Summer's Innocence

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Recommended Citation
Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol29/iss2/39
We don't talk about the lack of words, sentences, whole conversations that should be filling the empty atmosphere like a jar packed with air from side to side. I just sit on the blacktop across from her focused face as she's so absorbed into the kaleidoscope colored chalk she clutches creating a masterpiece. When she finishes, blue chalk smudged on her button nose countless colors all over her small frame, she grabs my small hand, coating it with matching purple residue Relocating us to the front of her finalized portrait. We're like an exact mirror image, on the blacktop in chalk form we hold hands. Same as this moment. Above our heads in sloppy font, “Best Buddys” with the sun nodding in agreement. Pinky promising childish cherishes, we hear the calling of different mothers across the playground, we humbly hug smiling and giggling bye-byes. It was a gentle visit but I did not see her again.