

Trapeze Artist

by Beate Sigriddaughter

She didn't have the courage or the talent, or the opportunity or trust that anyone would catch her, so she remained on the ground with all her sequined dreams, just as many of her neighbors do, among the roses covered in snow that floats down sideways, among the illustrated fairy tales, the chiffon wrapped desires. She notices in stories no one ever bothers to revive the dragon. This worries her as junipers cast shadows on her eyes. She thinks of waterfalls she will likely never see, of music she might love but may not get to hear, and always, of course, of the tempting trapeze.

She does trust the forest with its secrets, shrubs, shadows, needles, leaves, its poetry of frost, where nobody is jealous and still everyone's destiny gets done. Solitude is such an excellent alternative to suicide. When she is alone, she is not wrong. She wants to prove to the world how beautiful it is, though she expects the world already knows this. She is that excited. Glistening grass, deer wandering by, a daylight owl. Suddenly the future opens its inevitable arms.

