

## Reboot

There is a song by Pat Metheny called “To the End of the World.” It starts out all jazzy and sultry, and after a long, slow ascent to a dramatic climax, all you hear is rain and drumbeats. I want so badly to be living at the tail end of that song, with no man-made sounds, and no machines to frustrate me into the grave. Just earth, sea, sky and birds. I was there today, sitting alone at the western-most point of the continental United States, shocked at my privacy. And were it not for a constant foghorn and a brown and white National Park sign on the fence that kept me from rolling off the Earth, I would have sworn the impossible had happened, and the Universal clock had been reset.

Moments like these are usually shattered by a herd of wild teenagers, oblivious to the glory around them and gasping over the latest texting scandal back in the suburbs, or another such collection of humans who are still living on the early side of that song. I look over my shoulder again - no one here but me, and despite all of my whining about my scale being too tipped toward the solitary side, I am struck by how perfect my happiness is in this moment of utter, primordial peace. I feel like the little girl who got her pony. The park bench is so high off the ground that I can swing my legs free for the first time since I was seven, and I let go a laugh that has been waiting inside; waiting for this selfish, stunning moment when I am at the end of the madness, and I have the newborn Earth all to myself.

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