



My name is John and I'm retired (except for some freelance translation) and like to travel alone. I take lots of photos, look for second-hand books which become part of the journey, keep a log and collect fridge magnets. I try to give my trips form and meaning with missions and quests. This is Part 20 of my **Pilgrim Chronicles**.

San Diego

The master photographer Henri Cartier-Bresson said a photographer should travel, for inspiration and to open his eyes. It's nice to have a warm place to visit each year in the middle of winter. It's January 15, 2019, and my annual trip to see family in California will give me seven days alone on the road, two before the visit and five at the end, barely enough time to make a pilgrimage of this trip.

There's only one thing planned so far: a drive through Valley of Fire State Park north of Las Vegas on Day 1, where I will try to re-capture a photo I took nine years ago. I can't find a book to start the trip with, but there's a paragraph on my fridge from a recently read biography of the teacher/philosopher Jiddu Krishnamurti, by Roland Vernon, that I remove and tape onto the first page of my notebook:

This mysterious 'other', that returns to the Krishnamurti equation later in his life, does not now have a label; it cannot be personified or defined... and yet it has a more tangible presence than the nameless no-thing of Vedantic philosophy. He refers to it in his published notebooks as if he can physically detect it, like a perfume; it is an immense sacredness inherent within creation, a presence that imbues everything it touches with benediction. It is not separate from the world, nor does it exist on a different level of reality. It is simply there, a 'wordless ecstasy', usually neglected by man because of the preoccupations of the brain, but the property of life itself. Increasingly with age, Krishnamurti felt he was existing in the company of this 'other', that it was in a continuous state of revelation to him, the source of his perspicacity.

Two things struck me about the paragraph: Krishnamurti's perception of the sacred that he compares to a perfume, and the word 'perspicacity' that I seem to have never heard before and needed to look up.

I find a definition on the Web: *Perspicacity is a penetrating discernment – a clarity of vision or intellect which provides a deep understanding and insight.* Even with this definition I find the word difficult to understand, like it lives in a murky place and has too many syllables, contradicting what it's supposed to convey. One of those words that only has meaning if I clench my brain and vanishes as soon as I let go.

The flight to Las Vegas is long, bumpy and boring, except for the last hour talking to Debbie from Moncton, a delightful lady who had been sleeping next to me for four hours. Nothing goes smoothly once off the plane – everything takes longer than it should and by the time I get to my fancy room in a downtown casino-hotel (a room that cost next to nothing), it's too late to venture out again. I thought about having a couple of complimentary drinks at the bar in the casino downstairs, but when I get there, the coupons are nowhere to be found, they must have slipped out of my pocket somewhere on the way.

The hotel is stupid and depressing with confusing hallways on the sixteenth floor that curve and intertwine for no reason. The Wi-Fi is weak and there's no desk in the big room, reminders that you're not meant to do anything but gamble here. The smell of stale cigarette smoke permeates as it does everywhere in this city. I sleep poorly in a gigantic bed and not for the first time swear this is the last time I will stay in a casino-hotel.

There's a heavy cloud cover by the time I get to Valley of Fire State Park an hour north of the city in the morning of Day 1. I'm happy to be back in the desert where the silence that seems to flip the contemplative switch is embracing on a windless day. The ground is still wet from yesterday's heavy rain, painting it and the rock formations a deeper, softer red, and when the sun comes out for a moment at the Seven Sisters pullover, does it ever put on a show. This is what I do in Vegas. I'm glad I didn't have drinks at the bar last night.

Next stop is the spot where I took the photo I've been looking at in my living room for nine years, the first image I ever properly framed. The sun is gone again when I pull over on the side of the road, but there's a big patch of blue in the sky and within seconds it's back and I begin the process of trying to replicate the shot.



Valley of Fire State Park, Nevada



The car



Try as I might to *perspicaciously* focus my vision, it doesn't seem possible. After a few attempts I get back in the car to keep driving deeper into the park where I get some good shots before coming back to eat a sandwich in a small pullover amongst the rocks on the side of the road where I feel weirdly at home – literally inside the image in my living room, beside the wiggle in the road but hidden behind the rocks.

