

## Stories From the Evening Illustrator (a series of pictures taken from fantasy)

Last Evening I went to the tree. I went there, perhaps, to be anthropomorphized. Such a long wordy word, for such a basic process. At one point I was a bird. At another, a dove. A peace dove, or a mourning dove, perhaps. Since my sense of self was not as grand as that of a dove, in a sense I became the tree. I was at once a mountain vista, an orchard; a single tree? As an aspect of being, or wishing to be anthropomorphized I considered that I might be stately, majestic, prosperous, strong, forbearing. I also wondered about being perceived as analogous to that which is sensuous, beautiful, caring and cared for, neglected, uprooted.

A human being in some respects can be like a tree, I suppose.

Or a bird.

I like to fly though, and while I was soaring I considered myself as I would a history. But not just my history, but history, a history, histories, the way we all have been, perhaps always. Looking down allowed me to look back as it were. Looking back is a way of conjugating our present, don't you think? Past present, present tense, past time?

It became evening time, eventide I think it is said. The sun fall, but not so dark yet. I had to stop flying, imagining being somewhere and not really having been there. I was becoming anthropomorphized. I guess we all do that at some times; fly until we come to the eventide? Then we have to put it all away and dream the stories given us by the evening illustrator.

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