

BUT . . .

Kathy Stinson

She closed her eyes and felt the warm wind rustle through her wheat-colored hair. She let her mind float easily with the rhythmic sway of her body. Evenly, she placed each heel down and rocked forward onto her toes. Such an easy motion—she felt as if she flowed, her arms marking the imaginary boundaries at her sides.

Her back was straight and tall, almost stiff. Her neck rose gracefully from the square-set shoulders. She did not attempt to slink and slouch as so many did, their muscles lax and limp. No, instead she held every muscle taut and flexed. She glided like the gentle breeze, carrying herself proudly and confidently.

Suddenly she broke into a run. Now she felt as if she were a gazelle. She could feel the muscles in her thighs tighten and relax, allowing her supple body to traverse the ground fluidly. She felt the tautness of her back and laughed. Her eyes hungrily took in the field as she ran through the tall grass. A ditch appeared in front of her and she sailed gracefully across, her tawny legs outstretched. On the far side, she took a few steps, her arms reaching for the sun, a mischievous light dancing in her eyes. She stood squarely on both feet, her hands placed defiantly on her hips, laughing at the world. . . .

But her fingers felt only the cold solid metal of her wheelchair, so she opened her eyes.

Regret

Sarah Motry

*dusty curtain lace
remembrances flowering
in an unused room*