

Melanie

by Tim G. Young

At the end of the day Melanie sat in the wicker backed chair on the front porch. She wished it was a rocking chair. She sat so the light from the Go-Go motel across the street played shadows on her face. The lights would blink off and on. The day's intense heat was finally beginning to melt away. If her brothers were not in the house and the neighbors not home she would have stripped off her t-shirt and jeans and sat naked on the porch. She had in the past. It was a feeling of freedom she craved right now.

Her brothers never treated her like a girl and for a long time that never mattered. But now she was no longer the little girl. She was convinced all three brothers had vision problems. Melanie pushed the thoughts of her blind brothers out of her mind. The memory of the hot sun in her eyes and on her skin soothed her on the inside as the cooler evening breeze now settled all around her outside.

She wanted to close her eyes and drift into a luscious dream. She wanted to cruise like a gull above the everyday then suddenly swing for a dip in the ocean.

