

It's Bigger Than That

“Why isn't the sky clear, Dad?” The young boy, no older than seven, asked his father as he looked upon the once cerulean canvas now tinted pallid white. His innocent eyes sought understanding in the world's complexities.

His father looked down at his little kid, walking alongside him. His son dilated pupils a testament to the youthful curiosity he once possessed. “Because the future is uncertainty, son,” his eyes reflecting a wisdom tempered by experience. Giving his boy a reassuring smile, they continued to walk him.

“How does that even relate to the sky, Dad?” His father's enigmatic answer fed his perplexed mind a thirst for more questions. Furrowing his eyebrow, his skyward gaze saw a man grinning in joy.

The father stopped, and so did the boy. He patted the boy's head, expressing a gentle chuckle. Pointing at the street ahead, another lesson weaved into his words. “Because the possibility of what lies just a minute away can never be predicted. There are millions of events that can happen. Like the sky, it is so vast that we can never look at all of it at the same time.” The man's smile widened, their course toward home continued.

Slightly amazed by the insight he gained, his mouth opened wide as he watched the sky. Guiding the handheld by his father, the boy journeyed through the labyrinthine of mind.

“Look at that cloud, Father; it's like a sandwich!” The changing bleached fluffy cottons attained the boy's attention. The golden pale hues painted the dilute azure canvas from afar. Under that balmy radiance, the man and the boy stopped. The veil of fervid horizon faraway signaled their impending decision.

Reaching an intersection marked with red light, the roaring engine orchestrated a cacophonous backdrop. As world around them changed ceaselessly, their conversation built a connection far enduring.

“Do you know why we can't just walk straight?” the man asked.

Hearing a question from his father, the boy touched his chin with an opened mouth.

“Because we have to wait for the green light, right, Dad?”

Seeing his son little pondering on seemingly a naïve question, his laughter resonated like a warm melody. “It's because life is never a direct course, my son.” Answering his son's observation imbued him with a bubbly giggle. The man guided his son through another juncture after he patted his son's head.

The father continued his gentle teachings as they crossed the road. “Just like the road we're crossing, if life were that easy, we would never have to wait for the green light.” The man looked down at his son with a proud visage. Attentively advised his son each step, he forsaken himself from directing it.

As manifold choices enfolded the path they walked, the sky darkened with its velvet shroud expanded its horizon upon the canvas. The world around grew lurid, the melody of the roaring mourning now ended. Their humble home was now in front of them.

Their house was a place without walls, a place as open as their hearts. It was at this very sanctuary that they found solace, a solace where there were no norms to define one's path, and it was a path where the clarion calls of their soul were heard.

Looking at the boy who was stargazing at the vast glittering velvet expanse he had witnessed from his journey; the father handed his son a lighter with an accomplished smile. “It's your turn now, son.”

Seeing his father handing him the lighter, the boy was hesitated at first as he struggled to take it. “Are you sure, Dad,” he questioned whether his father deed was right.

The man gave another reassuring pad on the boy head, as the world was falling slumber, painting the scape of an encroached land, “Yes, I am. You ‘re a growth man now.” Hearing that gave the boy a fervent jump.

Taking the lighter from his father, the boy ran to ignite the campfire. The fervid gleam pierced through the opaque environment where moonlight couldn't reach. The symphony of fleeting winds and the swash of falling leaves filled the night.

“Dad, everyone seems to have a building to live inside. Why don't we have one too?” The boy's question carried the weight of a new understanding. The man looked at his son, his pupils still dilated, but, it was darken than ever.

“Because life is our destiny, son. We are the ones to dictate it, steer its course,” as the boy sat next to him, enjoying the velvet painted night under the ethereal moonlight, his father gifted him yet another answer that was nonsensical to him in the past.

And so, they accepted the embrace of the Lunar goddess. Under the ethereal moonlight, the man and the boy sat, enjoying a night rich in contemplation and connection. The world seemed to drift away as they immersed themselves in thoughts deeper than their modest existence.

“We live under the stars because we want to see something bigger,” the father whispered, his voice trembling with emotion. “We're travelers, explorers of the vast realms of thought and emotion. Buildings are just shelters; our home is the journey.”

The boy nestled closer to his father, feeling a connection to something beyond his years. “Will I understand it all one day, Dad?”

“Perhaps, my son,” the father replied, his eyes gleaming with unspoken love and pride. “But remember, it's the questions that drive us, not the answers.”

The night deepened, and the embers glowed, a fiery testament to the bond between father and son. They shared stories, dreams, and laughter, forging a connection that transcended the physical world.

As they fell asleep, wrapped in each other's arms, the canvas of the sky seemed to smile down at them. It was a world vast and mysterious, filled with uncertainties and possibilities, just like the journey of life they were on together.

And they knew that the pursuit of something bigger was a path they would walk hand in hand, guided by the love, wisdom, and wonder that bound them as family.