



CLEARING

***Willson's Corner (Open Range)***

October 28 – December 18, 2021

A place in California near Creston, which is close to Paso Robles.

It is a corner, just like any other corner, on a country road a good drive from home.

It is not really a corner but where two roads meet with farmland on either side, and it is more like a bend.

I use it as a reference because it is near the spot that I found ancient seashells perched on top of a hill in the middle of a farm far from the ocean-just a reminder that the spot I was standing used to be submerged underwater 50 million years ago. These shells in my hand were right on-top of the surface, no digging needed, and they were everywhere.

The shells had the familiar ridges of the exterior and smooth concave interior that you would pick up on the shoreline today.

What a mystery, what an unlimited invitation, standing on that hill looking out at the undulating land.

I have stood in so many parking lots, malls, whatever, and had the very same feeling.

Usually I am in "performance mode", but today I was just looking around.

Shells protect their host.

It is within the shell that a life is lived, interesting.

I am still trying to figure out the difference between me and those shells.

Don't think I ever will as I care less and less about that difference and more and more about the connection which is obvious.