

# ***Nature Walk***

By David

As the day was mid past, compressed in my room, it was as if the voice of the wind was enticing me to take a walk outside, glancing at the windy trees and gray sky from the window sill. I put my jacket on, opened the door as the wind slammed it behind me. I made my way down the path to the streets behind my neighborhood. It was around 6 PM, still light enough to see, there was a comforting essence as I strolled through the path of old houses and leafless trees. It felt like the pinnacle of autumn, pumpkins laid over lawns, orange leaves scattered as far as the eye can see.

The football game was roaring across the distance, seeing the beaming stadium lights shine, and the sound of whistles blow endlessly. It was the same grounds I played baseball at when I was younger. All the people, and all the cheers reminded me of the days I used to hit line drives to right field, and slide into second for the double. One of the biggest games of my baseball experience was played in that field and I remember it like I was in it at this very moment...6 to 7 we had the lead, 6th inning. The opposing team had someone on first and second, two outs. My coach told our center field man to scoot up 10 feet because he didn't think the kid could hit who was up next. And low and behold the kid hit it directly over the center field man's head and we lost 8 to 7. I think of it every time I walk past it, and wonder where we would have gone if we would've won that game.

After I made it through the fields, I strolled down a neighborhood that gave me a solace feel. The houses looked homey, the trees looked like a picture you'd find in an autumn magazine. It just felt like a place you could walk without worry--maybe a place you could write poetry in or paint on a canvas from your window sill.

I pass up on the street and turn to the right on the main road to another strip-like housing area, and even though I've been here a thousand times, I look a little harder at what I see. I see a man sitting on his porch smoking a cigarette in a wheelchair and wonder how that man's life is going. I see a house with huntsy type stuff all covered around it and think, if the man is from the south, When everything southern comes in my head, and when country music pops up, I force myself to think of something else. I see a house, primitive looking with leaves scattered all over the yard. It kind of reminds me of a log cabin, but it seemed like no one was ever there. The weather remained windy, and the sky's grayness hung over the town. The leaves were picked up into the street by the hand of the wind, tossing and turning every which way. I can see trees being moved by its power, while they put up a fight to stand still. Birds try to make room in the branches of them as they chirp endlessly throughout the day. It makes me think of the only other animal I see around outside which are the stray cats that run across the street, and the dogs you only hear but never see, behind a fence with bushes surrounding it.

I make my way to the end of the street and see a Mexican family I often see together walking this way, I wave and finally come to the store I walk to from my house that everyone calls the green store. At this place it reminds me of all the struggle and low life because at this part of the

neighborhood it's kind of dark compared to the rest of it. People sell drugs here, smoke here, and live lowly it seems. The store is kind of run down and sells movie theatre prices for expired food. I go in get an AZ as I leave to feel a mournful breeze to the homeless man sitting on the corner of the store. I feel too shy to say anything encouraging, I walk away in the fickle portal of my path and make my way home.

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