

Sad

Sometimes, sad is a fight with your best friend. A two-against-one fight, an alone fight. Sometimes, sad is not being able to watch the world series, just because you had to go to a dentist appointment while it was on. Sometimes, sad is a bad mood, a time when you are sent to your room, just because your perfect little brother said you called him a wimp. Sometimes, sad is your shoelaces untied dragging in the snow when your new coat is too big, and the sleeves are all bunched up over your hands. Sometimes, sad is a lost dog. A thought of him moping around in the park, getting skinny as a string bean.

Today, sad seems like it's what if. What if a robber breaks into my house? What if there's a fire in the school? A worried sad, like a tiny voice in the back of your mind, teasing your thoughts with what-ifs. Tomorrow, sad might be a bad morning. A tired mommy, a bratty Eliza, or a whiny Oliver. Or maybe a slow me. I am slower than 2 snails put together to get down to breakfast. Maybe sad will be like that.