

Good Morning

Silence and peace, the weighted eyelids fall, the muscles unwind. The final destination is brought to mind – that diffuse, yet stoic candle flame just behind the eyes. That is where everything is headed. Focus shifts. Attention is brought to every aspect of the body, each piece of flesh activated and filled with a brilliant energy. That vigor grows stronger and stronger as breathing becomes slower and slower. It is a blinding light, overflowing, magnificent. Bound inside the cells, it *needs* an escape...hold on...was that the bus?

Damnit! I sprint after it, on the slim chance that I'm swift enough to catch it at the next stop. My legs pumping in long strides, I'm a bit amused, despite my situation. A decade of soccer drills are finally going to practical use. Lights and crosswalks ignored, I speed through the dark 7AM streets at top speed, hitting the stop just as the exhale of the bus's automatic doors closing fills my ears. I hammer them, pleading for mercy, and there it is. Success. The doors open, I get in, swipe my card, and sit. The people on the bus look at me sideways, but I'm not bothered. I'm not going to inconvenience my French host parents just to avoid seeming a bit silly.

Panting, I stare lazily out the window, returning to my dream state of thought. We're all a bit absent minded at times. Despite the minor inconvenience of this supposed vice, I've always appreciated the gifts daydreams and thousand yard stares have given me. I watch the night fields roll by. The dense shadow and lack of contrast makes the scene impenetrable, as though the bus traverses not the Norman countryside, but the depths of the sea. I taught my host brother to play "Yellow Submarine" on the guitar yesterday. I was channeling Jack Black the whole time. The important thing with teaching beginner music is to keep them engaged. Energy is the key. You have to stir it up.

The bus turns a corner and I see a bright spot. I know what it is – a pile of pine branches burnt for fertilizer, still green. The smoke they make during the day stretches far up into the sky. At night it's only a shimmering speck. As we enter the city, streetlights illuminate a small café I went to with my friends to last weekend. We ended up staying for three hours arguing over the origins of ethics, coffee cups piled on the sides of wooden tables. That was a good night. The bus sidles up alongside the stop at Calvaire St-Pierre and the doors swoosh open. Good morning.



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