

Dear Dramatic Landscape,

A few weeks ago I was walking whilst trying to hum a tune to the key of G as an attempt to ignore the insistent heat of the sun that was strangely burning my elbows. I was getting quite good at it. So much so that my lips were becoming sore and humming was uncomfortable and therefore had recently become quieter. This allowed for me to hear a strange sort of accompaniment. Initially I thought that it was the much-desired breeze that was circling my neck and head, but the sound had a structure that differed from that of the wind, it sounded more like talking - like words. I looked to my right to see a dry, frail looking bush perching nervously on the edge of a deserted boulder. Amongst the murmurings of the breeze I could clearly hear the bush mutter to itself in frustration...

"Minutes like fragments of disorder within a realm of complete contradiction. Pushing and pulling to the point where I know longer know my name - I no longer want my name. But this angst is lost within. It remains as a parallel. It remains as something constant but afar. It's as if you dream, but you do not have any belief in those worlds, you deny yourself of place... of reflection, of moment. But what is it that we both acquire? What is it that we know?"

Then a gust of wind came. Three out of the five branches snapped and blew away leaving just two. They sat bluntly staring at each other - alone and brittle in their togetherness, neither protective nor open. The bush continued, empowered within the moment, gladly accepting its fate. It chose to plunge deep into the depth of its words, accepting the loss of limbs as if they were no more than betraying friends eager to climb outside the walls of friendship.

"It is like there is too much...too much distance. In order to gain complete comprehension we knew that the only way would be to be honest, to open up - to let in. But then what we have let in is unclear. I have lost my sense of purpose. I can no longer see."

Predictably a second gust of wind arrived, abruptly stripping the boulder of the last reminiscence of its life, rendering it alone, singular and sad. The bush was now nothing more than a disparate, distant relation - a nomadic scattering of twigs, stripped of its voice. A friend lost to the landscape.

The wind continued to murmur but there were no mutterings to be found within it, just evidence of the space, of what was there.

By now I had ceased my singing and was in a state of contemplation, pondering on the words of a bush that appeared to make no sense. The sun had been taken away by the clouds and the temperature had begun to drop. I put my hands in my pockets and started to walk thinking to myself that at some point I would write to tell you what happened, to see if you knew of this rather depressed bush, to see if you were accustomed to its ramblings, to see if you could shed some light on its message.

Yours sincerely,

S.M.