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## ***Watching***

I sat in the park today. Kids played and I was taken back to when I was them. The exact same monkey bars that they climbed were once coated in the sticky red icee flavoring from just outside the park. The birds chirped all around me as the sun began to bury itself beneath the horizon, only to rise again the next day. The end of one day was a sign that another was coming. As the sun sunk, its light coated the sky with hues of lavender, magenta, and a light, rose-colored blush.

I smelled grass. There was a lemony tang to the air, a pungent yet earthy sour. I heard the cars and the honks, the kids and the screams, the birds and the chirps.

Despite the noise, all was silent. There I sat, lost in the memories of who I was and who I've become.

So there I sat thinking:

Who am I?

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