

In the Sun

by Agnes Ezra Arabella

The light was bright and
they sat on the railing of the long wooden bridge in the sun.
She looked up at her father.
"Oh Daddy, where did you go?" she asked.
He was young with black shinny hair blowing in the wind.
"To Heaven, little girl,"
She shook her head.
"What's Heaven?" she asked.
She squinted in the sun.
"A place where you feel no pain."
"What's that?"
"A place that makes you feel the way
you feel when you eat a honeybun, dear."
She envisioned the honeybun's lush white frosting
smooth in the sun.
"Oh I understand, Daddy"
"Very good little girl, someday you will be here too."
"Very good Daddy. I miss you Daddy"
"I miss you too, little girl."

She woke to the sound of a bird
and looked out the window
to see a shadow of its bright blueness.
She threw her covers off.
Her body cooled in its nakedness.
It was 7 am.
The chill of Winter was on the windows
distilled frost on the yard twinkled
a bit
as the sun warmed some cold patches of grass.

