

View from the Carport

It is almost August 2015 and, fortunately, our view from the carport never really changes. This morning a heavy dew weighs down all the webs that cover our boxwoods along the driveway. The rising sun backlights neighbor Marie's holly tree across the street and reveals all the webs that stretch between its branches. I am reminded of the practice years ago, artfully draping spun-glass angel hair over Christmas trees. It just glistens! Neighbor Joel's bright blue car appears to have a liquid roof.

Already this morning our apple tree is a beehive of activity with a convention of chirpers vying for the best morsel of breadcrumbs (which Jim just placed in the birdfeeder). One cardinal hot rods kitty-corner through the carport on his way to harass some hapless bug or worm. Tiny green crab apples are preparing themselves for the local deer's annual fall chow-down occasion. When those marble-size apples drop to the ground, Jim says it is like walking on ball bearings.

Mr. Martin passed away 5 years ago but his house across the street is just lately being spruced up for sale. Even the grapes in the back lawn (another chow-down venue for the deer and birds) have been trimmed into submission. Mr. Martin would be so proud of his home and yard.

Tyler, up the street, rolls in, home from his 3rd shift job.

A distant siren is soon enhanced by the yowls of dogs for blocks around and they continue the cacophony long after the siren is silent.

Our Crape Myrtle trees are aglow with hot pink blossoms and birds flit through the branches. Last winter was very hard on these bushes. Many died-off branches sway above the flowers.

A cute 5-year-old boy lives in the garden apartment of the house just north of us but he is nowhere to be seen this morning. A few days ago he and his daddy were in the back lawn blowing a storm of sparkly soap bubbles. It is so nice to hear his happy giggles.

The usual parade of vehicles whizzes up the hill, each driver on his way to a job or somewhere important.

Behind us is a 1/2-block-wide woods and the trees are especially lush this summer. Through a window between the leaves we can see strands of vapor that are whispering skyward from the little creeklet. It is hard to imagine that little stream is responsible for all those trees and the deep ditch. Life is like that; one drop at a time can accomplish great things. Today you cannot see the street behind us. Robert Frost may have been looking at our woods when he penned, "The woods are lovely, dark and deep but I have promises to keep and miles to go before I sleep."

Across the woods on Coronado Lane kids are already voicing their appreciation of the new day. Several dogs join their merry song and all is well. Perhaps the song expresses it best, "Zip-a-dee-doo-da, zip-a-dee-ay. My, oh, my, what a wonderful day!"

