

Cracked Window

Flipping through the pages of a book on the table the boy notices each letter. He sees a car driving beneath an endless sky, the landscape changing gradually around him. He remembers the colors of summer and spring. A few minutes later he realizes the familiar chill coming from the cracked window reminds him of Christmas Eve.

“What’s America like in the winter?” the boy asks, guessing most of it’s cold. “I don’t know,” he answers, and a thousand possibilities vanish from the boy’s mind. Inside of his home imagination closes in on itself, ricocheting off the walls to his brain and back again hammering his thoughts into smaller and smaller loops. He slides open the window and crawls out, just to see America with his eyes open for a moment.

Standing in his footprints in the snow on the back porch he looks out and sees the night sky, trees, the moon, and his breath. He wants to be all that he sees. He feels the snow crunching against his shoes, and wants to be that too. He hears a quiet hum from everywhere, and some part of him knows that he is.