

The View from My Window

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(есе по английски език)

When I look from my window words fail me. Before me with every blink of my eyes a majestic view is unveiled. From the top of my five-storey tower everything looks as if a kid has mistakenly flipped his spyglass and is staring at this shrunken image of the world - so much to see, so much to learn just looking at Bulgaria Boulevard running straight from Vitosha to the heart of the big city.

What catches my eye first is the picturesque rug covered all over with creeping ant-like people. I take a deep breath, my head spinning with excitement and I lean over the sill hoping to make out a pattern of their chaotic motion. They seem to be organized in some strange system - all following their own goals and yet at the same time working for the prosperity of all – the grocer with his van and the businessman in the sleek Mercedes; the kids hurrying up to school and the truants hanging out; the two housewives with their inevitable shopping bags and the pair of long-legged beauties taking their first coffee in that posh Lucano cafe. There are all kinds of them - big and small, smart-looking and more shabby, there are ruthless ones and kind ones.

When I begin to comprehend their strange dance, I instinctively start to analyze them, to compare them. I see the decent fellows walking in a straight line, trying to keep to the squares of the pavement and not to step on the lines. And I see the others, the more rebellious ones - they move like sleepwalkers, they bump into others without even so much as an apology. The world they all have wrought is ridiculous yet fascinating - the shining new buildings of banks and offices, and those socialist eye-sores like supermarkets or resident houses which have outlived their day. Yet I somehow feel that “the most essential will remain invisible to the eye”.

There will be many times that I will be stunned at this ever so fragile and complicated ant-like reality which can be changed irrevocably by a casual gust of wind or a few rain drops. I will have to try and get used to living here where we are left at the mercy of nature. And I'll try not to forget that once we get down there,

we are all ants.

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