

When I was little

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

I was little, very little, when Happiness went away. I moved the entire earth, walked in the ferns, poked in the river. Happiness had disappeared. I looked to the sky. I remember, the sun had the porous face of an orange. Not unlike my skin. My eyes fixed above, I saw it then, stretched my arms. It didn't seem to see me. It was flying gaiely in the clouds' orangey peels.

