MY

BACKYARD

THE
TIME
PASSES

A week went by
without me cleaning
the
garden, and
somehow, we were back to
where we
started : pears

all over the floor,
leaves everywhere,
and the garden slowly

taking over again.





These flowers were my little pr
They bloomed, faded, and died
returned to its original
I guess some things change wit
and some



roof that time had passed .
while everything around them slowly
state.
th time,
things just come back.



Eight days.

That is all it took for a place that once looked completely clean to become something else.

On the first day, the ground was almost empty. I had cleaned everything carefully, removing the leaves, the fallen branches, the dirt that had gathered over time. For a moment, the space looked still, almost untouched.

It felt like a beginning.

A clean surface. A blank page. A place waiting for something to happen.

But nature does not wait.

It moves quietly, constantly, without asking for permission.



DAY ONE

The ground was clean.

There was a certain satisfaction in seeing everything in its place. The leaves had been swept away, the dirt had been removed, and the space looked almost new.

It was easy to believe that it would stay that way.

But that was only an illusion.

The trees above me were already moving. The wind was already carrying things from one place to another. The pear tree was already preparing its next change.

Nothing was actually still.

I just couldn't see it yet.

DAY TWO

A few leaves appeared.

Nothing dramatic.

Just small signs that the world around the space was continuing without me.

One leaf on the ground.

Another caught against a corner.

A small amount of water collecting after the rain.

It was almost nothing.

But it was enough to remind me that keeping something unchanged is impossible.

DAY THREE

The clean ground began to disappear.

The rain brought water and dirt together, leaving behind dark patches and small puddles.

The surface that had looked so clear only a few days before was becoming messy again.

And somehow, it didn't look wrong.

It looked alive.

The dirt, the water, the leaves — they were all evidence that time had passed.

DAY FOUR

More leaves.

They came from everywhere.

Some were still green. Others had already started changing colour.

They landed on the ground without making a sound.

The pear tree began to leave its own mark too.

One pear fell.

Then another.

No one had placed them there.

No one had planned it.

They simply reached the moment when they were ready to fall.

And down they came.

DAY FIVE

The space no longer looked like the place I had cleaned.

The difference was becoming obvious.

The ground was covered with leaves. The water was darker now, mixed with soil and everything the wind had carried into it.

The pears lay beneath the tree.

Some were perfect.

Some were bruised.

Some had already begun to change.

It made me think about how quickly things move from one state to another.

Clean becomes dirty.

Green becomes brown.

Fruit becomes food for the ground.

A moment becomes a memory.

DAY SIX

By now, I had stopped trying to keep everything clean.

Instead, I started looking.

Looking at what had changed.

Looking at what had arrived.

Looking at what had disappeared.

The ground had become a record of the days before it.

Every leaf was a trace of movement.

Every puddle reflected the sky.

Every fallen pear marked another moment in the life of the tree.

The mess had become a timeline.

DAY SEVEN

Seven days had passed.

Only one week.

Yet the difference between the first photograph and the seventh was enormous.

It made me realise how strange our idea of time can be.

We often imagine change as something big.

Something we can see happening.

But most change doesn't happen like that.

It happens slowly.

Quietly.

One leaf at a time.

One drop of rain at a time.

One pear falling from a branch.

One day becoming another.

Until, suddenly, everything looks different.

DAY EIGHT

Eight days later, the ground is full again.

Leaves cover the surface.

It returns.

It moves forward.

And it reminds us that nothing stays exactly where we put it.

Eight days is not a long time.

It is barely a moment when compared with a year, a lifetime, or the age of a tree.

But eight days are enough to tell a story.

Enough for a clean floor to become covered in leaves.

Enough for rain to change the colour of the ground.

Enough for fruit to fall.

Enough for a quiet space to become a completely different landscape.



