Kite Strings*

I am passing fields of flowers; yellow and purple meld together as the train speeds past. In the meadows I am following with my soul on a kite string billowing in the excitement of the destination to come. Up in the clouds, I’m lost in my mind. Until two toddlers bring me to the ground, pulling my kite string back to the now.

They both are with their families waddling down the aisle toward the other. The family before me, blue eyes and blonde hair, with alluring Australian accents, moves confidently to the back of the train. The family behind, perfect eyebrows and dark brown hair, with calming Castillian cadences, sashays to the front.

The adults ignore the others because their languages present a barrier, but the toddlers know neither and connect together. They smile and wave and any tension dissipates. This wall their parents had built melds with my kite string and we are all connected and present, thanks to two toddlers who know nothing but the language of love.

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