Big Glass Towers -Sorcha K. Armstrong-Hetzel

It’s bright out. Very sunny. I love sunny afternoons in the city. Everything is clear: the details of life, the darkening eucalyptus leaves, watered grass, the glass towers above, framed by a crystalline, blue sky. Here both concrete and nature is strategically planned and placed. So much effort and work put into creating an environment. The city is where active busy people seem to accumulate. Unfortunately, I’m not a morning person, no doubting that. It’s not fun waking up in the morning with an achy back and zombification clouding the mind, reflected by gloomy sky. Puffy, bleak, grey. Solemn.

That is why both coffee and sunshine are godsends from the heavens, there to welcome a new day.

City life. So busy yet capturing. Everyone ant-like in their rushed journeys, having individual places to go and individual people to meet; vehicles slugging along the condensed veins of the city; people individually walking into their big towers to sit at their individual desks in their individual offices within their individual departments, all on different floors stacked up and up and up, all the way into the sky. Assistants, bankers, managers; all with their individual purposes. Every individual enveloped in their own bubble of purpose but all moving in unison, continuously every dull and gloomy grey morning- coffees in hand of course.

Paper and pencil on lap, bench cool and hard, grass glistening in the morning rays, trees bordering the view, cloudy breaths dispersing into the crisp air. Steady bitter steam rising from my paper cup. My usual routine. Isn’t it better to observe rather than rush around? That way there is a smaller chance of missing details; it’s my way of appreciating life, as life does run by so fast and sudden, like a jug of water pouring into a glass after you’ve realised it was already half-filled. Capturing reflecting light, shade, angle, lines, pattern, shape, texture; my perspective; stroke after stroke; I think it’s important to experience other lives through your own eyes.

So busy; everyone finds the quickest route. A race to beat personal bests. Narrowed down to intersections where there are splits and alleys leading to those big glass towers. Crowded talking, mirrored by the steady rhythm of footsteps. Phones to ears, brief cases in hands, pressed suits and skirts, pursuing down the maze of grey side walk. Highly esteemed people, most likely who have obtained various degrees. Who own expensive cars and two story houses with a white picket fence or an elaborate balcony. All with jobs where they are most likely earning more money than I ever will in my whole entire life, and I really do not mind, nor care.

Look at that. Look at that bird up in the tree; such pretty feathers, such colours, stunning, standing out among the bright leaves, perky in its movements, like a little ball of cheerfulness, poking and pecking at things with its beak curiously, so innocent and pretty and natural, like a child exploring our little park area. Are we the only ones to see it? That is funny.

Looking around, eyes are only looking down at glass screens, or staring blankly ahead with phone locked to the ear, ironed shirts, expensive handbags and watches, pressed grey suits and skirts following the grey maze to their big glass towers. Having somewhere to be and people to impress. Monotonous. They have their big glass towers, but I have this little, pretty park.

Personally I prefer to be spontaneous, to enjoy the simple things in life and the different forms in which it appears, then, capture it, to observe, learn, develop and grow. The most complex and informative form of life to observe is ourselves and each other. Even those individual people on their way to their glass towers, each with their own individual mind, individual personality, individual perspective; individual world. Each person an experience to learn from, look up to or to disagree with. It’s a growing person’s obligation to learn the beauty and horror of humanity in all its confusing, weird and wonderful glory, as it is the foundation of the world we live in. All one needs to do is look around.

Now, I believe my place on this earth is to show others who might miss detail to observe and learn all that I see; simplify and highlight the beauty that constantly surrounds us and capture it all on paper. I live to portray life in different shapes and form. To encourage one to see beauty is to encourage one to see happiness and therefore to encourage one to experience positivity. Positive thoughts generate positive feelings and attract positive life experiences. That is my place. Not in glass towers.

Everyone eventually falls into their place, until then, we must laugh at the confusion, live in the moment and know that everything happens for a reason, and thankfully, always continue to happen.