

Floating

By Cindy Rae



**

"In that place where everything shimmers and floats..."

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"Am I floating?"

"Yes."

You make me smile. Your answer makes me smile. I lean my head here, close my eyes, and... float.

Perhaps now the healing can begin. Perhaps Mrs. Davis can learn to forgive Kanin Evans. Perhaps Olivia can learn to forgive... well, all of us. It was a long day. A long, heavy day. And an important one.

Kanin needs to heal, too. Kanin, perhaps, as much as Mrs. Davis. So many years. So much guilt. Perhaps now the healing can begin. Did I think that, already? I did. I even said it. I'm drifting...

Healing. What a blessing healing is.

Danny Davis can rest in peace. And for the rest of us... We're all healing. We are. Kanin, Mrs. Davis, the people that were hurt...

And me. I'm healing, too. Not from this day, or even from the attack, how long ago, now? It feels long past. In a way, it is long past. But still... I'm healing. I can feel it, right now. In that place where I'm not sleeping. In that place where everything... shimmers and floats.

Him. Vincent. He's healing, too. Sometimes, we heal even when we don't realize we are. Sometimes, we heal when we don't even know we were hurt. Pain is like that, when you carry it long enough. You forget it's there. You accept it as normal.

And yet... we heal. When we're lucky. When we're... blessed.

What magic is that? What... what comfort is there, for us, that it's there, that it's working, that the healing comes? That it comes, and it blesses us?

Even when we don't think to ask for it.

And sometimes, when we do.

Whatever hurts the world gave Vincent and I, whatever pain we carried... none of it seems to matter, right now. It's almost as if nothing does. Nothing but this moment. Nothing but this beautiful, blessed night. This stolen piece of time, when it feels like there is just us. Just us, and world, healing.

The air is cool, but the stones beneath us still hold just the barest trace of the sun. I don't know if there's a moon. I don't want to open my eyes to look. So I won't. I'll just stay here. Here, in this perfect place.

This perfect place...

The book Vincent is reading from is old, but the words feel new. He says "Rest," and so I do. I can rest here. I can heal here. I can... float.

I know there are a thousand stars over my head and his arm is just "there." I'm holding him... gently.

My head is on his shoulder. We are healing. We just are.

How can a day that began so heavily end in an evening so light?

Perhaps that's what "healing" does. Perhaps that's what "healing" is. Perhaps that's what it always is.

Or perhaps that's just what love is. I don't know.

Your voice is a caress. I'm losing track of the words, even as I feel them soothing my soul... I'm not asleep. Not yet. I don't want to be. I'm just In that place where everything... shimmers and floats.

"The innocent brightness of a new-born day is lovely yet..."

Such beautiful words, in your beautiful voice. Both are such a gift, such a gift, to me. The new-born day is lovely yet. It is. It is lovely yet. And tomorrow, that day will come. And we will be in it, he in his world, and me in mine. That is not such a bad thing.

I will try to help others find their healing. He will, too. There are worse ways to spend a day; worse ways to spend your strength. Our strength.

But for now, we are here. The stars are shimmering along with us, the world is healing, and I... and I will stay awake as long as you keep reading to me, Vincent.

My Vincent. What a treasure you are to me. Better than lilacs. Better than better. I love you.

"Am I really floating?"

"Yes."

"You can feel it?" Of course you can. You always feel what I feel.

"I can. It's very beautiful. Do the words... carry you?"

Your question makes me smile. Even if you can't see it, from above me, I know you can feel it.

"Yes."

Yes. The words carry me. Your voice carries me. You carry me. Everything... carries me. I'm floating. I'm flying. With you.

Read to me. Just a little more. Just a little longer. Lullaby me to sleep with a poem I barely remember, under a star-shot sky, with my head on your shoulder. Bend your head low over mine, and give me the words: The poetic words. The old words. The healing words. The words of rhyme and imagination. Share them with me. Feel them with me. Feel them through me...

In that place where everything shimmers and floats.

*No matter where you are in your own fairy tale, I wish you love ~
Cindy*

