

Untitled

“Jack” or “Jacqueline”

The activity that I find myself doing to relax & unwind is a slow walk. I usually perform this action when I am upset, either at myself or someone I am acquainted with. I sometimes walk for a couple of hours, just thinking about my problems, and a lot of the time I do find myself having a pretty good conversation with myself. When I'm walking I notice a lot of things about people. I see flowers, trees and a lot of other natural sights. Such as the wildlife. I think my biggest focusing point when I'm walking and thinking is the sky. It is so beautiful no matter what state it is in. On a bright sunny day it is a fascinating light blue, but on a windy, stormy day it is a very fluffy, gray, low hanging bunch of billows. As I walk I feel the wind zip through me, the rough pavement beneath my feet, and the unraveled strings in my pockets. I hear an occasional sigh from deep within myself as my voice echoes off the seasonal air and reflects my verbal thoughts back to me. My sense of smell is usually focused on the clean freshness of the country air, but it is tampered with sometimes by the sweet smell of a patch of wild flowers. My walks really make me understand myself and most of the time I feel relieved upon returning home again.