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My Garden of Eden

Skylar Shatkin

It is a clear summer day. The water of the pool glistens as it reflects the rays of the morning sun. The focus of the yard is a small fountain, sprinkling its life-giving nourishment on to the surrounding plants and arching into the majestic blue waters below. A young cherub grasps onto the spitting dolphin, which struggles under the weight of the constricting ivy. The plant climbs up the fish and slowly consumes the Old Chicago brick deck. Ripples in the pool, caused by the steady stream of water flowing from the fountain, emanate from their origin, transporting the yellow duck reading 88 degrees Fahrenheit to its final destination. Through a child's eyes, this is paradise.

The wild life seems to have awakened from their restful slumbers. The rustling of the bushes encircling the pool reveals a prehistoric-looking lizard. It practically glides over the rough, red, and rocky terrain of the bricks. A family of baby ducks led by their mother like an army marching into battle, waddles onto the patio looking for a cool, shady place to sit. After following this line of soldiers, a turtle plops himself down into the depths of the pool. Undisturbed by any of this, the elegant hummingbird looks at me through my kitchen window, waves his little tail, and zips off. From my seat, I see a pair of butterflies flutter onto the heads of gargoyle statuary, who stand guard over their kingdom.

It is a beautiful day outside. The sun is shining, the birds are chirping, and the lizards are sunbathing on the lawn. The pool calls to me. I should not be inside. But my presence would only disturb the serenity. So I stay where I am: an outsider looking in.