

The City Mouse, the Country Mouse

by Phyllis Chesler



I'm back in the city now and as I sit and write I am looking at a bamboo window shade—not at the summery green trees which are standing right outside my window. Today, it's too hot to let the sun in, and it's probably too uncomfortable to dine outside tonight. Those who say they know are predicting a heat wave of 95 degrees, with lots of humidity and a high pollen count.



My time in East Hampton at a friend's home meant that my desk faced Gardiner's Bay, in which dazzlingly white sail boats simply glided over the surface of the water in slow motion, almost as if they were still life paintings and, as ever, the scene reminded me of ancient evenings elsewhere. It was so perfect that even the occasional motor boat could not disturb my peace of mind.

In the country, the sweetest birds came by to visit; red breasts and yellow-orange breasts perched on branches right near my window or near the patio where I also sat to read, catch the breeze, and to remember to thank both my hostess and God for this timeless respite.