When I finish my sandwich, the sunlight is gone again. At times like this I appreciate being a photographer, having reason to stand still and wait for the right light – to flex my patience and absorb my surroundings. Patience was one of the Henri Cartier-Bresson photography tips I found in an article many years ago and took to heart. Be still and wait for the *decisive moment*, he said. Something will eventually happen.

The light returns and I walk back down the road, leaving the car behind the large stone outcropping. I try everything, even holding a small print of the original photo in front of the scene as a guide, but I know from what I see in the viewfinder that it's probably not going to happen. In a book I will pick up tomorrow, Cartier-Bresson will say: "Of all the means of expression, photography is the only one that fixes forever the precise and transitory instant. We photographers deal in things that are continually vanishing, and when they have vanished, there is no contrivance on earth that can make them come back."

By three o'clock the cloud cover is heavy and dark and I'm tired, but I resolve to stay until the sun sets. You never know – the light has changed so many times today, a good day with the camera. I get a few more shots with post-rain desert greenery before I leave.

Back in Vegas, at a different hotel - the El Cortez – in the older section of the city, I walk over to the covered 24-hour street mall they call "The Fremont Experience" that is the heart of this mecca of garish entertainment. But I don't last long. This always happens here: I think there must be something interesting to see but quickly retreat to my hotel. I sleep well and witness the usual sad display of early morning gamblers in the casino below when I leave in search of breakfast in the morning of Day 2.







It's raining lightly when I set out for Orange County but soon it's pouring. A huge electronic billboard at the three Primm Valley casinos near the California border cruelly urges losers to maximize their pain and keep on gambling: "Get even b4 leavin". Torrential rain on the highway stops suddenly as soon as I cross into California. I take a photo at the first rest stop that seems to show the dark clouds clinging to Nevada behind me, but soon it will rain even harder and by the time I get to Cajon Pass, visibility is close to zero and it's a struggle to make it through.

The rain eventually lets up and, after checking into the Days Inn in Fullerton, my home for the next five days, I have three hours to kill before the family visit begins. Fullerton is my favorite town in Orange County and I find three books easily at Half-Off Books, one of my all-time favorite stores. Coincidentally, one book is *The Mind's Eye: Writings on Photography and Photographers*, by Henri Cartier-Bresson, which I find mis-shelved in the Religion section. Maybe this small collection of writings is all I will need to read on this trip.

Maybe I'll use this short pilgrimage to examine my own relationship to photography and the *perspicaciousness* of my own eye. I've been feeling detached, like my head isn't screwed on tight, like a camera lens that hasn't quite clicked into place. Maybe adjusting the eye will work on the rest of my head. In the book I just picked up, Cartier-Bresson will say that when you take a picture, you consciously engage all your faculties, then you hold your breath. I've been practicing this for a long time, and when I hold my breath for a shot it feels like I'm entering and taking myself out of the picture simultaneously.

It's dark when I leave the bookstore and the sky is clear and full of stars, but everything is still soaked and the scent of happy trees and grass and plants full of moisture is intoxicating. I will probably never experience what it's like to live in such a beautiful town which is probably too nice for me anyway; I don't feel comfortable with the attractive downtown restaurants and look for a place designed for efficient consumption – with no atmosphere to keep you lingering, where people hardly speak. I find a Panda Express, my default fast food go-to in this part of the world. Then it's off to see family.



Valley of Fire trash cans



California rest stop

January 23, ten p.m.: Free again after six days of precious family time, but I've missed myself and my solitude. I've got six days left with a vague plan to go south. Maybe I'll spend it all in San Diego, or Blandiego as my son refers to it.

It takes only an hour to get to the Days Inn in Encinitas. Feeling disoriented, I turn on the TV but quickly turn it off, reminding myself to be present, alone, in the moment – no need to feign company with the sound of other voices or tinned laughter.

I like the hotel that looks shabby on the outside but inside is clean, compact and well laid-out. I make a quick decision and book a room for the next five days at the Good Nite Inn in San Diego. Five days is a long time to give such a city, but it looks like the weather will be perfect throughout - 23 to 25 Celsius and sunny - and I've been wanting to adjust the way I travel, to linger longer in places. It feels good to be committed to a plan and, slowly, brain circuits that run in solitary mode start coming back to life, popping open, switching me back on again. I'm eager to get going with the trip.

