

The glorious sunset essay



As I lay on my back,. I gently lift up my red tainted paint brush and mimic how I would paint clouds on the cloudless baby blue sky above me. As I lay under the warm sun, my brush in my heavy hand, something catches the corner of my eye. Something that I have not seen in a long time and it fills my i heart with hope and love. I start to slowly paint this beautiful image. My small paint brush touches the bare white canvas in front of me The colors of red, dark blue and grey fill my canvas pitched up in front of me.

As I start to paint I feel alive, my heart begins to fill with emotions as the vast open sky starts to turn from a baby blue to an autumn red. The clouds changing from cotton white to a flaming orange-yellow. My hand takes life as if filled with its own emotions. I suddenly stop as I see the tide start to come in. I watch from a distance as the now blue sea touches the golden brown sand. The cold sea fills my footprints and wipes it away as if it were never there. It makes me deeply think again and I feel a sudden loneliness.

I try to calm my sad emotions down and start to slowly paint. I gaze upon the reflective water and the dusky autumn sky turning darker. The sun seems to be dancing as if with a twin on the red mirror-like sea water. My excited hand now painting with its own passion making me feel good and warm again. As the sun slowly begins to fade away, as if it were mere falling off the edge of the sea, I gradually put my colorful paint brush down next to me and rest my exhausted hand, my fingers throbbing.

I slowly sit on the now colder brown sand and take in the epic event that is slowly unfolding in front of me. It makes me realize that life need not to have a sad or unhappy ending. My sad and lonely emotions begin to fade away as

I feel alive, reborn and inspired. I slowly watch the autumn red sun disappear behind the murky blue sea, I softly say to myself, what a glorious sunset.