

Writer: Carol L Brunk
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Title: A season
Total Pages: 2

He talked to the animals every day. It was a Saturday that always looked as the only day to take care of anything that had to do with anything.

Horizon took on the grey of possible snow.

The blankets of wool had been combined with the cotton fields that grew among the neighboring fields. A sound of Baaaaa! heard in the distance. Looking for the gin just maybe the liquid instead of the manmade machine at times was in searched for by a few in loose clothing of the Indian Summer's heat. NO well nearby to take the edged drink to taste. Horses where maintained by the youth of an education that advances year to year in hopes of a college scholarship from the care giver he was given to by God.

"His grain fields are over the limit in abundance for harvest," he commented. He patted the coarse hair of the animal harnessed that he continued to place leather crafted decor of a fastened seat upon the curved back. "She's light as a feather," she said holding a small friend upon her finger. His smile told the story that was not always open to her- through the gaze of their eyes held.

"Bright blue of a Summer's day of heat." "Thanksgiving of a blessing and not to eat the small winged upon my hand." Smiles and a chuckle as he held out his hand while the small winged pranced over and anchored its delicate small weight upon his finger.

"No flight his morning my friend?" he asked the small winged weight that fanned its feathered weight upon his hand.

"Chickadee, the winter's red berries need to bloom." "Otherwise, for the temperature degree will catch your weighted body to a statue state." Smiles and a worry spread upon her face as she thought to harvest the bailed small bits of hay for the warmth of the day for a small feather friend.

"An her mate?" he questioned as he gestured his winged hand toward hers. Eyes of his still glanced then glanced again toward her while her hand caught the winged bird. It pranced upon her palm then quietly circled and laid to rest in the center of her palm.

"No training," she said. "Chickadee did that by herself."

"Short kindness of an act to pleasantries of comfort your hand holds," he commented as he worked to place the leather harness straps fastened in place upon the coarse hair animal.

"My friend be told to you, " she said, " that her mate is well and not far away."

"Distance may never be of heart to be held." "But distance to be told gains strength though closeness may not always be a visual view," he said as he winked and his gestured smile takes an increase of her breath away. A tilt of her head toward the chickadee. "Listening for a heart to beat," he said a whisper of a strength controlled.

"My eyes behold yours if I look your way," she responded.

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"Only to see my heart beat," his response whispered.

"Fairness only to the chickadee." "I worry for her mate." "For winters' temperature may not be kind to her," she whispered. A smile was soon replaced as a small bird feathered its weight upon his head. Light as a feather, no noise was heard on a motion of a glance before the silence faded to her voice of a giggle while she glanced from his eyes to the top of his head. "So her mate is here, " she said. Curves of the corners of his mouth gently pulled slowly on an upward flight as he carefully reached palm open for the top of his head. As he waited, he looked for the feel of a small winged feather weight upon his palm. Slowly, he brought him down to eyes view. "I see your right on time," he said. "No winter's temperature making you wait." The chickadee took his place upon her hand gently nesting together she held both with both hands.

A watchful way they nested and rested- they gently nodded their heads.