I'm on the road at 9:30 on Day 8 after a good night's sleep, driving to a parking lot beside the sea at the bottom of the street to get my bearings and enter a bunch of destinations into the GPS. First stop is the nearby Self Realization Meditation Gardens on Pacific Highway 1 where I decompress into solitude even more and get a couple of nice shots. It's easy to feel bliss in such a beautiful place and a handful of meditators are taking full advantage.

Further down the road is the Salk Institute, an architectural masterwork, in La Jolla. I pay a small fee to enter the compound and take photos, but the light is too bright and in the wrong places at this time of day. I look for the striking Mormon Temple that hangs above Interstate 5 but the GPS takes me to another temple instead. Things aren't quite working out but I'm getting a sense of the city driving around.

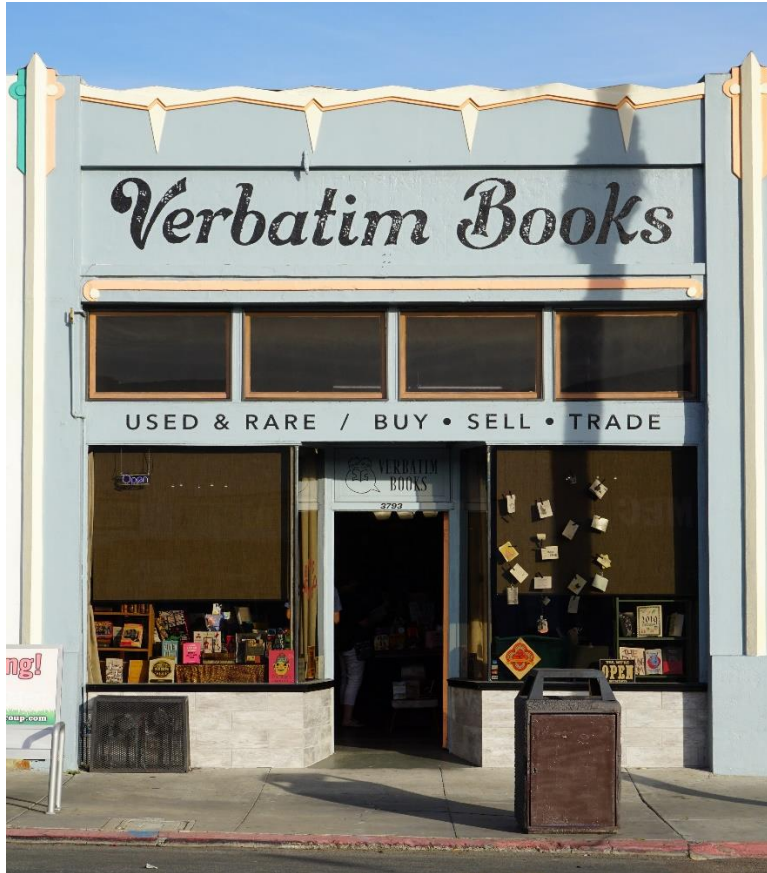
Next stop is Saguaro's, a Mexican fast-food restaurant near the Verbatim Bookstore in North Park. The breakfast burrito is good but too large to finish. Then I find a strange-looking book I'd never heard of at Verbatim: P. D. Ouspensky's *Talks with the Devil*, which consists of two long short stories with an introduction by John Bennett. Ouspensky was a Russian philosopher who wrote the authoritative book on the philosopher-teacher George Gurdjieff; Bennett was a brilliant student of Gurdjieff whose autobiography was part of a previous pilgrimage.



Self Realization Meditation Gardens, Encinitas



Self Realization Meditation Gardens, Encinitas



I have coffee at the Subterranean Café across the street and decide that North Park, an inner-city neighborhood that feels a bit like my own, will be my home base in this city. I get well-lit shots of the bookstore and the restaurant, and more in the fading golden light on the way back to the hotel, but in the evening I will lose all the shots I took today. This is the second time this has happened, the last time in Tel Aviv just a few months ago. Both times I mishandled the downloaded files after I had erased them on the camera. I resolve from now on to wait at least a couple of days before erasing photos on my camera – a simple solution.

