

A Shell

by Betty Garrigus

Many times at night after reading or drawing late, I sit on the stairs of my split level house feeling snug. Enclosed in the narrow ascending stair space wrapped round by my house of sleeping children, with arms wrapping my knees and my head touching elbows and knees, I feel tightly curled like the beginning spiral of a shell. A sense of separate beginning and aloneness. A structured strength of being. Myself the tiny first round turn, then the house curling me, and the darkness winding, wrapping, whirling round us all.