

Josh Ashton

Professor Jorgenson

English 1010

Sensory Paper

Sight

I watch the bright orangish-yellow orb that is our sun slowly descend into the ocean's horizon. The height of the ripples of the water catch the light of the sun, while the ripples' valleys create a line between each glimpse of light. A pelican is diving into the orangish-yellow ocean water, breaking these lines as it enters the water. A moment later, it surfaces again, flapping its wide wings clear of water as it rests for a moment on the surface of the water. It opens its yellow beak to readjust the overflowing anchovies, and with four powerful flaps the white pelican is in the air again. It soars into the sky that is diffusing the sun's light into extending shades of yellow, orange, red, purple, and blue. I watch the pelican for a moment more, as it flies into the thin streaks of clouds that blot out just a portion of the diffused Sun's light, and then it disappears.

Smell

I stand in the Allagash Wilderness in Northern Maine shortly after a heavy rain. The air still drips with humidity and the rainfall creates a unique, earthy petrichor smell. I breathe in the fresh, musky air deeply. At the first breath in, the air just smells simple and unprocessed. I breathe out, and in again. There is more to this forest's smell: the rainfall is mixing with dirt and the boggy forest floor has a natural decay of leaves, branches, and thin grass. The dying and decaying debris littered across the forest floor releases the last air of life adding a waft of sugary perfume into the mist. I take another breath out, and in again: the sharp mint and sap from a

nearby spruce tree add a note of sweetness to the air, the stump covered in mushrooms creates a strong, earthy odor, with a hint of a distant acrid spray from a skunk. This forest is my home, and the damp, woodsy air is comforting and pleasant from all its sources.

Sound

I walk through the Allagash Wilderness in Northern Maine during a rain shower. The forest's trees rustle with the wind, the leaves shaking with a timbre that ranges in tone from high to deep. The timbre sounds like it is pulsating, between spurts of strong and weak wind. The raindrops are falling onto the trees all around me, creating a muffled drone from the heavy rain shower. The drops that land on my rain jacket have a splat sound, like flicking a piece of paper with your finger. With each step I take, the leaves beneath my boot crackle and crunch. Every so often, a step will snap a twig, alerting nearby birds who whistle their bird calls as their wings flap quickly away.

Taste

I love pizza. I eat pizza a few times a week and everytime the taste enthralls me, leaving me craving more. I hold the thin, velvety, floppy slice of pepperoni pizza carefully, to avoid the golden grease running down my hand. I take a bite into the pepperoni covered tip, and I'm hit with peppery, salty, and hearty sensations, a kaleidoscope of flavors in my mouth. The cheese is rich, cohesively merging the taste of the pepperoni to the sauce's zest and herbs, a delicate balance between sweet and acidic. The crust in which all these layers lay is yeasty, floury, and lightly toasted, but still soft, chewy, and doughy. This mana-like food continues to satisfy, with each bite as juicy with sweet and spicy, yeasty and woody.

Touch

I lay in the lawn of my backyard in Northern Maine. The lawn feels slightly cool and damp, the moisture resting on my skin and wetting the backs of my clothes. I can feel the plant differences in the lawn, from the slightly itchy grass to the soft clovers. The plant life is dense and fluffy, and has a springy quality to it for the moment it pushes against my body ever so gently. The soft earth is somewhat bumpy, protruding in odd points with a slight bulge that'll feel like it's poking into my bones. But after a moment, the grass and clovers compress against my weight, and the earth and my body become one, merging into a comfortable position with the ground regardless of my body position. Both I and the earth feel malleable, conforming, free-flowing as I lay on my lawn. The summer sun is shining onto my skin, warming my entire body from the light, with the juxtaposition in my body between the cool ground and warm sunlight occasionally making me shiver.