In the morning of Day 9, I still can't believe I lost all of yesterday's photos in what must have been a geezer moment. I'll have to retrace my steps as much as possible and try to recapture them. But first stop this morning is the spotless and gleaming San Diego Mormon Temple surrounded by hyper-manicured gardens. The scene is peaceful but weirdly artificial, the only discordance the persistent whoosh of cars and trucks on the I5 below.

Then it's back to the Self Realization Fellowship Meditation Gardens in Encinitas, an Edenic spot on a cliff above crashing waves you can hear but not see. I linger in Encinitas where I find an overpriced coffee in a hipster café and a book at Book Tales, a shop I visited last April.

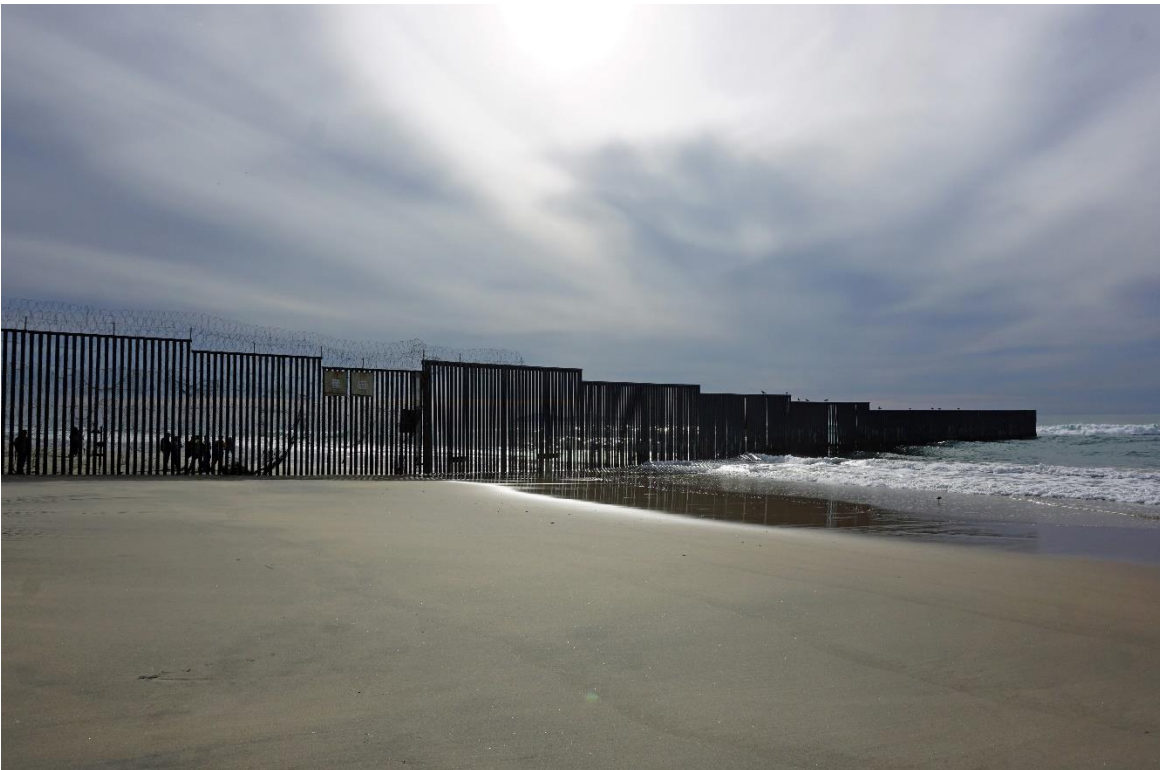
Next stop is on the other side of the city where the United States meets Mexico at Border Field State Park. Heavy rains have washed out parts of the road leading to the tall fence that separates San Diego from Tijuana, so I must leave the car at the entrance to the park and walk almost two miles. There are hardly any other people on the dirt path through empty fields to the sea. It's overcast and a bit depressing with the incessant buzz of helicopters the only sound on this windless day.

The last part of the trek is on a beach which is deserted except for two young women ahead of me (tourists from Canada as it happens) who slow down to let me catch up. They're nervous about being in this strange place alone and want to walk behind me. When we reach the fence that extends into the sea like a gigantic art installation, there are several Mexicans on the other side, shadowy figures, most of whom look like teenagers. One, a young girl, playfully slips through the gap between the slats several times, jumping back immediately. A gigantic mesh that drapes the fence is supposed to prevent this but there's a large hole in it.



