

Lily Made of Grass

By Sarah Elizabeth

Lily, her soul bright as flowers and her skin made of grass. She lived on the tallest branch of the finest cherry blossom tree in old Mr. Arthur's garden. For fun Lily would spend her days swinging on the children's old tire swing. The tire swing which had been put there and belonged to old Mr. Arthur's children. Who had now since grown up and moved far, far away to take on lives of their own.

In the time that Mr. Arthur's children did live there, they would play with Lily in the garden. Together they would look for dragons in the clouds and make daisy chains with the flowers, all while they sang her song.

*"Our friend Lily,
Lives in the pink tree,
Soul, brighter than a flower,
Skin soft as grass."*

But of course, Lily was only imaginary and only existed if someone real believed in her. The children, who now had children of their own, had long forgotten all about their make-believe friend. It was their father, old Mr. Arthur who still remembered their grassy friend. It was because she was all he had left of his family now. His wife had long since passed away, and his children very rarely came to visit. But although he could see Lily everyday on the old tire swing. Not once did he ever go out to join her. That was until one day...

One day, there was a door. But this was no ordinary door, like a door leading to a back yard or another room. This particular door lead to the inevitable great unknown. As old Mr. Arthur stood in the kitchen washing his weeks' worth of dishes, the door became rather impossible to ignore. Old Mr. Arthur turned for the door reaching for the golden knob and stepped inside. Suddenly falling through a deep blue sky as if he had just jumped from the tallest branch of his finest cherry blossom tree. He was a baby bird as if learning to fly for the first time.

He stood, in the form of a young boy once again, his toes burrowed into the sand on a nice sunny beach. The clear excitement flooding the salty ocean air. Lily sat by the water far in front of him. She watched as the ocean waves rolled over one another crashing into the shore, swallowing everything in their path. He felt himself approaching her, although not by foot, he was being drawn to her in a spiritual way unexplainable to any such living person. He sat down beside the girl as she passed him a tall glass of rich red wine.

"I've died, haven't I."

"Only on the contrary." Lily replied,

He took a sip of the grand red wine. Without a doubt it was the best wine he had ever tasted.

"There's someone who wants to see you..." Lily reminded him,

The two of them stood, now in the locker corridor of an old high school. The girl he had loved all his life standing there before him.

“It’s good to see you Fredrick.” His wife smiled,

And the two of them, now in each other’s arms once again, they danced their life away singing the tune of their children’s song.