Water Fell in Love with Wind

Kimberly Kay Yeager

Water fell in love with Wind, of course, but could not reason the emotion away. He blew plaintively on her calm surface, sending wavelets scurrying across her face, teasing her flecks of foam into the air above the rocks, where she murmured an endless simple melody. But the droplets slipped back to earth heavy and ultimately of her world. He dropped a feather onto her visage. She accepted the gift with an effervescent sigh, pulling it down into her bosom, rippling circles of tempered delight echoed on her broad shores. She cradled the feather, sensed the restless, pacing wind, and cried great tears incorporated into self. Winter read the melancholy in her motion, bequeathed a chill note to Wind's song. Wind hovered eager above Water, beckoning to her. She lifted herself wraithlike, twining, flowing into the cool air; a magical, misty creature bridging, for a time, their two worlds.

I was surprised to see them amidst the words assigned to darkening the soft white page. The work never won a prize, not even in Athens.

It owns an immortality of sorts: a title among many solemnly engraved on college syllabi, along with the unspoken command: "Thou shalt read or surely perish."

So what were they doing here, these concentric little smudges turning spots of the paper into ancient parchment?

My son touches my knee, twining arms around my neck: "It's okay, Mommy. It's just Andromache gazes across the barrier-bridge of words at my lucky son. Fingers, constantly moving, search her stained robes for her child.

Standing together, in the Literature, we cry.