

BLUE SKY, SUNRISE & SUNSET

Written by

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Cover image by Dani Foroux (Malaga, 2018)

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72nd story (prelude)

Distant lights are blurred by the rain drops on the disproportionally large windows. City sounds surround the exterior of the seventytwo-story hotel. Night rain is not as depressing as day rain. Day rain exposes the grey shades of the atmosphere which makes the world even greyer.

The night hides the greyness and covers the atmosphere. Not sure whether the grey has fully disappeared at night. It is simply not visible and that is important.

Her flight is scheduled to arrive at 5.35 AM. No expectations for her to be joyful at that hour since she needs to adjust to the Pacific Time zone.

A few stars illuminate the sky surrounding the penthouse suite. They are the only lights tonight. Human beings have been in space and still nothing is certain.

One would think the higher one sits, the more one knows. Tonight, the stars imply the opposite.

A lightly decorated wall is shallow. A painting of a warmer shade of white hangs on the icy wall, aiming to contrast its shallowness.

*And dear, my soulmate, I know it's late to make amends, I
guess it's safe to say that that's what time did*

- Rod Wave (Love Birds - Beautiful Mind, 2022)

In Time (intro)

A blue sky emerges when the sun rises. A blue sky dissolves when the sun sets.

It's all time. An iPhone, an avocado, a cup of coffee, a relationship, a movie or album you stream, a season. All exist of time. An avocado goes ripe before going bad. A cup of coffee will be empty once it's enjoyed. A phone stops working when it gets too old. A relationship ends when love fades. An album stops streaming as soon as the last track has faded. A movie ends when the running time is over; the screen fades to black and the crowd leaves the theatre. A winter ends where a spring begins.

At one point there's a start: sunrise into morning. Somewhere there's a middle: a blue sky into a setting sun. At another point there's an end: sunset into night, only to move into sunrise again. That's how time flows.

Time is everywhere. Flights take off at an hour. Class or work starts at an hour. There's a timestamp on every photo in your phone's camera roll to remind you of the time you spent at your favorite beach. And then, time influences our feeling.

Feelings and time are connected. Reminiscing about a past relationship might make us feel sad: We're sad about the past, a time that *has been*. Thinking of a new person in our life might make us feel happy: We're happy about the future, a time that *might happen*.

This book is about time and the feelings that flow from it.

Blue Sky, Sunrise and Sunset vibes like an album. When you're in a particular mood or feeling, you tend to listen to a matching album or song. That's what this is. There might be a chapter you're not rocking with now. But in like 3 months from now you might.

Here's to another blue sky, sunrise and sunset.

Sunrise

Yellow light lifts off slowly at the horizon above the ocean, like a spaceship launching to outer space in slow motion. The sand feels chilly from the night before. Palm trees move mellowly through the oceanic breeze.

This sunrise, the gold seems within hands reach from their glass beach house. But the trophy sits beside him. The air is fresh at this hour. Sitting on the cool sand in an off-white dress, she takes a sip of her freshly brewed Flat White.

It's been a long night. Their private flight landed at 3 AM- they were at the house in time for sunrise. She tilts her gaze from the golden horizon to him.

Ocean Beach House- sometime in spring

With golden rays, another 24 hours start. Some begin the day together, some in the company of themselves. Still the same number of seconds- the same number of rays of light. Even though seconds are shared together, time is never divided. It's one of the few things that doesn't diminish when shared. Time spent together, memories made together, become more significant- until they no longer do.

The beauty of the sunrise and sunset shouldn't be taken for granted. Like sunset, it's a moment of the day when we witness the dynamic of life on earth. Sunset and sunrise are signals of transformation- the day metamorphizes into the night, and night turns into day. Our planet is never idle. Time keeps moving; new memories are made all the time.

The sun is almost up. Minutes before, we had a blank canvas, ready to be painted with seconds that turn into memories the moment the second has passed.

Then we wake up to a fresh morning.

Morning

The sun shines through the off-white curtains covering the floor to bottom windows. The ocean is just a few steps away in the sand. The sun reflects glimmers on the waves of the ocean and shines a light on her natural hair color. The palm and lemon trees in the garden seem awake again. So does he.

Ocean Beach House, sometime in the A.M

The way we start the day sets the tone for the rest of the 24 hours. Do we start in a room designed according to our favorite vibe or just a randomly decorated room? Makes a huge difference.

Many grab their phone first thing. Some listen to a song. Others have a favorite mug to drink coffee or tea out of. Maybe you text a certain person “good morning” after coffee? Or maybe that person is right there with you.

