

## Sitting alone on a rock surrounded by water

It is night and I am alone sitting on a rock surrounded by water. The moon is big, full, shiny and lights the world around me with an unreal aura of serenity. The air is warm and slightly moist; the only sound heard is when I take a breath full of this warm balmy air. I am alone and proud of being here, I am man in communion with nature. I close my eyes and listen to the silence of the night. Far, far away I hear a wolf calling, he is there and I am here. I try to reach to him and find his purpose; he too is the master of the night. I open my eyes and look to the sky. The Milky Way looks as if someone had shaken in a long arcing motion, a paintbrush laden with milk at a black velvet ceiling. I hear the flutter of a bat passing behind me, endlessly searching for whatever a bat searches in the night. I close my eyes, again, trying to get in touch with myself. As my thoughts drift in the night, time passes by in a flash. The air feels warmer and damp when I come back to reality. I open my eyes. It is still dark, but I can catch a glimpse of shimmering orange light on the eastern horizon. Before long, wispy tendrils of fog rises from the calm surface of the water and mate together to form big banks of cottony softness. I am alone with a sleeping nature awaiting its arousal to consciousness. I can feel the dampness of the fog entering my lungs, and can taste its sweet aroma. I pick up the faint sound of a beaver swimming to its daily chores. Finally nature starts to wake up. As if it is a signal the blood curling laughter of an Oldsquaw is heard. From that moment on, nature's awakening speeds up languorously like someone stretching to activate its circulation. First the enchanting songs of small birds, closely followed by the patter and chatter of squirrels running in the trees. I am surrounded by a universe of pearly white fog, boxed-in with my thoughts. The temperature is slowly rising, as are my hopes for a glorious day. The sun is illuminating the fog from above, and humidity starts to rise from the surface of the water surrounding me. It is warm and comfortable. The fog as a life of its own and shines with an incandescent whiteness as it slowly starts to rise above the surface of the water. I feel like I am flying down through a big white cloud on the wings of my imagination. I am coming back to reality as the first beautiful, bright, yellow, hot sunray hits me square in the face. I drink in its energy like a thirsty man in a desert drinks water after reaching an oasis. I am now confident in life, I am alone and happy in communion with nature. I want to shout at the top of my lungs that I am Primeval Man, the King of the Creation. I am full of energy and feel that I could reach to the sun with my hands.

Suddenly the illusion is shattered; I hear a dog barking and a voice. I am not alone. I have to go back to a world where you have to be what people want you to be, instead of what you really are. Why? I was alone and King of the Creation, now I am just an ordinary man...

Luc Paquin

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