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## I am a camera, with its shutter open

by Sue Thompson

The sun is rising in front of me, over the ocean, a brilliant orange fireball. It is transfixing and wonderful. I want to take it in my hand like a paperweight and hold it and feel it. A magnificent orb hovering over my earth. Bringing a new dawn to this day. As it rises it shines its light over the sea, the reflection moving towards me wave after wave of colour, turning the sea into a yellow river as it makes its way forward towards the shore.

The sea is calm and tranquil, lapping up at the shores edge, ebbing and flowing to a gentle rhythm. It is welcoming and seductive, whispering to you to enter its depths. The sand moves gently as the sea pushes it forwards and back, reclaiming it for itself.

The pebbles are scattered over the beach, each one holding the mysterious of the ages, beckoning for you to pick them up one by one and hold them. To understand where they have come from. Some are scattered with tiny diamonds which sparkle when the sun hits them. You want to gather them up and keep them to remember this day.

A crabs claw appears from a mound of sand, flicking the sand high in the air as it emerges, it stops to hear for predators and then makes its way towards the sea, stopping as it enjoys the sun's rays on its shell. Finally gliding into the sea, vanishing beneath the waves.

The world is awakening once more for another day. A couple jog silently along the beach, oblivious to the sounds as they have their headphones on, transfixed on the way ahead, not caring about the beautiful sight in front of them.

Lying on the beach is a sleeping bag, tatty and old, it moves slightly and I realise there is someone inside. I hold my gaze as the body becomes visible to my lens, it is a man in his 70's, maybe, he sits up and looks around. Taking in the sun and the sea. Maybe he appreciates its splendour.

As the day gets going I turn and walk away a warm glow inside of me. I have witnessed something amazing, something magical in the dawning of a new day.