

# DESCRIBING THE SCENERY

**BEN BLACK**

Far away across green hills a long gray road bending and folding and disappearing and reappearing, soaring up the green toward the blue and white, and on the road a bicycle and on the bike a man in tweeds and an old fashioned cap. He's coming toward you and you hear a calliope and balloons begin to float in front of you and you want to duck and press your face into the grass and then you hear the bicycle chains and maybe a bell, but wait! the man on the bicycle is in the same place; he hasn't moved and come to mention it the balloons aren't moving either and can you breathe? Yes, you can breathe and you turn around and see the other wall, still unpainted, and you rest your back against the painted grass and sigh. When you get up, the grass stays on your back like when you were a kid and would lie for hours on the freshly mown lawn. But your back's not itchy like it was then because it's only painted grass from the wall of your new son's room and now you've left a father-shaped hole on the green hills of his imagination. A carefree man on a bicycle rides towards it, unaware of his fate.