

Arizona heart

By : **DarlingDontDare**

I'm originally from a small town in Minnesota but I moved to Gilbert about 8 years ago. 2 summers ago, my family drove us kids up North to a tourist attraction called Antelope Canyon. I didnt end up falling in love with the canyon, but the small town it was located in and all the people there. I have a friend who lives there now and i make a point to stay there every few months at one of his apartments near the lake.



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In Northern Arizona, towards early Spring, a soft rain meets the Earth. The waters of Lake Powell churn and shudder with the soft kisses of droplets meeting it's own, deep blue body. The towns all along the Utah-Arizona border become even more quiet and sleepy. the sky is painted a deep gray for weeks, like the sun chose on it's own accord to take a sabbatical to rest. While city folk complain about humidity and the kicked up dust pasted to their windshields, the people of Page, Bitter Springs, Tuba City and all their neighbors are reflecting. The rain does that. Some are known to stand at their windows with a cup of coffee or tea and just gaze absentmindedly at the rain for hours. And others still, namely those who have been torn from these homes, are brought back with each clap of thunder overhead. These ones often crave to be home more than anything during these times. Theres nothing in this world that compares to sitting on the pebble-painted shore of Lake Powell and just staring out at the torrents of water lapping at the mountain bases. And, if possible, staying out there into the late hours of the night and seeing the star encrusted sky, peeking through ominous thunderheads. That's something one never comes back from. That's just what the rain does to this place. This unforgiving, breathtaking, wasteland of a desert we call home. Everything is restored. Everything is new. And hearts are either broken or healed. But in this place... We never take the rain for granted. You never know when you'll need it most.

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