

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL, BOLD RED BALL

Description

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I have positioned the tripod steady, the camera gear ready, and my eyes flicker far at the misty horizon. I looked around the place wrapped in silence and shadows; itâ??s too early to spot the movement of the Sunday morning jogging enthusiasts. Sweat rolled from the forehead on my eyes caused an irritating mood as I stood glaring at a gloomy morning and cloudy dark blue patches in the sky. I felt sulky gazing at the lazy skyline, reluctant to come out in yellow illumination, golden colours rolling out a brilliant sunrise. It is the disappointing fourth Sunday I havenâ??t snapped my shutter.

I encountered similar washout unable to chase the sunset without luck, though waited long enough for the hues of red, orange, and crimsons. It has been a week of Sundays that I sat staring at the blue ripples of river Krishna refusing to lift the golden curtain to reveal the orange ball; instead, I peered at the dull grey skies and flat twinkling stars.

For many days following, I resigned myself to cursing, â??Iâ??m there on wrong time when the Sun isnâ??t in a mood to grace or when the Sun is up and bright, Iâ??m not there at the right time.â?• I used to feel disappointed to watch the yellow Sun on fire in the East when Iâ??m ill-prepared, and skies brushed up with bright colours at evenings when Iâ??m resentfully preoccupied. Whatever, I recorded no shots of the radiant Sun on my camera for a long time.

One Sunday morning, I looked out to find the city got drenched in an unusual blast of a downpour, I let myself stay warm at home. By mid-day, surprisingly it was sparklingly bright, Sun seemed friendly and benevolent. Nothing else to do in the evening, I drove out to one of the secluded hangouts of the river Krishna.

Finding no fireworks, inspiration at the horizon, lazily, I set up my tools, rolled in a few routine â??focus and clickâ?? evening reflections. There isnâ??t anything exciting to stay back save the dull twilight glow. I packed up my gear and was about to fold down my tripod. Far at a distance, I noticed glowing reddish collusion at the horizon; I could see a bright red ball descending into the river. My spirits soared at the miracle sizzling before me. For the next fifteen minutes, the ebbing Sun drew magical artistry on

the dark grey sky and the shadowed ripples beneath.

It has been a serendipitous bonus. How lucky and alert I took on the gathering night: the sunset and twilight images speak graphically of my sunny break.

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1. Places

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