I’ve been told that everything feels different on the first morning after heartbreak. The first coffee of the day in that favorite mug. The sounds of traffic outside. Breakfast. Notifications on the phone. None of it feels like before- or just hours ago.

I’ve also been told that after finding love, everything feels different too. Our coffee and breakfast taste even better than usual. The traffic sounds become a soundtrack to our morning. Notifications on the phone are welcome.

Two different times. Two totally different feelings.

Either way, morning is the first stroke of paint on the canvas that is our day. A unique painting you get to make every day.

Before Time

When a new person enters your life, there was a past where you didn't know of each other's presence- even though it feels like you've known each other for a million years. You seem perfect for each other. You seem like soulmates.

You may wonder: where were you all this time?

You may have spent time in different cities, different countries or different continents, moved through different time zones, before meeting here, at that one place.

Now, all we have of this new person is an idea.

An idea

When we meet someone for the first time, we don't know much about them. After a very short period, sometimes a few seconds, all we have is an image of this person in our mind- an inkling. Maybe we reflect some part of our own life onto this person. Maybe this person reminds us of someone else we like or think we like; we want this person to be that other person. We fall in love with the idea, which can be anything or anyone.

Yet, the longer we know the person, the more we get to know about them. Chances are that our idea is crushed; our love for this person, which was based on the idea, leaves like the leaves that fall from the tree in autumn. Maybe, we like the person more than our idea; our love intensifies and blooms like a flower in spring.

One day, our *maybe* transform into a *definitely*, and our idea grows into a person. Time will tell.

Time

Why did you meet? What brought you together?

Was it the universe or was it random?

One thing is certain and that's time. One minute, one hour, one day, one week, one year or 10 years ago, you didn't know that person.

We all just move in time. Or time just moves around us. It's one or the other.

Feelings float through time, that's for sure.

At one point, the one was out there, and time has already introduced us to them, whether we know it or not. One minute, one day, one week, one year or 10 years ago.

Or: The one is out there right now, and time will introduce us to them. One minute, one hour, one day, one week, one year, 10 years from now.

Time to make new memories.

Memories

Frozen time. Looking back, all we see is time that has passed. Moments that cannot be changed. Like scrolling through a video: there's a beginning and ending time. It's stuck between 8 PM – 8:04 PM on January 1st. The moment will never be longer or shorter than that time.

Frozen time, but the accompanied feeling is nothing but. Feelings float through time- we might feel differently about a memory as time passes.

Feelings may come and go. Memories stay around when their co-tenant cancels the lease on making new ones.

Her Chanel N°5

Perfume stays around when its owner leaves. On clothes, in the air, in our mind.

Memories and scents are tied. If something made you feel a type of way about **Chanel N°5**, it just changed retrospectively. You'd probably reminisce and feel differently when you sense **Chanel N°5** on the hoodie she borrowed.

Spring

They spent their morning at the beach, watching a lavender sunrise. In the afternoon, they're surrounded by green and pink shades as they're perusing the city's rose garden, holding hands. The sky is light blue, the air feels light and warm.

In their garden tonight, the stars and the waves of the ocean act as the light and sound of the movie they're starring in.

Rose Gardens & Beach House, sometime in Spring

Spring marries the leaving chilliness of winter with the arriving heat of summer. It's the first phase of beautiful weather and more happiness.

The scent of spring makes you feel like beautiful days are on the horizon, like a sun rising above the ocean.

Nights during spring are refreshing. After cold autumn and winter nights, we can enjoy the night sky comfortably. On clear spring nights, it's a vibe to watch the stars and listen to the city in the distance. The distant sounds of the cars form the soundtrack to the immersion in the night sky.

On these nights in spring it feels like the city takes the night for granted. People in the distance neglect the stars; they drive their cars to locations rather than destinations.

Only a few seize the spring night and experience its beauty.

Message Sent

Today 6:30 AM

When are you landing?

11 Hours in First class

They're flying back in their first-class seats that turn flat, wearing matching designer jogging suits in different colors, somewhere above a different ocean than their backyard.

"Somewhere, I'm happy the private jets were all booked," she says.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, we haven't done anything normal in a while."

"First class, isn't exactly the most normal thing."

"Ok, slightly normal."

He laughs.

"No, but I get it. This is nice," he says.

The entire flight they can order first class food, served on fine dining plates. He orders a gourmet cheeseburger- clueless what time it is. 10 PM? 3 AM? His phone is still set on the departure location, and they've already crossed time zones.

She orders sushi.

"This is the best sushi I've ever had."

