

and in the dream I understood these things were pieces of us. Our closest held secrets. Our accumulated fears. All those things we never said because there was always later, later, later. They made a little wave that rushed over the lawn and puddled at our bare feet and when I looked down I noticed that we all had the same long, slightly bent second toe. I remembered that I knew that, once, and wondered when I'd forgotten. Then I woke up and the house was still there, solid and upright, full only of shadows and breath.



The next morning we spread a blanket on the lawn and watched as dad chased Nora up and down the block, and when he fell, tripping on a stubborn root, mom pressed peroxide against his knee and the next moment he was off again, barreling toward our girl, who laughed so bright and loud, hardly able to contain her excitement as he bent low, took her in his mismatched arms, and swept her skyward, freeing her for a blessed instant from gravity's relentless pull.