

What A View

It's perplexing how similar raindrops slithering down a glass door look to snakes winding their way across a glistening field of icy grass, though more remarkable is all of the little things you notice when you look. That is how I spend my life. Observing the world before me. Judging it, critiquing it, watching its every move. Yet the most fascinating element of the life I spend looking, is that everything takes place from the luxury and comfort of my living room armchair. I am naturally soothed by the stillness and the hushed sounds, only a sheet of glass separating me from the outside world. I suppose one may say I have a rather vivid imagination, but what would life be if we couldn't give a little creativity to meet the world halfway? It's funny how I can brew up so many visions in my untamed, and quite possibly unhinged, 81 year old mind, yet I deem it impossible to even think of the dull life that I would be living had I not stopped to take a breath and look around, and simply just observe.

Why how peculiar the events of yesterday were. You'll never believe what I saw, which truly is making a point as I have emphasised earlier just how many things I serve as a witness to in this world, often unbeknownst to those under my 'watchful eye'. You see, I began hobbling over to the kitchen to grab my afternoon snack and glass of water, when I heard the muffled, yet audible whisper of a passerby on the footpath outside float through the window I had left ajar many moons ago, when I made my bed and laid in it, in this room teeming with sights and stories. I was hardly phased by the presence of this young girl and her mother, walking past my window. I assure you, walkers on the footpath top the list of my most common sightings, however, what stopped me in my tracks were the ever so unexpected words that slipped from the mouth of the young girl. She stared directly at me through the window, stunned, eyes open wide, blinking in a state of pure shock and amazement, then whipped around to face her mother in an overly ecstatic state, before saying "She moves, you know!"

How silly I have been all these years! To think I was the only person who ever looked around, the only one who ever observes. All I have ever contemplated is what I see through my eyes, but how peculiar it is to think of somebody else looking at me! My, what a shock that little girl must have gotten when she saw me out of my chair, the little darling must have thought I was a statue all this time!

It seems I am not the only one watching. There is always somebody looking in, from the other side of the window.