

PETA CULVERHOUSE

Tranquillity

Late in the evening in summer, after a hard day's work, I sat back on my camping chair, with the fire pit embers just giving off a glow so as to not disturb the sweeping majesty of Apollo's chariot leaving the stars for us to remember him by. I sat there deeply satisfied at the day's work, feeling the coolness of the Australian evening closing in. The last of the bird calls were sounded, the crickets took their place and the cattle lowed in the distance. As I sat there, in the tranquillity of the night, I murdered a beer. I felt sad once I had finished. The coolness seemed to become claustrophobic and the humidity unbearable, the mosquitoes milled around and bit me as if taunting me to stay seated where I was. The fire was too bright to enjoy the night sky anymore. I got up and slapped my arm. A ripe mosquito left a blood red mark where it was once enjoying a free meal. I went inside disappointed at how the day had ended.