Angelique

by Ulrica Hume

She is an old soul. We talk of Barbie dolls and school. Her hands weaving stories. Maybe a hesitant smile. Eyes soft, earth-brown pansies, sadly martyred.

An old man steers his car up a hill. Passes through hoops of sky before powerlessly plunging. On the news I hear about the other cars, the domino effect. Little girl trapped inside.

Her father waits that night for her to return. Pacing, as if she is on a first date. Bronze shows through the drapes, a ring of light like a burning candle. Benediction. Dreams like honey. He leaves the porch light on.

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