



## LIVE PAINTING

6:30 am

The tide was rising as per the usual ritual. One after another, the waves quietly invaded the dry sand left by the ebb.

The place and moment imposed a deep silence only broken by the flight of the seagulls discussing between them the best place for, in nosedive, catch the morning meal.

On the right side of the beach I could hardly see a figure walking by the sand. Then another and yet a third one. It was about to happen...

The horizon, until then dressed in black began its metamorphosis, where the dark scenario now gave way to a palette of blue tones.

Almost suddenly, the stage was been prepared for the show that was about to begin. From the deep blue, orange tones were now emerging and, ashamed, announcing the first act. Indifferent to these Molière knocks, the waves continued their routine and the gulls their labor.

The noise of a net cast into the water deviated my thoughts. With ancestral mastery, that fisherman dominated his art. A minute later, he was loading a bucket for what should be the family meal for that day. Two launches followed and I realized by the smile he gave me that he had successfully completed his mission.

I returned the gesture, and, as he walked away I could not stop thinking if the fish that was still jumping on that bucket would be the same that a few hours before I had happily feed with two breads that for this purpose I had religiously brought in my pocket.

I saw them far away. I already knew that birds as they were also complicit in this hour of fortune. The five pelicans always flew in the same geometric formation and exemplary role.

Indifferent to my presence, they followed their usual trajectory, in a rhythmic and energetic flapping wing. Also for them a new journey was starting.

While the orange tone of the sky was being imposed, the shadows were becoming visible, and the audience took form.

I fixed myself in one of them, and his physical shape let me guess that the morning jog was part of his daily life. He sat on the sand, and although been distant I noticed that his eyes were concentrated into the infinite. Just like me, he was waiting for the magic hour...

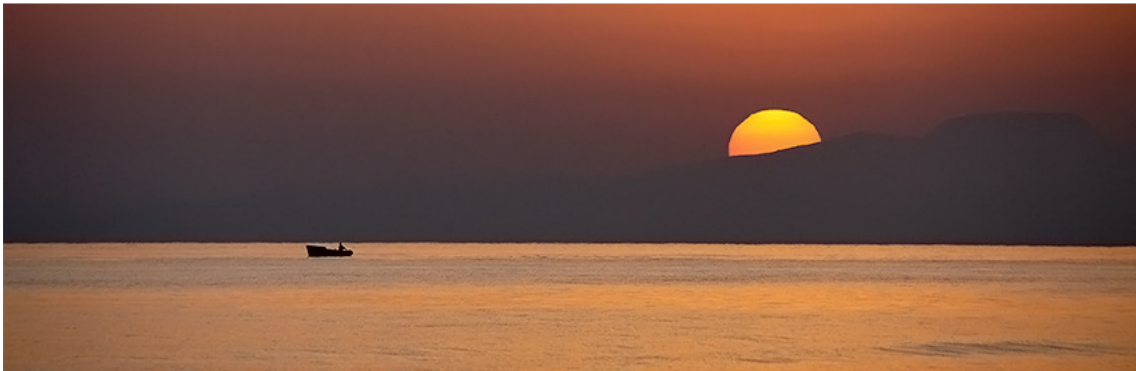
On February, that area of the Mexican coast offered its visitors a pleasant temperature, where the eastern breeze awakens the senses, making each dawn in moments full of life, food for the mind and a balm for the soul.

6:45 am

If there are moments difficult to describe, this is for sure one of them.

There he was a wonderful birth of the nature and herald of a brand new day. Breaking through the fog that obstinately embraced the horizon, he started his climb. The next few minutes cut the breath, relegating to second plane the symphony of the waves. Even the seagulls were stopped in the sand, facing east as a sign of respect.

Its orange tone, full of life and hope finally breaks through the clouds. Fireball, some would say, or source of life, as I've heard too ... sunrise, magic hour, God bless you!



6:55 am

A coffee pot and two empty glasses stood in the improvised table. They remained silent, enjoying the moment. Looking in the eyes and hands together with a tenderness that was about the size of the sun that they had just seen born.

From the top of their more than seven decades old, they emanate peace of mind and a complicity that seems to be well rooted. The former route of this love I'll never know. A passion since childhood or later relationship... but does it matter? They stood there, faces wrinkled but happy, and the victorious mood of those who won another race.

7:10 am

The sun was already high, and I could not resist looking back. The towel was now under his arm and carrying the bag over his shoulder. They sealed that amazing time with a kiss and a hug, like a promise for a return on the following day.

That moment will remain forever recorded in my heart. A wonderful picture in shades of love and affection. That older couple was a live painting, whose colors remain intact, no blurring, but renewing itself in a mystical and lasting way.

Happy, in a slow step but full of hope, they went on their way.

I wiped my tear, and went mine...



Text based on an experience lived at Riviera Maya, Playa del Carmen, on February 21, 2008

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