

# Isolina

Isolina doesn't *want* to goto bed.  
Certainly because it's light outside.  
Definitely because her mother tells her so, and  
mostly because she can still hear her friends  
playing outside.

Completely not fair.

Her mother consoles her, telling her that  
fairness is really not the issue here.  
Rather, given her recent illness, it's desirable for  
her to stay in bed so that she *can* be outside. But later.

Later is not soon enough.

Tucked in and kissed goodnight,  
Isolina eases into the faint tones of the house.  
Pale light filters through the window to the wallpaper,  
to the ceiling and the light fixture.

Quietly adrift, she breathes in.

Isolina emerges from bed, dresses lightly and  
approaches the window. Below is the awning over  
the side door. The door to the kitchen, the awning  
to the oak tree just outside.

And so, as she's imagined so many times  
before, with careful steps and fancy balancing,  
she lands solid and triumphantly on the ground.  
Ready for.. dusk.

Looking at the playground in the distance,  
her friends are all going home for the night.  
She wasn't hoping for company so much after all,  
and she shakes the dust from her hands.

She brushes her hands on her dress and wanders forth.  
Through the backyard and into the woods.