A maze lives inside the sky

A moment of lavender and rose circles the dirt on the surface of a field. There is so much to be seen, glimpsing through color and light. When I was a little girl, I believed I could capture every reflection glowing in a room. Instead my mother found my fingerprints on shiny objects all around the house. Inside shadows told stories on the wall. Outside ladybugs lived on sage leaves. There were seven spots for seven joys and sorrows, so my brother told me after collecting insects in jars. Wings opened, closed, flew, and landed on my pasty knees. Whenever father took me to the playground, I asked him to push me on swings. Motion in air, looking up at blue-grey skies, feeling a breeze float through my hair, watching my tennis shoes above ground; these were references to another presence. In our conversations, there was a pause, a distance overhead. The sunlight spilt over into the warm tea of our afternoon chats. Our faces twisted between the arrows of hallways, telling us there were different directions, other choices to be made.