"That's because you don't know what time it is. No stress, just good vibes at 30.000 ft."

She laughs.

"How's your cheeseburger?"

"Been a minute since I had one this good."

"Better than the In 'n Out we had on the way to the airport?"

"Hmmm... that was a good one too, but it was a bit early for a cheeseburger."

"Maybe it's too late for one now?"

"I have no clue."

First Class above the ocean, sometime in Winter

Flights

Since you're literally in or above the clouds, there is no place you can go other than your destination. For a limited amount of time, we cannot influence the direction of our life. Before we boarded the plane, we decided to head in a certain direction.

Ironically, you're stuck in your own mind while traveling to a destination that you share with hundreds of others. Even though you're doing your own thing, you and all other passengers land at the same place, at the same time. From that shared destination, everyone continues their lives.

Sometimes in a different time zone.

Between Time Zones

Jet lagged. 11 hours ago, it was 9 hours later. The sky is about the only thing that's the same as where the plane took off. Just its color is different.

The ocean. The sand. The palm trees. All different than where it's 9 hours later. Or maybe it just feels like that.

His phone rings and he picks up:

"Hey."

"Hey," she replies.

"I didn't expect you to call," he says.

"No?"

"No."

"I'm at our... I'm at the beach right now. The sunrise is like lavender, which rarely ever happens. "

She looks at the sand.

"It made me think of that time when the sun came up like this. And that afternoon at the rose garden, where you placed that rose behind my ear."

"The sun's setting here."

"Right. You're in a completely different time zone."

"It feels like that's the distance between us now. From sunrise to sunset."

Somewhere Between Time Zones, sometime in Spring

Observatory in the Hills

From the observatory in the hills, they feel time in the air and on the ground. Plane lights flicker above, bringing passengers a second closer to their destination with every green and red sparkle. Below, car and building lights shine until another morning arrives. Memories are made in the interim, as lights turn on and off. She looks up and goes:

"Just a few hours ago, we were flying to our destination like those people up there."

"I guess they're still on their journey."

"Maybe they've already arrived?"

"How's that?"

"Maybe they're flying with the one they were meant to be with."

"Right. So, were we flying to our destination, or had we arrived before we landed?"

Observatory in the Hills, sometime in Autumn

Message Delivered

Today 6:30 AM

When are you landing?

Today 3:00 PM

Can you call me when
you land?

Delivered

Her Cartier

Her Cartier approaches the last second of the year while the ocean remains blue, and the palm trees remain green and brown. The moon shines as bright as it did when the new year was one hour away.

"Last year around this time we were on a jet, remember?" she tries to reminisce with him.

"Yeah, I remember that."

"Remember the fireworks that night?"

"Yeah."

"It was nice to be above them for once."

"Facts."

She checks her Cartier. The marker swishes past the last second. It tells the same time as 24 hours ago, yet she feels like a different time has come.

"Happy new year, love. This is gonna be a beautiful year."

"Happy new year, it's gonna be beautiful."

"Can you believe the year flew by like that?"

"Doesn't every year feel like that?"

As the ocean, sand, lemon and palm trees stay the same, another sun rises soon.

Beach House, sometime between an old and new year

iPhone Photo

A memory on a screen. When we scroll through our iPhone camera roll all we see are memories- we feel the moments, frozen in time. August 18th, 2013, 9:15 AM- Malibu.

Why do we go through our camera roll?

Maybe you try to rekindle that feeling you had at your favorite beach in the south of Europe that one summer. Maybe you try to confirm that the person in the park that winter day wasn't the one after all.

Taking a photo is capturing the past during a brief second that's the present.

After Time

Time can change how we feel about food, places, clothing, scents and even feelings. When you're no longer together, the stuff you liked when you *were* together, might feel different.

"I wore that shirt when we first met. We watched that movie together. We listened to that song. Her perfume is still on that hoodie." It's just different after.

One might question the soulmate stuff.

And then time gets you over it; time freezes the question in a distant memory- until time warms the question up again by another spring.

If you met on December 5th at 10 PM, you had a lot else going on until 9:59 PM; Things were probably fine, and you didn't know of the other person. Then you just happened to meet.

Until you decide to no longer hang out. *"After the time spent together, I guess I just pick up where I left off at 9:59 PM."* There was an entire time before you met; there's a beautiful future after.

Before you know it, another summer is here.

Summer

She says she loves watching the planes at night.

"Why?"

"It's silly..."

"I can't imagine a single silly reason."

"No, really, it's meaningless."

"Can't be."

"I... I just imagine they are headed someplace I want to be tonight."

