

Ms. Lacy

English

10 November 2018

Serenity

The sky blushes. As the sun slowly begins to descend, its blue backdrop—a monochromatic slate of cornflower, cerulean, and cyan—begins to pop, awash with hues arching across the horizon. The evening sky transforms before my eyes, penetrated by pink paisleys curled up like kittens at the end of a day filled with curious play. Salmon streaks and tangerine tendrils caress a brilliant braid of yellow. Crimson kisses the sun on its sleepy head, sending it to bed beneath a halo of indigo. A smile overtakes my face as I'm mesmerized by reverence and energized by innocence. Filled with gratitude for the beautiful brushstrokes before me, I sink into the wicker rocking chair and exhale deeply. Twilight will usher in the night, but for now, I am thankful for the vision to see and the wisdom to just *be* in this moment.