

Dancing in the Sky

A thundering waterfall crashes into the unsuspecting pool lying still beneath the mighty river. From there, the water surges forward before dwindling into a gentle rhythm, slowly winding through the trees. A wren swoops down and follows the stream, twisting and turning with intricate grace. He breaks away and climbs into the sky to dance among the stars, tiny glints of light, hope among a broken world. Clouds fill the sky, and raindrops begin to fall one by one, slowly cascading down to Earth with a purpose.

The wren flies quicker, evading the imminent threat of a storm. A plain of grass stretches out in front of him, reaching out as far as the eye can see. A sense of calm washes over the surface of the Earth as the grass ripples in the wind whipping eagerly through the air and stormy clouds drift leisurely across the darkening sky. As sinister as this all may seem, the wren feels serenity coming over him.

Thunder resonates in the distance, and the wren takes to the sky once again. A herd of deer is loping across the plain, and the wren flies alongside them. Joy consumes him, and leaves no space for any other feeling. The sun peaks over the horizon, emitting a harsh ray of light. The wren flies with passion. His very life seems to depend on the way he dances. He twirls and spins, being one with the wind that flows across the sky with ease. The sun shines into this realm, and the sounds of morning are singing through the air. Cheerful birds twittering, a fox yapping, and wind rustling the tree branches. *Has all of this always been this way, the wren ponders, or have I just been too blind to truly see all of this until now?* He decides that if the answer really mattered, that he would question the wonders of nature, but right now, he should simply enjoy the spirited life humming around him. He surveys the terrain around him one last time, with its bright blue sky, raindrops dripping from trees from the storm that had passed over, sunlight streaming down from the sky. It is only then that he glides down to settle into his nest. *Home.*