You can never have too much sky. You can fall asleep and wake up drunk on sky, and sky can keep you safe when you are sad. Here there is too much sadness and not enough sky. Butterflies too are few and so are flowers and most things that are beautiful. Still, we take what we can get and make the best of it.

Darius, who doesn’t like school, who is sometimes stupid and mostly a fool, said something wise today, though most days he says nothing. Darius, who chases girls with firecrackers or a stick that touched a rat and thinks he’s tough, today pointed up because the world was full of clouds, the kind like pillows.

You all see that cloud, that fat one there? Darius said, See that? Where? That one next to the one that look like popcorn. That one there. See that. That’s God, Darius said. God? Somebody little asked. God, he said, and made it simple.
Laughter

You can never have too much laughter. You can survive on laughter. Living, breathing, laughter can help you conquer every hurdle, every mountain, every bump in the road. Here there are too many somber faces, too many grownups. Here there is not enough laughter. Jokes too are few and so is playtime and most things that will bring a smile to your face.

Hide-n-Seek, Red Rover, and Tag have long since disappeared. Ripped from the neighborhood. Replaced with yard work, chores, and afterschool jobs. Giggles of joy and snorts of delight have long since vanished. Ripped from the neighborhood. Replaced with grunts of difficulty and moans of complaint.

“Where is the world of pretend?” I plead. Silent emptiness responds to my yearning. My mother explains it is part of growing up. Casting childhood aside to make room for adulthood. Adulthood. A word that pricks the roof of my mouth when it is said. For I am not ready to forget the ease of childhood, to forget the gaiety of games, to forget the deliciousness of laughter. You can never have too much laughter.

Word Count: 183