"Where do you want to be tonight?"

She names her destination.

"Let's pack our bags. There's a flight in an hour."

"Have you seen my Goyard?"

"Which one?"

Ocean Beach House, a night in Summer

That scent you sense during spring grows deeper in summer as the planet heats up. Summer nights are the best part of the season. Clear skies allow you to stare into the endlessly dark shades of the night, only before being illuminated by the golden stars. You see the flickering green and red lights of the airplanes carrying passengers to

their destination. On these nights, you might wonder where these people are flying to—who are they flying to? Who are they flying with?

Waking up early on summer mornings is not just a formality of life- it's a vibe. You can witness the change of the summer scent as it evolves during the morning.

Towards the end of summer, the scent evolves again. Unfortunately, words cannot describe the evolution—some things in life are only to be felt. No science can ever capture the essence of this smell.

It's as if you can smell autumn in the distance.

Message Read

Today 6:30 AM

When are you landing?

Today 3:00 PM

Can you call me when
you land?

Read



Liquid Time in the Sand

There's a small wet spot in the sand. This time, it's not the ocean. It's the memory of the ocean that let her tear fall in the sand. A lavender sunrise in late summer they shared, just a month ago.

The palm trees are just as green. The sky is just as blue. The ocean is restless. Time turned her favorite place into one she'd rather avoid. The memory makes her want to grab her phone and text him right now.

But it's not time yet.

Beach House, sometime in Autumn

Blue Sky (Noon)

She designed the pool to match the sky's blue. But the pool, positioned between the palm and lemon trees, does not match the sky this noon. Not a cloud above them, she asks him: "What would you call the sky's blue?"

"Sky blue?" he proposes.

"That's the normal sky. I feel like this is a different blue."

She takes another look up.

"It's rarely ever this shade of blue."

"How about we name this shade of blue after you?" he asks.

"I'd like that."

She reaches for her phone on the grass and tries to take a photo of the sky.

"Don't think you'll be able to capture this color through a camera sensor."

"No, I don't think it recognizes the new color named after me."

"Give it time, love."

Beach House, a noon in Summer

Autumn

Any other place on earth would be covered in leaves now. Just a handful of palm leaves swim in the pool. The clouds move through the grey sky, as time floats down on her Cartier. Feeling like the sky's color, she's looking out on the ocean from behind the tall windows.

"It's such a grey day," she goes.

"Yeah. But you know, the sun does shine. it's just shining behind the clouds," he says.

"Hmm..."

"It's just nice to know it's there, you know?"

"That is nice, yeah."

"And you see the clouds moving in the sky?"

She looks up and nods:

"Yeah."

"What does it remind you of?"

"Hmmm...."

As she takes another look up at the clouds in the grey sky, she goes:

"Time passing by."

"Seconds closer to the sun coming back. But I guess I'm lucky," he says.

"Why?"

"I don't need to wait for the clouds to move. The sun shines on me whenever I think of you."

"Even on such a grey day?"

"Even on the greyest of days."

"Do you need sun cream now?"

"No SPF helps against this sun."

Beach House, early Autumn

Autumn is the second hybrid season: The heat of summer degrades into the cold of winter. Maybe these hybrid seasons try to smoothly introduce us to the changes of times. We are coming to grips with a new environment. We feel the cold emerge out the warmth and watch how trees sleep to wake up in spring.

This time of year is mainly cloudy, which shouldn't be depressing. During the day, the sun is always shining, be it behind the clouds.

Message Replied

Today 6:30 AM

When are you landing?

Today 3:00 PM

Can you call me when
you land?

Today 5:15 PM

Just landed. Call you
when I'm at the hotel.

Delivered

7 PM at a 5-star hotel

The scented lobby feels different now that she's left. Hurts his head, but it's not the fragrance. The rigatoni he loved last time tastes different. Hurts his stomach, but it's not the food.

It's the times.

The same hotel he stayed at 3 months ago. The same chef at the same restaurant who prepared the same pasta. Even the same penthouse suite, where he can still sense her perfume in the air.

But a different time, one without her text messages waiting to be delivered to his new iPhone.

5-Star Hotel – Somewhere, sometime in Autumn

Time Never Happened

Together, you make memories. Go on trips, take flights, boat rides, dine at cool restaurants, whatever.

But when you're no longer together, how long or short it has been, there are many moments that you didn't share. Views that never happened. Sunrises you didn't enjoy, sunsets you didn't savor. Trips you didn't go on, restaurants never dined at, museums not perused, flights you didn't take, Polaroids never printed, boat rides skipped.

