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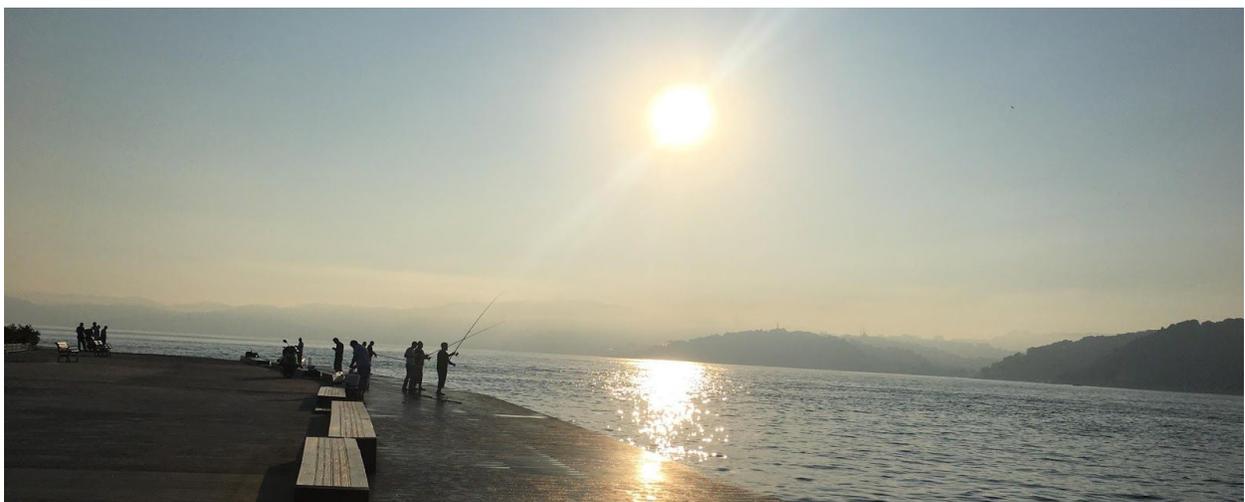
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Capturing the Sun in One Rotation

Lauren Colwell



Every day the sun sets because the world spins. We leave for Turkey in a misty rain, grabbing a few glimpses of Boston from the plane before entering the clouds. The sky sucks us into the trickier like a vacuum grabbing us into dust. I forget that mother nature hides another land above the clouds; she closes her door for those staying on the ground. But for us, we creep higher and push the dreary attic door open, into a glowing, vibrant sunset. Of course the sun still sets when rain clouds tuck us in at night. She's always out there, like the stars and planets. As the plane spears to a higher elevation, the clumps of clouds resemble an ocean as if we have travelled to a foreign beach to watch the sun dip into a mystical white sea.



Every day the sun rises in every city around the world because the world spins. Now in Istanbul, the sun greets the new day, but the morning fog on the Bosphorus holds strong to the lanky bridges and cliff houses. My feet hover over the clear salt water where I can see broken tiles, rocks, seashells and wood below. I woke up this morning easily with the keys waiting for me on the desk to slip out into the city and watch the fisherman arrive at their posts, the coffee still steaming from furnaces. Young boys eat sandwiches with salami on local bread while watching their fathers load the bait and toss in the line. The morning is quiet with a few cargo boats lazying up the straight. The coast guard rushes past and waves crash into the wall. I travelled here for a reunion with friends from college, and I already feel the pains of a goodbye. But while we're young, we know the path forward is richer than ever imagined. As if the sun knows the future, she makes her way to the afternoon and heads towards Boston, leaving us here while the restaurants fill with thinkers, newspaper readers, and coffee drinkers. A new day plays on.

