

Belonging

September Saturday morning, cloudy and windy. In the school parking lot minivans regurgitate girls in bright jerseys, ponytails, shin-guards, the parents outfitted with cell phones and chairs packaged in long tubes. On the field, the girls begin their ball chasing ritual while the adults set up chairs around the field and commence screen tapping. Trees at the edge of the school yard display the wind—swaying, chattering. Against the gray sky they menace, like the evil forest in a fairy tale. Few notice them today, caught up as we are in life on the ground, in our reality and in virtual reality.

a fox
in the driveway
close to home