

Natural Nostalgia

Elijah Devin

The temperate, spring breeze, was brushed through the afternoon air. Loose, large stones sat on the surface of the shore, in direct golden sunlight gathering heat, to suddenly be chilled by the pulse of the cool, green-blue water. A gorgeous sight, the lake was. In the distance, the other side could be seen through a wispy layer of silver, radiating mist. Straight, emerald-topped trees, reached into the beautiful, sapphire-blue, vast, empty void of a sky. The image was serene and galvanizing. It was forever instilled in my head, preserved perfectly as the first spot I had ever gone fishing. The beach extended farther to our right, before sinking into tangled undergrowth of thorny vines and prickly, deceased bushes. Farther over, the rough, sandy dam of terrain, an aged road, stretched around the bend of shaved cliff wall. The cracks in the pavement, formed after years of moisture and cold seeped into the thin crevices. Air whistled along, with its own agenda as it made its way east, circumnavigating the ridgeline. Other than that, silence befell the ridge, and the massive, yet gentle body of water.

As the hooks hit the water, only ten meters out, a delicate sound echoed. Like the splash of a faulty faucet, the slate and clay wall reflected the peep of sound. Occasionally, small fish poked their head above the surface, nearly replicating the sound of the hooks colliding with the glistening water. Life buzzed, a steady droning in the greenery on the top of the cliff. The occasional stone would tumble down the steep wall, and clatter into the piles of gray gravel. Along the edge, where the rocks impact, lies several clusters of wildflowers. Multicoloured,

crimson shaded heads bloomed from the stems of the bushes under the tightly laid limestone chunks.

The muddy soil had the marks of tires tracks. People often arrived at this location to set up their boats in the water, or to fish by the shoreline like us. Many loved the location, but my particular admiration for the river was the smaller things than simply the fish it beheld. The lake radiated a scent like that after a fresh spring rain. Water, scented with the fish of which it's filled. Under the surface lies another world, much different from our own. Undisturbed by *our* agenda.