Mormon Temple, San Diego





Border Field State Park, San Diego



Border Field State Park, San Diego

There's a road with a stop sign and a do-not-enter warning to my left that runs along the border. After a few minutes a border guard in a pickup truck approaches and asks in a rude voice, "What is it about a stop sign you don't understand?" Apparently, the sign is meant to warn pedestrians not to get too close to the fence. I try to explain that I thought the sign was for cars but end up apologizing to this piggish officer who I will see ten minutes later arresting a man who has just walked through the hole in the fence with a young boy. On the long walk back I get a good shot of the sea with a surprisingly dramatic sky.

Dinner is at Panda Express again where the cookie says, "Your hard work will soften the troubles of others." Hard as I try, I can't imagine how. In the evening I see *Hale County This Morning, This Evening* at the Digital Gym art-house cinema in North Park. It's a nice theater, and a wonderful documentary about the African American inhabitants of a small town in Alabama, a *cinéma vérité* visual poem, beautifully shot and unique, a series of extended *decisive moments* captured on film. Back at the Good Nite Inn, I finish the short Cartier-Bresson book in which the word *perspicacity* pops up not once, but twice. I guess it's the word of the trip.

For Cartier-Bresson, the camera is "a sketchbook, an instrument of intuition and spontaneity." He speaks to me directly when he describes the photographer as a flaneur and photography as "putting one's head, one's eye, and one's heart on the same axis."

First stop in the morning of Day 10 is for panoramic views of the city at the Mount Soledad National Veterans Memorial. As I arrive, I receive word of my brother needing a sixteen-hour operation that may leave him incapable of independent living, dark news on such a bright and sunny day. In one photo I get from the top of this hill, the decisive moment has two girls forever pointing away from a sign pointing in the opposite direction.

Next stop is Pacific Beach which is a bit bland, but I get a nice shot in brilliant California light of rental cabin number 22 on the pier and I find my San Diego fridge magnet. Then it's off to Balboa Park in the center of town where I park the car, hang my camera around my neck, and enter full tourist mode on this perfect day.



Mount Soledad National Veterans Memorial, San Diego



View from Mount Soledad



I was here sixteen years ago, visiting my son when he lived nearby with his first wife, long before I started these pilgrim adventures. I remember little about that trip, but I recall the airplanes coming in low for landing at the nearby airport, and I remember taking a shot of one of them floating over the city from the same spot where I'm standing now on Cabrillo Bridge, the entrance to the main area of the park.

It's a fantastic park with photo-ops everywhere and a friendly visitors center. The scene is so beautiful it feels like my head is going to explode. Even the ducks in the lily pond in front of the Botanical Building look shiny and perfect, scrubbed and polished. I stand still for about five minutes near the pond waiting for the right moment to take a shot of the building with people wandering in and out of my viewfinder and the movements and gestures of two young women sitting on the grass that need to be taken into consideration.

In a park café, I sit down with a surprisingly good coffee and an amazing chocolate donut. Then I do a little tour on the free tram to each corner of the park. The buildings in the park began as pavilions built for a 1915 exhibition and they've survived well, slightly kitschy but in a good way. It's nice that the city's museums are all here, not to mention the world-famous zoo.

Next is the San Diego Museum of Art, a break from the relentless sunlight. The museum has some good paintings and it's near-empty and quiet. I like the smell of art museums, a comforting mixture of oil paint and carefully tended objects. One of HCB's tips is to look at a lot of paintings – at how the artist uses form and composition. I finish John Bennett's difficult introduction to *Talks with a Devil* on a gallery bench.

Bennett says Ouspensky believed the devil has "been responsible for every kind of technical progress." He did not believe the devil actually exists, except as an auto-suggesting projection within us, but a very influential entity nevertheless: "The art of reading and writing was one of his greatest gifts to mankind. All these were bestowed to make man independent of God and so break the link whereby man was able to help God in governing the world." He believed the devil was imbedded in matter, determined to seduce and put us to sleep. Evil is sleep and mechanical living - the absence of intention and mindfulness.

It's 3:30 when I leave the museum, eyes full, back into the sunlight, a little less white and bright now, starting to turn gold. I walk back to the car to get my hoodie and decide to stay in the park till the sun begins to set.



