

Kristie

3/3/10

Around me I see the wind blowing the water away but there are still ripples in the water. There are some trees knocked over looking so very droopy. If you could just see the view in front of me with signs of peace and blue skies to match it like birds flying around chirping their little song. I hear all birds chirping, the wind whispering, leaves rustling and so much more. All around birds are squawking and chirping as if they have an urgent message that is to be spread across the world. Each second that passes by, I hear a whoosh in my ear, the wind passes by so quick like a cheetah.

I go to visit Jamie the tree, who is named by Abigail, his leaves and branches crinkle as I gently touch them. The grass surrounding him is very soft and smooth like a baby's blanket. I hear them, not exactly a crunch but no crinkle either, as I slowly step on it to make my way. I see so many trees directly in front of me as well as clouds overlapping, like big, thick marshmallows marching together. You could say you're looking at a painting with such a wonderful landscape. Trees in the background, they are so far that you would think they were mountains. Birds fly to and from trees and Jamie's branches flow in the wind and move quietly as if he's planning to escape the loneliness around him because he doesn't want to end up like trees with no leaves.

I feel that I can never leave; I must stay here and allow myself to be his comrade. I hear a splash out of nowhere but what could it be? Is it an animal or people jumping in or was it a tree slowly dropping in a rush? Surrounding me is the

damp pasture as well as the wind circulating through me. I can almost taste the water in front of me just waiting for someone to make them feel welcome. If I were to drink the water I would taste the salt dripping on my lips waiting for me to lick it off. I desire to put my hand in the water to feel the ripples go through my hand. I want to feel and hear the motion going on in my Walden place.

I feel that this place is not just calling my name but yelling it out as if I am a need, a desire. It tells me not to leave since so many unfamiliar shoes trample on top of them. All around me just nature trees and birds as well as grass and my place is at the edge of the bay. Its surrounded by water and trees and much more. The pastures are so big to me but small compared to its location in Wolfs Neck Farm. It is open and big, filled with trees and small animals as well as people. There is more pasture than there is water, which is what makes my place all the more special. In the distance of my place and Wolfe's Necks Farm are beautiful lush green trees.

Here it is small in place but big to community because of the many animals and people who go in the water. On the pasture there are signs of life like plants and bugs, more than the farm will ever have. The pasture is moist, a home to any type of life; any time people can come as long as they respect it, they will respect you. Is there such a place with so much respect? Is there a place that can top that virtue, no to me there isn't, my one true Walden place is here in Maine and here to stay.