

Ephesians 5:13

Corinna German

*But everything exposed by the light becomes visible,
for everything that is illuminated becomes a light itself.*

In late summer, evening skies are always orange-toned: peach, apricot, sherbet – and the clouds are lavender smoke. I turn back to look at the purple alfalfa flower I almost trampled, admiring how the sky-tones complement it. I've been out with his camera during the golden hour – an hour before sunset when warm soft light turns the landscape into gilded magic – to try to capture the things he can't. How I'd like to sit down on this grasshopper-infested bank with him and talk about the line between technique and art.

My feet sink into the dry irrigation ditch tangled in wild sunflowers. The bees are frantic, but I'm indifferent. I only care about the light, the intensity, the split-second change of tones. I hurry to capture the sinking amber glow touching the backs of the sunflowers, illuminating them. Dragonflies are out tonight basking in radiance on top of corn tassels. Sky light reveals a web within their wings; an intricacy I've never known.

With each minute, the fields turn a richer green. Damp, cool air flows around every low corner and dry gusts of heat whirl over each hill. No, dad has not been dead since December, he's been here with me walking these fields. He may not have reflection in his eyes, but it's in his camera lens. Knowing this does not stop the lump from rising in my throat and hollow cry to the field sparrows telling them that the light will never be quite right.