words