Blue Heron Goodbye

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Abstract
As is typical to the way I write essays, I did not understand the goal of this collection until I wrote the last essay, “Blue Heron Goodbye.” Up until that point I was calling the collection “Why We Need Bloodhounds.” This title felt sufficiently representative to me of the goal of the collection because in this essay, I use discussions canvassing the Bloodhounds’ strong sense of smell to focus my discussion about the world of the heart. However, when I wrote “Blue Heron Goodbye”, I realized I wasn’t only interested in the struggles of the human heart (a broad topic too heavy for any collection) but finding a place for my heart to live. What I mean by that, is that everyone has struggles and joys but what makes living feel worthwhile, to me, is that I can examine those emotions in a place of calm, away from the jarring pace of the whizzing world. In the essay, “Blue Heron Goodbye”, the heron is surrounded by man’s technology of speed—a concrete freeway and zipping cars—yet the heron finds solitude by her churning river. I find solitude in my essays. This collection’s goal is the heron’s goal: to find the hidden hope of self-examination in solitude amid chaos.

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