Balboa Park





Walking along the main promenade, I'm overtaken by a homeless-looking man, who turns to face me and says with a voice full of hate, "Some people don't know when they're getting too close." Did I invade his imaginary personal space when I walked past him just now? It's not the first time I've seen this kind of behavior here: mentally disturbed people yelling and screaming obscenities, even stomping and throwing things. I don't like it and I detest the public electric scooters, tossed here and there, that pester and threaten pedestrians on the sidewalks.

I drive home in the dark, picking up supermarket prepared food on the way. By 10:45 I'm beat. The photos are edited, the gadgets are fully charged, and I will sleep well knowing I've got two more days of mid-winter summer in wonderful Blandiego. I like that I'm ending the trip with a weekend, the best time to see a city, without the traffic and bustle of a weekday.

Saturday morning, Day 11, I'm with the strolling families and surfers at Sunset Cliffs. After a short walk and a few shots, it's back to the Subterranean Café in North Park to decide what to do next. The gruesome reality of yesterday's bad news about my brother is lingering. Though estranged, the possibility of his death is something I feel at a molecular level.

I drive downtown where, after an excellent lunch of fish tacos, beans and rice, I return to the hotel for a siesta before heading out again. I check out The Immaculata Catholic Church as a possible location for mass tomorrow and find it on the campus of the University of San Diego. It's sparkling and beautiful on the outside and inside where I find myself alone. I write something in a prayer book in a side chapel for my brother.

At a loss, I head back to my café in North Park for the second time today. I start to walk the kilometer to the Digital Gym to see another film but soon run out of gas. Instead, I sit on the bench in front of Verbatim Books to take some notes and try to put life back into my legs, but it doesn't work. I wanted to make North Park a home base but it's filling up with young partiers now – too cool for me. I cancel the movie plan and decide to head home. Dinner is at Panda Express one more time where even the cookie disappoints - *You are the very definition of trustworthy* - offering flattery this time instead of a fortune.



Sunset Cliffs



The Immaculata



The Immaculata

Change of plan in the morning of Day 12: I'll go to mass at Our Lady of the Holy Rosary in Little Italy instead of The Immaculata. I don't like posh churches. The longest sleep of the trip has done me good. Weather forecasts back home are ominous and I'm not sure I will make it home tomorrow night. There's no plan for my last day in this city. I guess I'll just hang around, visit another beach and maybe Balboa Park again.

Mass is cheesy but tolerable. The liturgy has St. Paul saying we are all members of the Body of the Church whether or not we acknowledge it. I linger in Little Italy for a while after mass, then drive along the harbor on the way to a MacDonald's in search of a milkshake. Then it's back to Balboa Park, this time entering from a different side at the International Village. The park is not nearly as crowded as I thought it would be on a Sunday. I sit on a bench in the shade with Ouspensky, trying to get a fix on a book that seems to be going nowhere.

