

## **Going Up**

The curtain's going up, so let's talk about point of view. There are angels with bird's eye vision, everything beneath as gentle and rolling as quilts sewn by loving hands. Then there are those who lie down in the earth and look up.

This is not a good angle. Every photographer knows not to shoot women over forty from below. We live north of forty, on an island, in a city carved axe, adze and saw, out of the ancient Rainforest, the way the Songhees People made their feast bowls large enough to feed a whole village.

The best place to watch is from the highest branches in trees. It could be flowering cherries from Morioka, our sister city. It could be fir, the home of eagles, or the majestic cedars in Beacon Hill Park, or monkey trees, their wood cherished for the jet set in jewelry Victorian ladies wore for mourning.

Children will pinch and wish as they drive by. There is so much to hope for. It's our job to see everything, to point to the beauty and ruin around us. We are not afraid. Whatever falls from the sky will feed us, and we won't come down until no one is hungry.