

I felt an overwhelming desire to commune with nature. **I decided to go for a walk.**

I was drawn to the ancient woodlands where the towering bastions of ancient trees, foretold of my dependence on this natural product to invoke creativity and help me realise my artistic goals. I ventured still further to where the cascading torrents of a fast flowing brook evoked an appreciation of colour, form and light and how these elements connect and interplay within the pieces I create . **I walked through the woods down to the river.**

A Kingfisher swooping low over the water in search of food, a metaphor for my own search for creative inspiration, as an autumnal leaf, falling from an overhanging branch, and drifting downstream, a reminder of my constant journey to venture into as yet undiscovered voyages of creation. My spirit reinvigorated, I hastened back to my sanctuary. **I had a nice walk and went home.**

With the need to create coursing through me and enveloping my very being, I hastened to my creative space. **I had a couple of hours to spare so went in my shed.**

Selecting a roughly hewn piece of nature's timber wonderment I was enthused to deploy my artisan skills to fashion a utilitarian vessel. **I put a blank on the lathe and decided to turn a bowl.**

Drawing inspiration from my recent memory of rocks, eroded to a perfect roundness by centuries of flowing water, I pictured the pleasing balance between the positive space of the inner and outer curves with the negative space thus revealed. **It was a nice shape bowl.**

Having laid bare the inner beauty of the wood, in order to truly appreciate nature's wonderment I concluded further enhancement was necessary. **It needed a coat of wax to bring out the grain.**

Emboldened by the delightful outcome of my toils, I felt the piece worthy of sharing with a wider audience. **I took it inside to the Missus.**

It won approval and was deemed worthy of public display with other contemporary art forms. **She put it on the shelf with all the others.**

I was left to bask in the inner fulfilment born of artistic accomplishment. **It was time for a cuppa.**