They're simply future memories with someone else.

The Future

The future is an abstraction just like any artwork. You might think that the future is a blank canvas. The contrary is true. Continuously, we have expectations of tomorrow; we are thinking about the future more than the present. So, how can the future be a blank page?

Well, we don't know with 100% certainty what will happen the next second. So, the future will always be an open field. All we have is an expectation of tomorrow- an idea.

Tomorrow is like the minutes before a painter puts the first splatters of paint on a canvas. It's pristine.

The Now / Phoneless Dinner

I enjoy having dinner with one person in particular. During the time we spend together, this person never checks her phone. In fact, during our last dinner, her iPhone was in her coat, which was placed on the chair next to me. She had a substantial distance between her and the phone, the most distracting device in our life.

Having no distractions allows us to focus on the present moment. Present moments become the memories we cherish most in the future. And we will remind these moments vividly because of the lack of distractions.

The only time we can live in is the now. Physically, there is no other dimension to exist in.

Winter

Winter is what autumn started in September. The weather grows colder, while the interior of our homes grows warmer. Both in temperature and colors.

It's cozy to relax in a high-rise apartment and overlook the snowy, cold landscape below, or stare into the gradient white and dark blue horizon of the night.

You know those snowy night skies, right?

Beach House, sometime in winter

As the sky turns blue again after sunrise, they reminisce over the day they met. It was a cold winter afternoon, now a distant frozen moment.

She looks down at her Cartier bracelet, the one that comes with a special tool to unlock, and says:

"Imagine we never met at all."

"Was that even a possibility?" he asks.

"I guess not. But, like sometimes... don't you think that it all could've been different? Like... just one little thing could've kept me from moving to the city."

"Then we would've met at some other point in time."

"It just had to be, right?" she asks concludingly.

Sunset

The ocean flows into purple light, beaming up at the horizon. Under her feet, the sand still feels warm; she's wearing the same dress as when he first saw her.

The palm and lemon trees prepare for another night. The pool lights turn the water into aqua rather than sky blue.

As the sun sets for the day, the purple light reflects on her ivory silk dress. As if to say, "good night, see you in the morning."

Beach House, sometime in spring

Shades of light in the sky form the perfect artwork right in front of us.

Colors replace numerical time for a while. A minute on the clock matters less, we might even forget about the numbers. It's sensory time. Feelings to be felt.

The sunset might make you think of a certain person. Maybe it inspires to be great as we move towards another night.

Night

Another 24 hours is almost in the books. Where are you now? Who are you with? Maybe you're reflecting on your day. Maybe you're thinking of someone you met that afternoon. Do you text someone "good night" or ask how their day was? Or maybe that person is right there, and there's no need for a text.

One of the most beautiful things in life is a full moon, on both a clear and cloudy night. On a clear night, the moonlight illuminates large parts of the dark sky. On a cloudy night, clouds cover the moon like dust, creating the illusion of a second sky, hovering low above our heads.

There's something magical about being in a high-rise apartment or hotel in the city, during a cold winter night where you have nowhere else to go. All you can do is share a moment.

As the sun rose and a blue sky emerged, another morning came, and a blank canvas appeared. Now, as sun has set, the blue sky has ended, and another night comes, another painting is finished.

Beach house- sometime in winter

As a full moon shines through their tall windows, there's no need for the icy white boucle pillows to contrast the warmth of their couch. Their off-white living room is cooled down by the blue light. While the moon lights up the waves of the dark ocean, and the lights of the planes add color to the night sky, she asks him:

"Does the ocean sound calmer tonight?"

"It does."

"And does the moon shine brighter?"

"I think so."

"Are the lemons in our tree a warmer shade of yellow?"

"Looks like it."

"Hmm, so it's not just me."

"It's all you. The moon shines brighter and the ocean calms down because of you. You make the lemons in the tree blush tonight."

A tear almost starts to fall.

"Remember what I said about watching the planes at night?" she asks him.

"Yeah."

"Well... tonight, I just want to be here rather than wherever they are flying to."

"You're still lighting up the night sky, brighter than any plane light ever can."

That tear reaches her cheek but is wiped away quickly.

Clueless, he glances at his Audemars Piguet for the first time in hours.

"The sun is up in just a few hours."

"Wow, time really flew by today."

"Time moves as it does every day, love. It just feels different.

"I guess so."

She raises her cucumber water, happy but slightly sad, and goes:

"Here's to another blue sky, sunrise and sunset."

A Book By

Dani Foroux

BLUE SKY, SUNRISE & SUNSET

