

The Evening Walk

Our walk begins on a smooth, flat sidewalk
At the street corners is the gentle step-up, step down
We discuss the day's events at a leisurely pace.

We turn the corner and begin the gentle incline
No problem here. The heart beat is regular
A slight glow shines on our cheeks and foreheads.
Feet move along at a brisk pace.

Incline steepens approaching the first hill
No problem. Heart beat speeds up
Perspiration beads gather
Conversation slows down a bit
Leg warm to the rhythm of the walk.

Final ascent of major hill
Problem. Heart beat visible through tee-shirt
Sweat streams
Conversation gasps.
Calves groan. Thighs burn.
Street sign, "500 feet to dead end" seems prophetic.

The sidewalk levels now and heart beat slows down a bit
We pause a moment to wipe the moisture from faces
We turn
And
Are speechless at the sight.

We are surprised by the panoramic view of San Diego –
From Miramar to Coronado
The view seems like layers of colors
 First the red tile roofs of houses
 Grey-green tops of eucalyptus trees
 Brown green spread of the Naval air station
 Warm glowy-yellow of city lights sprinkled above
 Then the blue-black expanse of the night sky
Moving east-to-west, airplanes approach Lindbergh Field
Their twinkling red lights converge from separate legs
To the apex of a capital "A" lying on its side.
Arrayed above this, on the uppermost layer are
The constellations in all their splendor
Everything is illuminated by the glimmer-shimmer of the moon.

 Rejuvenated
We return home walking slowly down the hill
 Revitalized
By the physical exertion of the steep climb;
 Relaxed
After the elation of the view from the top.