

## **Honeysuckle**

By Keeley Gorman '20

The garden is brilliant today. Honeysuckles full and fat and sweet, and the daffodils so bright yellow I felt as though, looking at them, my heart could have burst. I feel full of color, my hands cannot reach the pen fast enough. The ink cannot express all that I feel inside- I write and I write, not quick enough. My thoughts race, a million splendid hummingbirds zipping here and there. I am merry and dejected and exasperated and torn and so so full I can hardly stand it! The sunlight hits my tongue like a lemon drop. Looking up at the clouds, I can practically feel them in my hands, thick as molasses and thin as air.

Every sound is a blessed symphony - the tinny chirp of a sparrow is the viola, the gentle ribbit of a frog the bass, the babble of the brook the cello. Each complements the other, and how lucky I am to be able to dance to their music. We are falling from summer into autumn at a snail's pace, the air is warm and heavy like a bamboo blanket. I long for the maroons and crimsons and burgundies promised to me, but not yet! I must learn to walk gracefully in the present, minding where I step and knowing why I do. Breathing in each molecule until it is me and I am it. Oh, to live as I am today!