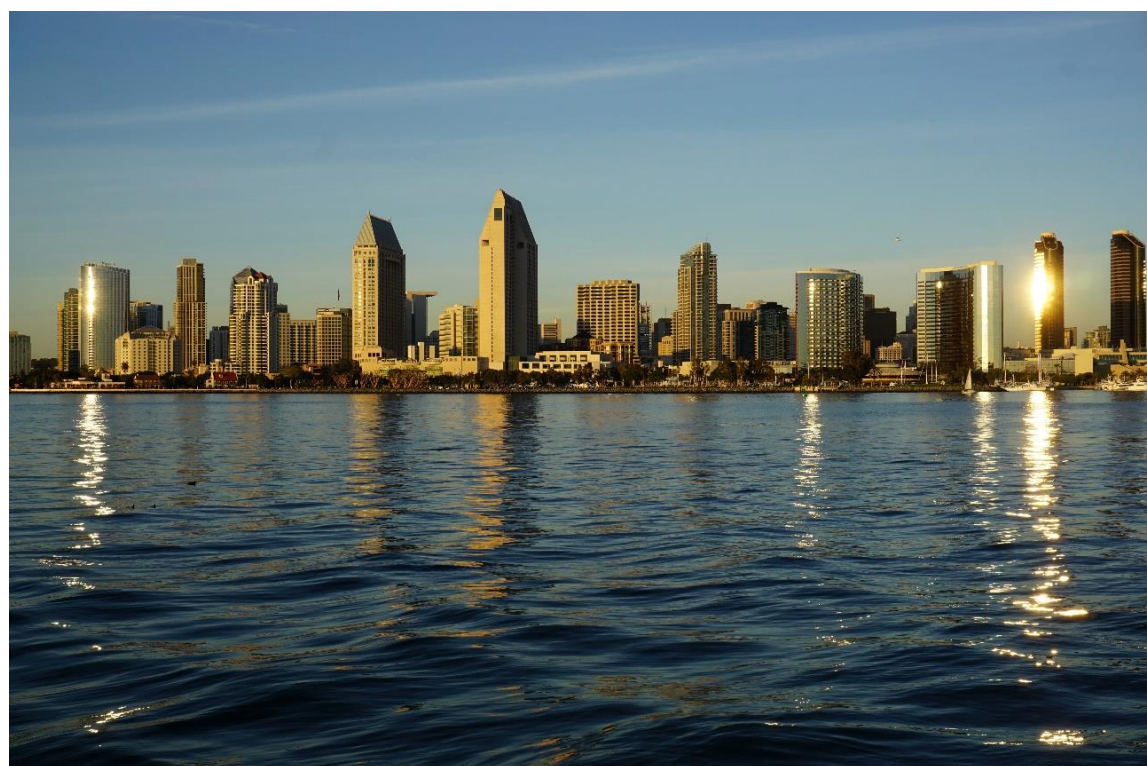
The Museum of San Diego in one of the pavilions is as bland as the city's reputation. I can't watch the thirty-minute film on the history of the park for more than a couple of minutes without starting to fall asleep, so I give up and decide to take a proper nap in a comfortable easy chair in the lobby.

When I rise from the chair, it's time for another coffee and chocolate donut. They're out of chocolate donuts in the café but the glazed twist is almost as good and on my phone I find one more place to visit in this city before I leave. Coronado Island is not far away, and Centennial Park is said to be a good place to photograph the San Diego skyline.

It's easy to get there over Coronado Bridge, the blandest bridge I've ever seen (more like a really long ramp) and once in the shoreline park I know I'm not going to leave till the sun goes down. It doesn't get any more postcardy than this.

Standing at the shore, the sun is directly behind me so there won't be any sunset over the skyline, but the light on the buildings could get interesting. There is just the right amount of people in the park today, mostly couples and families. When it starts to get cooler, I return to the car a few blocks away for my hoodie, then come back and sit down on a bench to wait for the light to change – it's white and crystal clear now but looks like it might be starting to turn gold already.







As I sit facing the skyline, flexing my patience, I get up to take a photo of the same lamppost three or four times in slightly shifting light until the creeping shadow of the horizon behind me reaches the bushes with tiny white and purple flowers at the base of the post. This innocuous subject will be the cover photo of this story, a bland and almost perfect shot but for one flaw: the white sailboat, a nice little hidden feature, should be lower, set against the blue of the water for contrast.

In the end, the light turns light purple and there are no dramatic sunset colors to reflect on the skyline. Kind of like this little trip, winding down with no discernable theme. I get a shot of the skyline in the purple light and only later will I notice that a man is standing in the boat in the center of the scene. He seems to be taking a photo of the same skyline and I regret not turning around to see if there was another photographer standing behind *me*.

Day 13, the final day, begins with breakfast with the homeless before dawn at a MacDonald's near the hotel. I've got all day to do the five-hour drive to Vegas to catch my 11:30 flight and it looks like the weather might just be unhorrible enough in Montreal to get me home as scheduled. I'm dreading the return to extreme cold and snow.

First stop after a couple of hours on the road is for a milkshake at yet another MacDonald's, also a refuge for the homeless, in San Bernardino. Some of these people are obviously in terrible shape, physically and psychologically. Others, like the two ladies with laptops at the next table, look normal, except for the luggage and extra layers of clothing they are wearing. This is the most depressing place I've seen in California.

