

Big Fish, Little Fish



Over the years, I've gotten a lot of dumb things as birthday & Christmas presents. Stuff that sits down below the house, maybe still unopened, like the Star Wars lightsabre. I mean really, just because I like Star Wars and I'm a tech geek, I'm going to want a fake lightsabre? If it were real, sure!

But for the 60th birthday on Thursday, Karen (my wife) remembered I'd picked up this cool painting in Thailand a couple years ago, somehow forgotten about, still rolled up in a tube. It's a bit of a ritual when we travel; she looks for "art" that will remind her of the place we're visiting, something done by the person selling it, so she has a connection. Me? I saw this and instantly connected with it. Who hasn't, at some time in their life, felt like that little fish? The eyes... how can a round space with a dot of paint convey so much?

Getting this picture framed for the wall is one of my best birthday presents ever. --Mike--