

Shift

by Sharon Dent

The sound is hollow, seeping steadily into my cells. Unconsciously, my breathing slows.
Relentless, however, simultaneously peaceful.

My body protests, resisting quietude. Nevertheless, the music perseveres as chatter continues to swarm. Small children excitedly scale cold frames of painted steel. Parents steady quickening heartbeats, steadfast on careful guard.

I, too, am waiting to catch my child. Although now grown and climbing her mountain of choice.

The surrounding cacophony diffuses, melding with the persistent melody of thoughtful notes. A tranquilizer effortlessly shifting my disposition.

Inspired by my child, I am reminded; to live within the melody, yet not forget to climb.