

The Cove

A late autumn morning down at the cove. I hear three things, the wind, birds, and the traffic on I-91.

It's peaceful this morning at the cove, still too early for some and the perfect time for others because the crowd hasn't arrived.

The sun peeks through half naked trees, as the leaves continue to fall slowly to the ground. The gentle wind creates tiny ripples in the water. The birds take off and land at will. The only man made disruption is that of the autos as they speed along unaware of the tranquility below.

~~I think of this place and how the views change by the season. Right now is the transition into winter. This water will freeze soon if it gets cold enough. The spring will bring new colors in pastels. And the summer will see the people and the watercraft arrive.~~

~~What the cove sees all the year long are people passing by. Never stopping, never giving a glance, and never reading the signs telling the history of this place. Hundreds of years of changes, wars, people, and scenery. The evolution continues, yet what remains consistent are the details that go unnoticed.~~

So much is happening at the cove to free your mind to other thoughts releasing the burdens of life that's over-stressed and in need of nature's soundtrack. The walk to the river is a short distance from the cove. Approaching the banks the traffic seems to fade and the sounds are wind, birds, and the water on the banks.

I wish I had more time with you this morning. Real life awaits and my obligations resurface to break the trance the cove put on me. With that I walk back to my car thankful for me time with the cove.