Back on the road my eyes are closing by the time I pull into a Starbucks in Barstow for a caffeine fix. It's been overcast all morning, so I've taken no photos. Zzyzx Road is one of the few points of interest off Interstate 15 I've yet to visit. This time I make it halfway down the road but turn back when the asphalt turns to dirt with puddles of water. I don't want to risk getting stuck in mud in this remote place and the light is lousy anyway, so once again I postpone this Mohave roadside attraction till next time.



I find the huge Seven Mountains art installation easily in the desert just across the Nevada border and a smidgeon of light seeping through a small filtered hole in the sky gives me my last shot of the trip. By the time I get to Vegas, there's nothing left to do but eat dinner, fill up the car and kill some time seeing a movie at the Town Square Mall – the weirdest shopping center in the world, made to look like a village with no human inhabitants. It's not the first time in my travels I find myself killing time in this twisted place so close to the airport you can practically wave at the passengers in planes coming in for landing above the "town square". The movie is dark and pointless, and I don't feel like lingering in this strange place or this city. I receive a small translation job to pass the time in the airport.

Getting home at eight o'clock in the morning, after a few hours of airplane semi-sleep, is weird. As I unpack, I find the San Diego fridge magnet, the only souvenir I brought back, and a narrative of this little pilgrimage starts to emerge. What will I remember about San Diego? The crystal-clear light, the ocean, the border fence that continues into the Pacific Ocean and looks like a work of art, and the homeless. And Balboa Park and Coronado Island of course.

I had been thinking about giving up the book-collecting part of these pilgrimages, and in fact most of the books I picked up this time added nothing to the narrative. Except for Cartier-Bresson and the John Bennett introduction to Ouspensky's weird stories. I'll take this opportunity to write about photography, something close to my heart, as I did last year when I used my annual visit to California to write about trees.

The attempt to re-take a photo was my only mission on this trip and you might think it would be easy to reproduce an image of a landscape, but one factor is that there are many earthquakes in this part of the world, most too small to notice, that might shift the landscape slightly. Maybe land in general is more fluid than it seems. And I have a different camera now, with a different lens, which could account for the main difference in the newer photo, which is a less interesting wiggle in the road leading to the focal point. This nuance of a wiggle is what makes the older photo work, I think.



One of the Seven Mountains near Las Vegas

But maybe it's none of these things. As HBC says, "a photographer can bring coincidence of line simply by moving his head a fraction of a millimeter," which I guess means the *decisive moment* applies even to a landscape where nothing seems to be happening. The *decisive moment* in this instance would be *me* - where and how I'm standing and the way I'm holding the camera, not what is (or isn't) happening in front of me.

A long time ago I read, in a tiny book on *Zen in the Art of Photography*, about how one should try to photograph a thing from the inside out. Cartier-Bresson says, "In order to *give a meaning* to the world, one has to feel oneself involved in what one frames through the viewfinder." And stick to one lens, he says: you can't be technical and mindful at the same time and you can't *give a meaning* if you're not mindful. "People think far too much about technique and not enough about seeing." We should at least refrain from talking too much about the "beautiful gadget", as the Master referred to his camera.

The beautiful gadget is matter. Ouspensky says the devil can be found in matter which has the power to hypnotize and put us to sleep with its sensuous, superficial allure. The problem is that the material world is not the only reality; it's a mirror which "loses its lustre" if you immerse yourself in it, ultimately making the world seem grey and flat.

At the age of sixty-five, at the top of his game, Cartier-Bresson gave up photography and started to draw. In the end, it's not the system, the gadget or the gimmick. It's not even the art itself. It's the thing behind the art, the thing that imbues with meaning, the source of the creative - the source of *perspicacity*.

I look at the Krishnamurti paragraph again, the one I started the trip with. The sacred can't be defined, but it is detectable, like a perfume that imbues everything with benediction, a constant revelation, a "wordless ecstasy" usually neglected. This was the source of Krishnamurti's *perspicacity*.

So, this undefinable thing is the source that needs to be detected. But how? Cartier-Bresson said the photographer needs to approach his subject on tiptoe, with "a velvet hand and a hawk's eye." Then you find a place to stand and assume a position. Then you make sure your head, your eye and your heart are on the same axis. Then, finally, you hold your breath and meld into the scene in front of you.

In that moment, if I am lucky and the perfume is detectable, and all is imbued with benediction, *I* can be too, and I may get a *perspicacious* picture.

