

1982

The Escape

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Recommended Citation

Gilson, Anne (1982) "The Escape," *Exile*: Vol. 28 : No. 1 , Article 20.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol28/iss1/20>

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The Escape

The sun filtered through the trees like gold glitter, peeking in between the leaves. She couldn't see how blue the sky was when she was squinting into the light. It looked more like a pale, yellowish green. She blinked again. It was bright and warm against her small body. Her hands, clasped behind her knees, suddenly flung back and she flopped into the rustling grass. It tickled her smooth face, but she didn't mind - she was outside, away from her mother. If only she could see her now. She'd be angry. She blurted out a weak giggle and scratched her nose. Staring into the blueness above her, she tried to see the end of the sky, but couldn't. How far does it really go? she wondered. Rolling onto her side she toyed with a long green leaf. It felt soft on one side with the tiny hairs. A small, red bug with two black spots slid up the side of the stem. She pulled the leaf closer to her puzzled face and inspected it. Perhaps it had thought there was something wonderful at the top of this particular leaf. She wanted to touch it, but as her thick finger neared the thing, it pulled out two perfect little wings and shot by her face. She flung herself onto her back again, laughing into the wind. She felt very enclosed in the grass and heard nothing but the scratchy sounds of the leaves next to her ears and the faint calls of the birds high above her. Thy sky was so enormous. Where does it begin? Where does it end? Her face tightened as she pondered this. In the back of her mind she could barely hear her name being called. "Maria...Maria...MAREEEEEEEEA!" She lifted her head above the green bed and saw a minute figure plowing through the meadow. She slowly raised herself up on her elbows, hoping she would not be seen. As she saw her mother start to walk back towards a cluster of trees, she stood - her knees weak, and her small frame lost in the sea of green. She wanted to sink back into her nest again. The space where she had rested was imprinted by her figure. The grass was pressed against the ground but it slowly began to rise with jerking movements. She began to gallop through the twined grass, her arms flailing through the breeze. Her long hair flew behind her and her ears were filled with the loud humming of the wind. Something felt different in her legs though - as if they were not moving at all. She quickly looked down and noticed that she was not on the ground but moving swiftly above it! The trees were gradually dropping beneath her. She knew she'd laughed loudly, but could barely hear her own voice since the wind was rushing around her so rapidly. The sky was a part of her and she moved through the emptiness like silk along velvet. Her arms sailed at the sides of her tilted body, the wind lapping every inch of her with sleek softness. The long dark hair trailed behind and she rose higher and higher. As she soared into the blueness and the yellow light, she glanced below, finding the exact spot she was buried in and the vast green surrounding that one space. The huge trees that had gathered the sun before, were now mounds of rustling bushes. Her own house, her flower garden, were mere patches against the green. She saw the red truck her father owned, pulling into the dark line of the driveway. Two tiny, black dots emerged from the red form and made their way towards the house. She felt so free from all of her brothers, and her mother would probably still be searching for her in the meadow. Her face was now wet with the watering of her squinting eyes. The wind was so cool, so dense. Her legs did not feel as if they were a part of her since they were just two solid forms, following her gliding body. The air swelled around her and she felt alone amidst all of the space. She eased her shoulders towards the greenness and descended, carefully making her way towards the patches where her family would be. Her mouth was dry from the wind, but she was smiling anyway. Her fingers were bigger than any of the trees, but were gradually becoming smaller and smaller. She was abandoning the blueness and grandeur of the sky, and dove towards the firmness of reality.

Anne Gilson

When he approaches
to touch your face
your skin pulls out to meet
that fingertip trailing
wet promises
of hard night rocking
and thigh flooding,
and in that rushing moment
when his fingers melt your cheek
you can only smile
and smile
and smile.

Becky Hinshaw