

BEYOND THE LANE

by Ramon Collins

When Dr. Henley placed the wet baby on Maria's breast she knew it was a special child. The baby looked into Maria's eyes, then smiled. The new mother returned the smile. "Hello, Sedona."

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Sedona didn't make baby sounds, when it was time to talk, she did. And she didn't crawl, when the time came she wobbled, and walked. She smelled every flower and gave each a different magical name. She learned the difference between listening and hearing, between looking and seeing.

When Sedona was tall enough she stood at the front window and studied the lane for hours. "Why do trees dance?"

Maria walked to the window, placed a hand on her shoulder, "Because the wind blows."

"When wind blows where does it go?"

"Somewhere."

"Where does that lane go?"

"Somewhere."

Sedona looked up. "If it goes somewhere, it must go everywhere."

"It does."

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Years later, Maria was at the kitchen sink washing lunch dishes as Sedona walked in. "Mom, I'm going somewhere."

Maria watched soap bubbles slide down the side of a glass. "I know."

The front door closed as Maria stood at the front window, drying hands on her apron. She watched a young woman in the lane dance with trees.

