

It's chilly as I sit on this bench; I put my hood up and begin writing. The smooth slopes of the wheat fields and the Blue Mountains are stark outlines against the yellowing sky. They look adjacent to each other but for the slight overlap that reveals their depth. The mountains are vegetated, seemingly sporadically, but I'm sure the plants know something I don't. I see the shadows in old drainage basins—paths now forgotten by streams but not yet erased by erosion. The blue of the previous night is slowly yielding to the yellow of the morning. I can see where the sun sits below the mountains from a dome that is slightly more golden than its surroundings. Everything is subdued. In my head, I urge the sun to rise faster—I'm cold! A dog barks. The world is waking up. I begin to struggle to describe what I see, so I take a picture and look at that, instead—a trick I learned from quilters for choosing fabric and placing squares. I look back in front of me. Suddenly, beams of light shoot out at the sky as the sun finally tops the slopes; only now do I understand what people mean when they say something is shining. The sun rises all too quick; I want to witness this forever. I feel warm. I feel beautiful. I feel golden. Everything is golden. I'm not religious but I swear the sun is blessing everything it touches. Something inside me wakes up. I watch the mountains bow down to the sun and receive its gift, gracefully. Everything is golden. And all too quickly, the sun has risen. It says good morning. I laugh and say it back.