

Cracked Window

Susan still hasn't given me those bank statements yet and I wish I were doing something in the desert. Or better yet with the desert – something interactive you know? Like galloping a horse through some since untouched terrain, or gathering wood for a fire, or digging a hole. I wish I were on either end of a mid length car ride, or in the middle of a long one. I wouldn't be wearing sweatpants, that's for sure – wouldn't be caught dead in sweatpants on an adventure. It felt like Christmas Eve a few minutes ago, and still sort of does.

“Dear Santa, for Christmas this year I'd like to be in the middle of a long car ride.”

What's America like in the winter? He asks, guessing most of it is cold. Yeah but what's it *like*. I don't know, he answered, and a thousand possibilities vanish from the boy's mind. He slides open the window and crawls out, just to see America with his eyes open for a moment. Because in 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.

Standing in his footprints in the snow on the back porch the boy looks out and sees the night sky, trees, the moon, his breath. He wants to be all that he sees, and in the sensation of snow crunching against his shoe – some part of him knows that he is.