Its 5:00am on Tuesday morning. Giovanni awakens to the pulsating glow of the three oversized, opalescent spheres that comprise his lighthouse. He lay wondering if today will be the day she returns. A thick haze is revealed as the sun begins to rise, accentuating the glow from the lighthouse and rendering the three opalescent spheres at an atmosphere of faint golden light that suffuses the morning mist. Giovanni awkwardly climbs down the seven rungs of the ladder that connect his lofted bedroom to the ground below. He prepares an espresso and returns to his bed where he sits upright and, as he does every morning, confronts the blank pages of the sketchbook in front of him. He retrieves his weathered red pencil from the top drawer of his nightstand and slowly begins to sketch her overall form, paying careful attention to her petite shoulders and delicate ankles. Her hair must be a bit longer now. Giovanni dresses himself and passes through the ethereal envelope within which he resides, slowly limping down the walkway to the lighthouse, waves aggressively crashing into the shoreline beneath his feet, and three bright, white seagulls gracefully passing by above. It takes him nine minutes to reach the base of the lighthouse and another three in the dimly lit, stainless steel cylindrical elevator cab to ascend to the lighthouse control room. He thinks that tomorrow he will replace the panels that have begun to rust. He looks out through the southeast facing sphere and sees a small boat approaching in the distance. Has she returned?

Excelsior, Again